

THE
Fool of Quality,
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY
EARL of *Moreland*.



VOL. IV.

By Mr. BROOKE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

By DILLON CHAMBERLAINE, in Dame Street,
facing Fownes's Street.

MDCCCLXIX.

Foot of Quality

OF THE

HISTORY

OF



By Mr. BROOK

Printed

Printed for the AUTHOR

By Dixon Chambers, in Dame Street,
Facing Young's Street,
MCCCLXIX.



THE
Fool of Quality,
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY
EARL of *Moreland*.

CHAP. XVII.

WHILE *Harry* was speaking, *Ned* saw a Woman standing before one of the Windows, and, looking earnestly at her, he gave a sudden Jump, and, dancing about, cried, O Sir, Sir, my Mammy, my Mammy, my Mammy!

my! there's my Mammy, there's my Mammy, as sure as Day!

Run *Ned*, instantly, cried Mr. *Fenton*, and call *James* to me——*James*, yonder's the Woman who stole *Ned* from his Parents, have an Eye to her, do not let her escape! Order *Frank* to take a Horse and go with all speed to Mr. and Mrs. *Fielding*, that they may come and know, of a surety, whether *Ned* is their Child or not—Stay a Moment; as soon as you have given *Frank* his Orders, take the rest of the Servants and lay hold on this bad Woman, bring her into the House by Force, and confine her in one of the Back Rooms till Mr. *Fielding* arrives. By all *Ned's* Account, she must be a very sad Creature, and deserves no Favour.

James went out with Alacrity upon his Commission, and, having executed Matters with his accustomed Punctuality, he returned to the Company.

Law! Sir, cried *James*, it is impossible that this Woman should be *Ned's* Mammy as he called her. This is some unhappy decayed Gentlewoman, as innocent of the Fact, I dare answer, as the Child unborn. I am sorry, with all my Heart, that I had her used so roughly. Beside, Sir, she is so deaf,

deaf, that she can't answer to any thing of which she may be accused.

When we took her in hand she was terribly frightened. Come, says I, Mistress, you must now give an Account of all your Wickedness. — *Ennis*, says she, *Ennis?* no but *Enfield*; five Miles beyond *Enfield*, with the Rev. Mr. *Catharines* — I know nothing, said I aloud, of your *Enfields* or your *Catharines*; but I tell you that you must now answer for the Life that you have led. Dead, dead, says she, God forbid! A dear and a good Master he was to me, I am sure; I have lived with him these five Years; and he gave me Money enough to bear my Charges; but I fell sick at *Saint Alban's* and spent all; and I have been these three Days creeping along, and begging wherewithal to keep Life in me on the way.

As you say, *James*, cried Mr. *Fenton*, this Account seems pretty feasible; a deaf Servant however is something uncommon; and yet I once knew a deaf and dumb Man the most ready and apprehensive Attendant I ever saw, he would instantly collect whatever you wanted from the Motion of your Lips and the Cast of your Eye. Go to her yourself, *Ned*, and observe her more exactly; for, if what she says has any Truth

in it, it is impossible she should be your Mammy.

Ned accordingly went, but returned under evident Confusion and Difficulty. I don't know what to think, Sir, of this Matter, cries *Ned*. When I look at the Gentlewoman's Face, I could swear, twenty times over, to every Feature, but, when I look at her Dress and Manners, I could again almost swear against her Face.

Ned's Perplexity added greatly to Mr. *Fenton's* Curiosity. He got up in haste and went in Person to inspect the Party. When he enter'd, he saw a young Woman who looked very pale and sickly, but of a genteel Appearance, and neatly though plainly dressed. She cast upon him a sensible and penetrating Look, and courtesying to him, with downcast Eyes, Sir, says she, your Presence tells me that you are Master here. I know not for what Offence your People have confined me, but if it is on any Suspicion of Misbehaviour, I have here the Certificate of a worthy Man and a great Saint, who vouches at least for the Innocence of my Conduct. — Here she presented him with a Paper that contained the following Words :

“ I certify that the Bearer hath served
“ me upward of five Years in quality of
“ Housekeeper

“ Housekeeper and Intendant of my Family. That she is a young Woman of distinguished Piety and Merit, and departs, at her own Desire, on some Business to *London*. Given under my Hand, &c.”

MARMADUKE CATHARINES, Cl^r.

On reading this, Mr. *Fenton* bowed and made a Motion with his Hand for her to sit down. He then took a Pen and Paper that lay beside him, and wrote to the Purpose, that he requested her to allow him to detain her Certificate for about an Hour, after which he would return it, and endeavour to make her amends for the unbecoming Treatment which his People had given her.

On casting her Eye over the Paper, she made a low Courtesy, and said, I shall willingly attend, Sir, during your Pleasure; but hope, in the mean time, that your Charity will afford me a Morsel or two of the Fragments of your last Meal.

Mr. *Fenton* then pulled a Bell, and having ordered some cold Meats and White-wine to be served, he bowed, and withdrew to his Company.

Ned, said he as he enter'd, this Woman is just as much the Empress of *Russia* as she is your *Mammy*. Here, *Mr. Clement*, look at this Certificate; I have no Reason to doubt the Truth of the Character given in it, for her Person and Manners are every way conformable. I am sorry, at Heart, that I sent in such a Hurry for *Mr. and Mrs. Fielding*; I have thereby raised a Sort of Expectation in them, and it may be very mortifying to have that Expectation so suddenly and so wholly defeated.

Some time after, a Coach and six frothing Horses drove up to the Door, and *Mr. and Mrs. Fielding*, alighted, with a Kind of Impatience and Trepidation apparent in their Countenance. As soon as *Mr. Fenton* had duly received and seated them; my dear Madam, says he to *Mrs. Fielding*, I think myself very unhappy in having given you a deal of unnecessary Trouble. My poor *Ned*, here, has been utterly mistaken in the Person of the Woman whom he took to be his *Mammy*. The Certificate of her certain Residence bears a Date even previous to that in which we found him; and her Deportment is more than a thousand Testimonies against her being of the wandering or dissolute Class of People. Be pleased, *Mr. Fielding*, to look over this Certificate;

Certificate; I think it has all the Marks of its being genuine.

The Moment that Mr. *Fielding* cast his Eye on the Paper, a well known Character, a well known Character indeed, he exclaimed. It is the Hand of Mr. *Catbarines*, my Tutor, my Friend; the Man of the World, excepting yourself Mr. *Fenton*, for whom I have the dearest Respect and Affection. No Question can be made of any thing to which he sets his Affirmative.

Alas, cried Mrs. *Fielding*, then all the Hopes we had conceived must again be cast aside. Here comes our Nurse too, poor Woman, in great Haste; I sent her Word that we had found the Person whom we suspected to have stolen our Child, and desired that she would meet me here directly.

While Mrs. *Fielding* spoke, Nurse enter'd panting and almost breathless, and, without saluting or taking any Note of the Company, Where, she hastily cried, where is the Boy, Madam, whom you suppose to be your Child?

Ah! Nurse, said Mrs. *Fielding*, we were quite mistaken in the Woman whom we suspected to be the Kidnapper, and so that Affair is all over again.

I have nothing to say, cried Nurse, to this Woman or t'other Woman; but you must not have another Body's Child put upon you; if he is indeed your Son, I shall know him in an Instant; I should know him from all the Children that ever were born. Why, Nurse, cried Mrs. *Fielding*, eagerly, do you know of any natural Mark, or Mole, or Spot, by which you could guess at him. He had no such Spot upon him, Madam, but, if he be a living Boy, he has a Mark of my own making that never will out, and that's the Reason that I never dared to tell you of it. What Mark, Nurse, what Mark? tell me instantly, I beg you.

Why, Madam, you must know as how the Weather was very cold, it being twelfth Day in *Christmas* Holidays. So you and my Master were from Home on visiting, and I had a rousing Fire down, and my Child stood by my Knee, being just then twelve Months nineteen Days old, and as sturdy a Fellow, of his Age and Inches, as any could desire to see. So the Cat, all at once, threw down some crockery Ware behind me. Up I started, to be sure, and run to save the Vessels; but, hearing my Child scream, I turned much nimbler back again, and found him fallen, with his little Neck against the upper Bar of the Grate. It was well that I didn't die on the Spot, for then
he

he must have died too. So I whipt him up in my Arms, but he shriek'd and roar'd terribly. So I got some softening Cream and spread it over the Burn, and I put a Plaster upon that again; and I cover'd the Place, from Day to Day, so well with his Cap, that neither you nor my Master knew any thing of the Matter. But the Shape of his Hurt went so deep into my Heart and into my Memory, that, as I was saying and still say, I should know him by it again among all the Children in all the World.

Go then, my dear Nurse, cried Mrs. *Fielding*, go immediately and examine if this Boy has your Mark upon him. Is this the Master, Madam, whom you suspect to be your Son? It is, Nurse, it is; my Heart took a liking to him the first Moment I saw him; he too was stolen from his Parents, and may as well be my Son as the Son of another.

Here Nurse made a hasty Step or two toward *Ned*, but, suddenly stopping and turning pale, ah! Madam, she cried, I wish you would go and try yourself; the Wound, if he has it, is just under his right Ear; for if I should find, indeed, that he is my very Child, I shall certainly run mad on the very Spot for Joy. I dare not try, Nurse, I dare not try for the World, said Mrs. *Fielding*,

Fielding, I am already all of a Tremble, I know not how.

Nurse, then, plucking up a little Resolution, stepped suddenly to *Ned*, and turned up his Hair; when, giving a loud Scream, she had just the Power to cry out, my Child, my Child, my Child, my Child! and dropped down in an anguishing Fit of Hysterics.

Mrs. *Fielding*, on hearing her Nurse cry out, rose hastily from her Chair, and would have gone to embrace her Son, but, falling instantly back, she fainted away. The poor Nurse, however, was not so happy. She broke forth, at Times, into convulsive Peals of Laughter that made the House ring; and again she fell into Fits of Weeping, so outrageous and bitterly desolate, as no Heart, under the Temper of Adamant, could support.

While the Family were all in Bustle, applying Remedies to their Patients, Mrs. *Fielding* recovered, and, hearing the Cries of her Nurse, she went and kneeled down by her, and wept with her and over her while her Tears proved a seasonable Restorative to herself.

As soon as Mr. *Fielding* found that his Lady was well recovered, he turned to *Ned*,
and,

and, lifting his Hair, observed the remarkable Seam that the Burn had made. It is, it is my Child! he tenderly cried. O my God, how is this? wherein have I deserved thy smallest Notice or Regard, that thou shouldest thus visit me with thy Wonders, and by thy Mercies put me to Confusion of Face?

Here *Ned* kneeled respectfully down for a Blessing, which his Father silently called upon him with lifted Hands and Eyes. He then raised him, and sitting down, took him fondly to his Bosom; thou art, thou art my Son, my beloved Son, he cried; my first and my last, the only Offspring of my Bowels. Thou shalt no more be a Wanderer, no more be a Beggar, my Babe. Thrice blessed be our Meeting, and tenfold blessed thy future Fortunes! O that our Lives, my Child, might be made one whole Oblation to him from whom this amazing Salvation hath come!

By this Time, the Nurse's Distemper was greatly abated, though she still continued extremely low and feeble, and did not seem to recollect, except by faint Glimmerings, any Matter that had passed. Mr. *Fielding* then proposed to take her to Town, to the Physicians; observing that there was Room enough for her and *Ned* in their Carriage, and, as Mrs. *Fielding* made no Exception, the

the Coach was ordered to turn directly to the Door.

Poor *Ned*, during this Time, was as a Person who fluctuated between the dread of leaving known and certain Enjoyments, and the Hopes of his possessing somewhat that he had not yet tasted.

Mr. *Fielding* then stepped up, in a Kind of quick Rapture, to Mr. *Fenton*. He caught him in his Arms; my dearest Sir, he cried, I love, I respect, I revere you, even next to my God! What can I return you? what shall I say to you? All that I am or have sinks out of sight from your Benefits.— I am blessed, my dear Sir, I am blessed beyond Expression, replied Mr. *Fenton*, in being made an humble Instrument of Happiness to a worthy Man.— O Sir, cried Mr. *Fielding*, what Events next to miraculous! we came to your Door, but we were not permitted to pass; our Carriage broke for the Purpose; you then told us of this Foundling, but what Likelihood that among Millions he should happen to be ours? You then proposed an Expedient for ascertaining the Persons from whom he was kidnapped. This Expedient failed. God, however, would discover him, and had fore-ordained the Means. He set upon him an indubitable Mark for the Purpose; none knew

knew of this but his Nurse, and she has revealed it. Had any one of these many Circumstances been wanting, our Child must have continued a Stranger to us for ever. Indeed, Sir, said Mr. *Fenton*, they are all concurring Proofs that you are under the especial Eye of Providence. But, Sir, I fear we shall have a heavy Loss of our Friend *Ned*; for, though he does not want his small Faults, he is a worthy hearted Child, and a very pleasant Companion. O Sir, cried Mr. *Fielding*, you and Master *Fenton* have a Right to command both him and us at all Times. But come, *Ned*, take Leave, for the present, of your best Friends.

Here *Ned*, with filling Eyes, stepped respectfully to Mr. *Fenton*, and, kneeling before him, took each of his Hands and kissed them, crying, my Father! my Father! whereupon Mr. *Fenton* tenderly raised him, and, pressing him affectionately to his Bosom, cried, God be good to you, my Son, and make you a Blessing to your true Parents and to all your Kin!

Ned then turned to *Harry*, and taking him by both Hands, and looking him fondly in the Face, O Master *Harry*, Master *Harry*, he cried, I never shall be able to say the Word Farewell to you, my Master *Harry*! I was hungry and you fed me,
I was

I was naked and you cloathed me, I was a Stranger and you took me in; the whole World to me was fatherless and friendless, when you were Father and Mother, and a whole World of Friends to me, my true Lord and Master *Harry*. Are you not my Owner, am I not your Property, your own hard bought Bargain? Did you not purchase me with your Stripes, and with your precious Blood, and will you suffer me to be taken away from you, my Heart's Master?

Here *Harry*, swallowing his Passion as well as he was able, clasped *Ned* in his Arms and cried, my Brother, my Brother, my Friend and Brother for ever! then turning to Mr. and Mrs. *Fielding*, and wiping his Eyes, I hope, Madam, I hope, Sir, says he, that you will excuse my young Friend, here, for his Partiality to a Family who have loved him long and very dearly; in a little time, to be sure, he will love and respect you both, above all the World, though put all together. Though I grieve to part with him, I heartily rejoice at his being found, and acknowledged to be the Child of such worthy Parents, and I hope, I say, that you will not be offended at his Concern for parting with his old Friends.

No, my noble Creature, cried Mr. *Fielding*, we are delighted at the Proof that he gives

gives of his Gratitude, and at the Strength of his Attachment where he has been so highly obliged.

O Sir, O Madam, says *Ned*, (kissing the Hands of his Parents) did you but know the Value of what I lose, when I leave, when I leave—and here he burst afresh into Tears.

Mrs. *Fielding*, then took *Ned* in her Arms, and tenderly embracing him, cried, we do, my Love, we do know the Value of the Family that you leave, and it is the first and the dearest Wish of my Heart that we should all become as one Family and as one Household. This Angel here, as you say, is your rightful Owner, and we owe him more, on that Account, than our whole Fortune can pay, and he shall have you as long and as often as ever he pleases; but, for this Night, my Darling, it would be very unkind not to go with your good Nurse, your true and loving Mammy, who has suffer'd so much for your sake, and her Case requires that we should take her immediately to the Doctors.

Here *Ned* acquiesced, and, having taken a weeping Leave of all the Family, not forgetting the meanest Servant in the House, he stepped slowly into the Coach, sat

sat down by his Nurse, and away they drove.

As soon as the Family of the *Fieldings* were gone, *Harry* withdrew to his Chamber and locked himself in, while Mr. *Fenton* went to enfranchise his late Prisoner.

He first returned her Certificate to her, and then presenting her with twenty Guineas, he bowed and made a Motion with his Hand to the Door, intimating that she was at liberty to depart when she thought proper.

Having looked several Times, with Silence and Surprize, now at Mr. *Fenton* and again at the Money, I should be very ill deserving of your Bounty, Sir, she said, should I attempt any longer to impose upon you. I am not deaf as you supposed, it was only an Artifice which I made use of, when taken into Custody, to avoid answering Questions that might have brought a worthy Family into Disgrace. But you look so altogether the Gentleman and the kind hearted Christian, that I think I ought to have no Reserve of any Kind toward you.

Be pleased then, said Mr. *Fenton*, as far as Prudence will allow, to let me know who and what you are.

I hope,

I hope, Sir, she replied, that I am very far from being what I was, otherwise I should be the very vilest of the Vile. Wherefore, if you will allow a weakly Woman to sit, I will tell you the whole of my short Story, with the same Openness that I make Confession of my Sins to Him from whom, alone, I can look for Remission.

My maiden Name was *Fielding*, my Father was a Gentleman of large Fortune and good Repute; he had by my Mother a very worthy Son who inherits his Estate, and a very unworthy Daughter who now takes the Shame of confessing her Faults before you.

My Mother was one of the holiest of Women, and brought me up, to the best of her Power, in her own Principles and Practice; but she died when I was in the thirteenth Year, an Age when the Blood is in the Tide of flow, before I had acquired a due Relish for my Duty, before the Yoke of *Christ* became easy or his Burden delightful.

My Father then provided me a Governess, a Woman well skilled in *French* and Needlework, and other such shewy Matters of Accomplishment; a Woman also
of

of much apparent Modesty and Decorum, though inwardly of a debauched and lascivious Disposition.

There is nothing so pernicious to the Breeding and Morals of Children as their being permitted to keep kitchen Company, where high fed Husseys and pamper'd Fellows form a Hotbed of steaming Sensuality and Guilt.

My Governess, though something elderly, took a liking to my Father's Clerk, a modest young Man; whom, however, she had the Art to seduce to her wanton Purposes.

In order to promote her Intrigue, in my Father's Absence, at Evenings, she used to procure Collations, and after we had eat and drank, to propose Plays and other Matters of innocent Merriment, as she called them.

The Chief of our Men Servants was one *Guilliam Rampant*, the Butler, a comely robust Fellow, and one in whom my Father had placed great Trust.

One Night, as we were playing at *Hide and Seek*, this Man watched the Place where I sought to conceal myself, and coming softly and suddenly to me, he caught me
up

up under one Arm, and running with me to a distant Apartment, he there ruined me.

A false Shame did not permit me to say any thing of the Matter, and the Villain had, afterward, the Insolence to threaten me that, if I did not admit him to further Familiarities, he would tell what had passed, and expose me to the Family.

At length, both the Governess and I proved with Child, of which the House-keeper, in private, informed my Father; whereupon my Governess was turned, with Infamy, out of Doors, and I was locked up and confined in a waste Room.

On the third Day of my Imprisonment my Father entered, and having examined me with a stern though sedate Severity, on my Knees, and with a Flood of Tears, I confessed the whole Affair.

The Butler was then sent for. *Guilliam*, said my Father, if you do not directly marry this Strumpet, I will hang you for a Rape, but, if you marry her, I will give you two hundred Pounds to set you going in some poor Way, on Condition that I never see the Face of either of you any more.

The

The last Terms were immediatly complied with. A License was sent for. We were married in my Father's Presence. The Money was paid down, and we were directly turned into the Streets.

Upon this small Fund, and about a hundred and fifty Pounds more which my Husband had saved of his Vails and Wages, he set up a gaming Tavern to which there was great Resort; and as he was a very bold, sensible, and enterprizing Man, he became extremely agreeable to Numbers of his Customers, among whom there were many Persons of Fortune and Distinction.

At length the Time of my Labour approached. I lay, for a Fortnight, in Agonies that admitted of little Intermission. My Child died within me, and was brought into the World Piecemeal.

I languished, for three Months after my Delivery, without being able to quit my Bed; and the Remembrance of the Pangs and Miseries that I endured caused me to vow, within myself, that I would never more have any Commerce with Mankind.

On my Recovery, therefore, I daily rejected the Caresses of my Husband, and,
every

every Night, I bolted myself into my Chamber, whereupon he began to behave himself with great Coldness and Distance toward me, and to frequent the Company of common and lewd Women.

In about fourteen Months after my Marriage, my Husband had a Run of Dice against him, whereby he lost to the amount of fifteen hundred Pounds; and as he had not wherewithal to discharge the full Sum, he determined, at all Events, to pay to the last Penny of his Debts of Honour, as he called them. Hereupon he began to raise Contributions on the Public, and, after several very bold and successful Exploits, his Person became notorious, and he was taken, from amidst his right-honourable Associates, at a Gaming-table in *London*, conveyed to Newgate, tried, convicted, and executed at *Tyburn*.

Upon this, all our Substance was immediately seized by Creditors, or by the Officers of the Crown; and I was turned into an unknown World, without any Thing to sustain me, save a few Shillings in my Pocket, and the single Suit of Clothes which I happened to have on my Back.

I forgot to tell you, my dear Sir, that my worthy but afflicted Father had died before this Period; and this ought to have been

been the greatest of Afflictions to myself; but the Season of my Feelings was not yet come, and I barely dropt a slight Tear, without any Sense of Remorse for having been, in all likelihood, his principal Executioner.

As my Brother was now the only Person, upon Earth, to whom I had any Right to apply for Support; I accordingly went to his House with an anxious beating Heart, and sent him in a written State of my very deplorable Case. But his Answer was, that, if ever I should again appear before his Doors, he would take me up, as a Vagabond, and transport me to the Plantations.

Wholly desperate, by this Disappointment, and stimulated almost to Frenzy, my Blood boiled in my Veins. The horrid Thoughts of Vengeance could alone assuage my raging Spirit; and I resolved to compass my Ends by Poison, by Dagger, or any the speediest Means. For I looked upon my Brother as a Robber who had despoiled me of my Title to my Father's Affection and Inheritance.

For this accursed Purpose it was necessary to get near him. I sold my Clothes, and having disguised myself in the Dress

of a Charwoman, I engaged as a Servant in a Cellar over the Way.

From this Place I observed an Infant of about two Years old, who, at times, was brought to the Door by the Hand of his Nurse; and I learned that he was the only Child of my Brother, and that the Lives of his Parents were wrapt up in him.

Here I conceived I had found an Object on whom I might execute my Revenge, with better Safety to my own Person, and greater Torture to my Adversary, than by any other Method that Invention could supply. I therefore couched on my Watch, like a Lioness for her Prey, and spying the Child alone, I shot across the Street, caught him up in my Arms, and away I flew.

I hastened with him as fast as I could till I reached the Fields. I then got under a Ditch, and stripped him of his gay Rayment which I folded in a Handkerchief; and having cut in Pieces an old Petticoat, and tacked it about him, I made my way to a Cabbin where they sold small Ale and Spirits, and there took up my Lodging for the first Night.

I believe, Sir, I am the greatest Instance, that ever was, of the Length to which human

man Nature can go in Reprobacy, when abandoned of God, and unvisited by his gracious Motions in the Heart. The strong Bent which my Mother had given me to Religion caused me only to recoil with the greater Force; and, when my Father cast me off, I even reproached my God, and was at Enmity with him for having suffered me to fall into my first Offence against Virtue.

I was yet urged and carried further down the Hill of Perdition, by the Example of the licentious Set of Profligates that daily and nightly frequented my Husband's House, insomuch that, in time, I began to relish their Profaneness, and my Tongue as well as Ear, at length, became accustomed to Oaths and Execrations; a Vice, of all others, the most unnatural, most shocking, and abhorred in our Sex.

In fine, I became an Alien and even an Enemy to all Goodness; and I would willingly have been a Party in any Kind of Wickedness, save that of personal Prostitution, and this I avoided merely for fear of a second Child-birth, which I dreaded more than I dreaded the Torments of Hell.

How pitiable, then, must have been the Case of the unhappy Infant who had fallen into my cruel Gripe. I often suffered him,
on

on purpose, to weep for Hunger, and then would lash him for crying, that I might please myself, as it were, with the Miseries of my Brother in the Person of his Child.

For four Years and nine Months I led a wandering and mendicant Life, in which Trade my little Nephew grew very successful and useful to me, so that I began to abate of my Severity toward him. Detested by my Relations, and outcast from the World, I cared for nothing but Self, and nightly indulged my Appetite with the best Victuals and Liquor that my Pocket could afford, from the Issues of my own Petitions and of those of my fellow Traveller.

One Day, having passed through *Enfield*, where I had raised some petty Contributions, I spied an Infant on a Bank, at a Distance from any House, and instantly the Project occurred of exacting the larger Charities by his Means. I looked about, and thinking that I was not observed, I caught the Child up and ran off with all my Speed. But I had not gone far, when I heard a Man shouting after me, and perceived that I was pursued. Thereupon I cast down the Child, with my Pouch of Provisions, and leaving little *Ned* behind me also, I made the best of my Way thro' the opposite Thicket.

As my Terrors continued, I continued to run, till I was all in a glow and faint with Fatigue, but still keeping forward, though slower and slower, God conducted me within Sight of the Parsonage House of Mr. *Catharines*, which I reached with much Difficulty, and then sunk away on the Threshold.

I knew nothing further of what passed till I found myself in a warm though coarse Bed, with one Woman holding a Bottle of Salts to my Nose, and another presenting me with a Cordial. I looked about and found myself something revived, but, on the Sight of some Meat which was brought to me, I again fainted.

Within some Hours after, I was seized with Pains in all my Bones, and fell into a raging though intermitting Fever. Mr. *Catharines*, who was Physician to the Bodies as well as Souls of all his Flock, visited and prescribed for me, and had me attended with great Humanity.

On the third Night, I dreamed that an invisible Hand came and, seizing me by a single Hair of my Head, hurried me aloft, through the Regions of the Air, till it held me right over a fiery Gulf, in the Pinnacles of whose Flames a Variety of Dæmons appeared

appeared to hover, the Horridness of whose Figures was indescribable to Ears of Flesh and Blood. They all seemed to struggle toward me, and to stretch forth their Fangs to receive me, while my Husband, *Guil- liam Rampant*, ascended swiftly in the Midst, and, rushing up with a Pair of Sheers, cut the Hair that withheld me in twain, so, down I thought I fell, and, giving a great Shriek, I awakened to Dark- ness and inexpressible Horrors.

Though no Light was in the Room, my conscious Spirit supplied the Office. All my Transgressions arose minutely and distinctly to Memory. They appeared substantially, as so many Fiends, within me and round about me; and I fell into an Agony that threw me into a Fit.

I awoke again before Morning, but without any Abatement of my Terrors or Desperation. The former Objects continued to present themselves before me, and, no longer able to support Existence, I groped about for a Knife, or other Instrument of self-Destruction, for I said, to myself, perhaps Death may bring Rest to the Weary and Overladen, or, at least, afford some Respite before the fearful Judgment of final Condemnation. So, finding no other Means that suited my desperate Purpose, I grasped my Neck in my Hands, and exerted

my Force to strangle myself; but Nature proved repugnant to the Completion of an Office against herself, and I sunk from my Agonies into a second Fit.

On the breaking of the Day Mr. *Catharines* entered, but, as the Room was darkened I did not know who he was. He approached my Bed, and taking hold of my Hand, he sighed and said, you are very ill, poor Woman, exceeding ill, indeed; you have more Need of a Physician for your Soul than your Body; if you please then I will kneel down and pray with you and for you, that God may receive your departing Spirit.

O no, Sir, I cried, I cannot pray; even to hear a Prayer would be worse than Hell to me. I have no God, no Saviour, they have long since departed from me; I am a Sinner to whom Hope can never come; Omnipotence itself can do nothing for me; I feel that, if God would, he cannot save me, except he were to create me over again.

And he can create you over again, cried the good Mr. *Catharines*; even in this Instant he can make you a new Nature and a new Creature; he can save you from all your Sins by an inward Salvation, by pouring

pouring the Abundance of himself into your Bosom.

O Sir, I exclaimed, you do not know how vile I am. Even now I am in Hell; the Fiends have the Property and Possession of me. O, if any single Soul were to suffer, for everlasting, what I suffer'd last Night, better it were that Creation had never been.

Here I recounted to him my Dream, with the Agonies that I felt, and my Attempt to destroy myself; when the comforting Saint cried out, good Hopes, good Hopes! very excellent Hopes, indeed. These are strong and blessed Compunctions. I see that the Saviour of Sinners is determined not to lose you. Be of good Cheer! here, take this Julap to recruit your wearied Spirits, that you may be able to lay open the Woundings of your Soul to the ministring Physician of your dear and loving Lord.

But, do you think, Sir, said I, that there is any Hope for me? Hope, cried he, there is Assurance, more stable than the marble Foundations of the Earth. God is all Love, he is nothing but Love, he never rejected Any that once turned unto him. His Incarnation, his whole Task and Business upon Earth, his Sufferings and Crucifixion, his Agonies and Death were

B 4.

chosen,

chosen, and embraced by him for the love and sake of Sinners. It is in the Regions of sinning Nepthali, in the Darkness and Shadow of Death, that the Light of the loving *Jesus* delights to spring up. But, come, my dear Sister, tell me who and what you are. Lay open, with Truth and Honesty, the manifold Distempers of your Sin-sick Soul; your Weakness, your Poverty, your Nakedness, your Pollutions, your Errors, and your Emptiness; and He, who shineth in Darkness, will descend into you, my Sister, and will be your Strength, and the Riches of pardoning Mercy to you; and will cover your Nakedness, and purify your Pollutions, and turn your Errors into Rectitude, and your Emptiness into the Fullness of the Joy and Glory of your God!

Here I made him a full Recital of all the Passages of my Life, as openly but much more minutely than I have done to your Honour. Never was Man so affected. He groaned, he sobbed aloud, he wet his Handkerchief with his Tears as tho' it had been drenched in the River.

As soon as I had concluded, do you not know me then? he cried, (breaking afresh into Tears) do you not know me, Mrs. *Phæbe*? know you not *Marmaduke Catbarrines*, your Brother's Tutor and your Tutor,
the

the Man from whose Lips you used to imbibe Instruction with so much Avidity? Ah, had I stayed, nothing of this would have happen'd; but your Brother got me presented to a rich Living here, and so I left my Vineyard and the Fruits thereof unguarded; Oh that accursed *Rampant!* I left my Lamb to the voracious and remorseless Wolf! — From your Infancy, Mrs. *Phæbe*, you were the Darling of my Affections; the Day did not seem to shine in which I saw you not. Your Smiles cheer'd my Spirit, and your unaffected Graces played round my Heart.

Your Brother, too, saw and approved my Passion for You. What Happiness did he not propose to himself in our Union! We will be Brothers, he cried, my *Catharines*, folding me fast in his Arms, we will be Brothers in Reality as well as Inclination.

But those blissful Prospects soon vanished away. You were seduced, my Daughter, you were seduced from your Duty, from your God and your Lover. Your Brother writ me an Account of your fatal Falling away; and I spent my Nights in Tears, and my Days in Anguish.

Ah, how you are altered, even in Person and Aspect, I could not have known you
 B 5 again.

again. Sin hath taken away the Innocence and Sweetness of your Countenance, and spread a Cloudiness and Stain in the Place thereof. But, you are returned, my Child, you are returned to Virtue and Piety, to yourself and to your God, and he will once more beautify you, and make you, as the King's Daughter, all glorious within, and deck you with living Saphirs, even the morning Stars of the Preparation of the Appearance of *Jesus*!

While the holy Man spoke, the nether Millstone of my Heart began to dissolve, my Agonies and Terrors departed from me; my Breast began to heave with a kindly though sad Emotion, and a Torrent of Tears greatly eased my Distemper both of Body and Mind.

Mr. *Catharines*, as I afterward learned, on hearing of my doleful Miscarriage, had vowed to himself, in secret, never to have Commerce with Womankind.

A widowed Lady, however, of large Fortune and liberal Education, but much advanced in Years, happened to reside in the Neighbourhood. She was first caught by the simple though affecting Piety of his Discourses from the Pulpit. She visited and was visited by him. She was then further charmed by the Lustre of his Sentiments,

ments, the Sanctitude of his Manners, and the Sweetness of his Disposition. Sir, said she to him one Day, I am, by Birth, a Foreigner, and neither have Children, nor any Relation of my Blood in this Kingdom who, on my Decease, may put in for a Title to my Fortune. I blush not to tell you that, if I were young and beautiful, you are the Man of the World whom I would have chosen for my Husband. But my Defects take nothing from your great Merits. You are as precious in my Eyes as if I were deserving of you; and I am desirous of making you my Own for Life, provided you swear to me, before the nuptial Knot is tied, that my Fortune, my Company, and my Obedience are all that ever you will require from me in Right of our Marriage. You shall live, and shall be as an only Son to me; and I will have for you, at once, all the Duty of a Wife and the Tenderneſs of a Mother.

I am not insensible of what Gibers may say, respecting the Impropriety of certain Appetites at my Years; but I trust, by my Conduct, to disabuse their Opinion, and to cause all Occasion of stumbling, in my Neighbour, to cease.

In the mean Time, my two capital Prospects will be compassed by this Scheme, the One, of giving myself a legal Title to
your

your Company; the Other, of giving You a legal Title to my Fortune.

A Propofal, for fuch a Species of Marriage; answered exactly to Mr. *Catharines's* Vow of Celibacy. The Lady, though confiderably upward of Sixty, fhone in all the Graces and Attractions of Youth, excepting only thofe personal Allurements to Concupifcence, toward which Mr. *Catharines* had refolved on an Averfion; He could therefore form no rational Objection to the Scheme; and, within a few Weeks, they were privately married.

While I wept, as I told you, Sir, under a kindly Remorfe for my manifold Offences, Mr. *Catharines* kneeled down and poured forth his Prayers befide me, with an Elocution fo warm, and fo deeply affecting, as entered and fearch'd through my Heart and my Reins, and feemed to tear out, by the Roots, all the Evil that was in me.

As foon as he had ended, and that I had thanked him, with Words half fuf-focated, for the Gracioufnefs of his Con-folations, Mrs. *Catharines* came in. Would you then, Sir, faid ſhe, would you monopolize all the Charities? will you not fuf-fer a Sifter near the Throne of Grace, who may affift in the under Services to the Ser-vants of our Maſter?

My

My Dear, said he tenderly, I was about to request your Presence. Here lies on the Bed of Sickneſs, and perhaps of Death, the Daughter of my Patron, the Siſter of my Friend, and once the deareſt Object of my Affections and Proſpects for Life. Pray order a Chamber for her more becoming her Station, and my Debts to her Family.

She, inſtantly, went out with Alacrity, and without Reply, and, within a few Minutes, ſeveral female Servants entered who, gently wrapping me in the Clothes wherein I lay, conveyed me to a Bed ready ſheeted and warmed, that ſtood in a ſmall but decent Apartment.

As ſoon as I was placed, Mrs. *Catharines* came up, and ſtooping, tenderly kiſſed me and ſaid, God be very gracious unto you, my Daughter!

Here I was treated with an Attention and Delicacy, that joined with my evil Deeds to put me to utter Shame. However, I began to recover apace, and within a few Days was able to ſit up.

On the ſeventh Night I had a very ſingular Dream or Viſion which will never depart my Memory, and which, I truſt, through

through Life and Death, will preserve its happy and comforting Influence upon me.

Methought I walked, with vast Crowds of fine and merry People, along a Road of a gentle and pleasant Descent, made easy to the Foot like the Mall in *London*.

On a sudden, my Husband *Guilliam Rampant* stood beside me. I surveyed him with a Delight that I had never known before. He seemed to surpass in Beauty all the Persons around us; his Garments were embellished with Gold and Gems, and his Countenance shone with a wonderful Lustre.

Come, Miss *Phæbe*, said he, gracefully taking me by the Hand, come with me to yonder Paradise, where I will weave a Garland for you of never fading Flowers, and treat you to Fruits of a heavenly Flavour. Immediately, a vast Garden opened its Blooms and incomparable Beauties to my quickened Imagination. The Odours thereof perfumed the Air far and wide, and the burdened Trees reached forth Fruits of irresistible Temptation.

My Husband then plucked, and gave me to eat of the Clusters of the Grape and Apples of the Pine, which I seized and devoured with an intemperate Relish, when,
happening

happening to look down, I perceived that he had got the Legs and Hoofs of a Goat, and it instantly occurred that he could be no other than the Tempter of our first Parents. Terrified almost to Death, I did not dare to speak out; but, lifting up my Heart in a secret Prayer, He and his Paradise immediately vanished.

At once I found myself in a vast and dreary Wilderness, whose Trees were barren of Fruits and the Brambles of Berries; through which there was no Path, and from whence there was no Outlet. Go on what Side I would, I had scarce made my way through one Thicket when I was presented with another; till, being spent with Fatigue, I despaired of any Deliverance, and sat me down to die.

Soon after methought Mr. *Catbarines* approached, in mean and beggar'd Apparel, but with a majestic and stern Countenance. Wretch! he cried, are you at length come to a Knowledge of the Evil of your Ways? are you now come to a Sense of your vile and forlorn Estate? do you find at last that I, alone, can be your Stay and your Helper? So saying, he seized me by the Hand, and his Touch filled my Frame with Confidence and Delight. We rose into the Air, we moved together over a boundless Tract of Desert, from whence the Lions roared
and

and the Wolves bayed at us. At length we alighted at the Entrance of a narrow Path that led up the Ascent of a mountainous Country. The nearer Side was covered with Clouds, and blasted by Tempest, through which the farther Part seemed to gleam with a faint Radiance that promised the rising Day.

Courage! said my Conductor, we must ascend this Mountain, in spite of all Opposition; in spite of the Toils, the Difficulties, and Dangers; the Pains, Calamities, Distresses, and Discouragements of the Way. No Obstacles, I cried, shall appal or discourage me, I will rejoice in Distresses and Pains while I have You by my Side.

Hereupon I felt wonderful Strength and Alacrity, I ran up the Ascent with a willing and eager Pace, and proposed in a few Minutes to reach the Top. But, alas! I was widely out in my Account. The Way became straiter, and steeper, and rougher. I began to fail through fatigue, and the edged Flints tore my Feet and marked my Footsteps with Blood. Ah! Sir, I cried, this is very grievous, indeed: Peace, said he, it is very salutary; these Flints are your kindest Friends, your truest Physicians; and the Wounds that they give your Body will be more than the Balm of *Gilead* to the healing.

healing of your Soul. I then summoned all my Powers and proceeded, though with much Anguish, which often compelled me to lean, with all my Weight, upon my Companion.

At length we came to a Pass that was thick set and interwoven with Briars and Thorns, and, seeing no way, I made a full Stop. Good cheer, cried my Guide, this must also be traversed, there is no quailing now, you must endure to the End, my Daughter. The Thorn was pronounced a Curse to the first *Adam* and his Posterity, but your second *Adam* has made it a Wreath of living Brightness; These, accordingly, are appointed to twist the Garland of your Blessedness, and to make you a Partaker of their Crown of eternal Glory.

Revived by this Promise, I rushed into the Midst, and struggled to get forward, though screaming with Anguish; but, when the Thorns rent my Skin, and entered into my Body and Soul, and lodged their Stings within me; I could endure no longer; but, casting myself on my Conductor, O that Death, that Death, I cried, would put an End to my Sufferings! He then turned and smiled upon me, and, taking me under his Arm, bore me harmless

less through the Remainder; then, seating me on a Bank, he placed himself beside me.

While I sat, still panting with Pain and Fatigue, He bent forward, and pulled off his Sandals. I then saw the large Wounds that the Spike had made. My Spirit instantly told me that it was my Lord, himself, under the Form of his Minister. I threw myself prostrate before him. My Bosom opened wide; and taking hold of his Feet, covered with Dust as they were, I pressed them to my Heart and would have thrust them into my Soul; when, on their Touch, I felt such an ecstatic Transport, that, if I had not awoke, my Body could no longer have retained my Spirit, it must instantly have issued to Him who breathed it.

The Consolation of this Dream greatly strengthen'd and restored me, and I hastened to get up that I might delight myself with serving the Servants of my Benefactors.

When Mrs. Catharines rose, she found me busied in the basest Employments of the Kitchen. She looked astonished. Why, my Dear, she cried, would you demean yourself in this Manner? O, Madam, I replied, I beseech you to leave me to my own Conscience, it tells me that even this Office is much too honourable for me.

When

When Breakfast was ready, Mr. *Catharines* came in from his Morning's Walk of Meditation. As he enter'd I cast myself before him and, clasping his Knees, cried, How blessed are the Feet of him who bringeth good Tidings of Salvation to Sinners! but, above all, blessed is he who beareth in his own Person the Image and Impression of the Prince of Peace! Being much surprized and abashed at my Manner of Salutation, he demanded the Reason of it, and I told my Dream, whereupon they were so affected, that they Both shed Tears of tender Congratulation.

I have already told you, Sir, that Mr. *Catharines* was Physician to the Bodies as well as Souls of all his Parishioners; I might have added, to all the Country about him.

For this Purpose, he provided a little kind of Apothecary's Shop where he kept all Manner of Drugs for the Sick, as well as Matters of Surgery for the Sore and the Wounded. On these Occasions I became his principal Deputy and Assistant. I was, myself, often astonished at the Effects of my Application in this Way. I scarce remember an Instance wherein I failed of Success. A Spirit of Healing seemed to accompany my Walks. I have frequently
cured

cured Those who were given up as irrecoverable by the Doctors and Surgeons. And I never had such heart-felt Delight as when, on my Knees, I bathed the Feet of the Sick, or washed the Ulcers of the Beggar; for in Them, methought, the great Physician of Sin-sick Souls lay before me, who had healed my own Woundings, and done away my Transgressions.

I should have told you, Sir, that when Mr. *Catharines* heard that I had stolen and dropped my little Nephew, the only Child of his best and most beloved Friend, He, that very Day, dispatched a Number of Emissaries to *Enfield*, and throughout all the adjacent Country, with Orders to make the most diligent Search and Enquiry after him; but, alas! all our Pains and Solitudes, both then and afterward, proved fruitless; this cost me, Day and Night, secret Deluges of Tears, and served to imbitter the happiest Life that otherwise, perhaps, could be spent upon Earth.

About three Months ago Mrs. *Catharines* began to decline, and peaceably dropped, like over-ripe Fruit, into the Lap of our-general Mother.

Mr. *Catharines* had often desired my Permission to write to my Brother in my Favour;

Favour; but, conscious of the Injury that I had done him in the Person of his Child, I had hitherto declined the Proposal. At length, however, I determined to throw myself at his Feet, and confess my Guilt, though without any Prospect of obtaining his Pardon; perhaps, said I, he may think on some more successful Means for the Discovery of his Son, than we have yet hit upon. My Benefactor approved of my Resolution; he wrote a Letter to my Brother by me; and within a few Days, I set out in his Chaise for *London*.

On the Road, I took it into my Head once more to make Tryal of my Brother's Nature, and to present myself before him as an Object of his Charity. For this Purpose I dismissed the Chaise at *St. Alban's*. I also sent back my little Baggage with an Account of my Project in a Note to Mr. *Catharines*, and retained nothing but this poor Garb that I have on.

On that Night I was taken suddenly and extremely ill of a Cholic, and could keep nothing on my Stomach for the six following Days. I sent to *London* for a Physician, who attended and prescribed for me; and, by the time I was able to creep abroad, what with Fees to the Doctor, the Apothecary's Bill, and a still more exorbitant Bill from

from the Landlord, I had scarce three Sixpences left to bear my Charges to the City. With that Sum, however, I set forward on Foot; but, finding myself still very weak and sickly, I was tempted to repine for not having brought more Money from Home, but, again, I remember'd that my Master had told me that Sufferings were the best Friends and Physicians to such a Sinner. I was, therefore, content and pleased to be once more reduced to the lowest State of Beggary, and, after three Days sore Travel, God was pleased to conduct me to your charitable Door.

This, Sir, is the Letter which my Friend wrote in my Favour to my Brother. You see it is open, but, before you read it, I ought to account to you, for some Touches of uncommon Tendernefs, which Mr. *Catharines* has exprest toward me.

Some Weeks after the Funeral of his Lady, He and I stood chatting in the Front of the House. The Evening was exceeding pleasant, and the Maids sat singing and milking the Cows before us; when the great Bull, suddenly tearing up the Ground with his Feet, ran furiously at his Master. On seeing him approach, I shrieked and rushed into the House, but, observing that Mr. *Catharines* did not follow, I turned and ran as precipitately out again.

again. There I saw that the terrible Creature had pinned him up, between his Horns, against the Wall, at which he butted with all his Force.

Then, casting Fear aside, I sprung up and, seizing the Bull by one of his Horns, would have torn him away from my dear Protector. But, my Strength not availing, I caught his Ear in my Mouth, and bit it through and through, while I endeavoured to tear out his Eyes with my Nails. In the mean time, a little favourite Mastiff, scarce bigger than two Fists, came happily out, and leaping up caught the monstrous Animal by the Nose, whereupon he gave a hideous Roar and, flinging away, ran kicking and leaping about the Yard.

I remembered nothing more till I awoke from a Swoon, and perceived that Mr. *Catharines* sat beside me. He held one of my Hands, which he had washed with his Tears, and which, at Times, he press'd to his Lips, and again to his Bosom.

When he had prevailed upon me to swallow a Spoonful of Cordial, O my *Phæbe*, my *Phæbe*, he cried, you have this Day offer'd up your precious Life, a Victim, for the Preservation of Mine, and,
from

from this Day forward, my Life, and all that I am, is your Property for ever. But tell me, my *Phæbe*, whence could you get, in a Moment, such astonishing Intrepidity, how attain to the Power of acting against Nature, the constitutional Terrors and Delicacies of your Sex? Ah, Sir, I replied, the Book of Life tells us, that *perfect Love casteth Fear away*.

From that Time Mr. *Catbarines* earnestly pressed me to Marriage. My first, and my last, and my only Love, he would say, you know that in Womankind I can love nothing but You. Your whole Image, your every Feature is impressed upon my Soul; I am already wedded to them, they are inseparable from my Being. Why then do you wish to have me cast forth from my Species, as a withered Branch, without any kind of Fruit, without One, the least little One, to bind us up together, and carry us down to Posterity? O, Sir, I would then say, let not our Nuptials be sullied by any Gloom or Regret; let me first be reconciled, if possible, to my Brother, and then dispose of me as you please, it is your Right so to do.

I THANK you, Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, I thank you for your very affecting and still

still more edifying Narrative; and I will endeavour to recompense you for the Trouble that I have given you by being the Bearer of very happy Tidings. Your little Nephew has lived with me almost ever since you lost him. He has received an Education becoming his Family, and was this Day discovered and restored to his Parents.

My God, my Christ, she exclaimed, what a Wonder is here! how are blind and erring Mortals, wilfully blind and wilfully erring, deserving of such a Clue as this to guide them? My Nephew alive and well, discovered and restored this very Day to his true Parents! — I am confounded, I am crushed to the Centre beneath the Weight of thy Benefits, O, thou overflowing Fountain of Mercy and Grace!

Now, Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, now it is at your Election to reveal or suppress the Affair respecting your Nephew. I know, Sir, she replied, you proposed this only to try me; I desire no Advantage from Fraud or Disguise, and, could I be so base, this Letter, as you will find, would detect and betray me.

Mr. *Fenton* then unfolded the Letter, and read as follows :

TO EDWARD FIELDING, Esq.

Friend and Brother of my Soul,

I Have often reprov'd and always detested that cruel and impious Custom of casting off our Friends, or Kindred, on account of their Errors or Frailty, or even of their Fall from Honour. This Custom is more especially condemnab!e and pernicious, when it affects the more tender and more pitiable Sex; the Indiscretion of their nearest Parents begins the Alarm; the World follows and encreases the Cry; the Wretches, like marked Deer, are driven forth to the Hounds, and must speedily become a Prey to Famine and Death, or for ever be precluded from any Return to Virtue.

Had You, my dear Brother, had you given that Charity to your only Sister which you slightly throw to a common Beggar, you might have sav'd her Soul alive, and have continued a happy Parent of a promising Son at this Day. She resent'd your Treatment, She rent your Child from you, you merited the Motive, but I am griev'd at the Consequence.

As

As God has been pleased wonderfully to restore your Sister to Virtue, she would rejoice to restore your Son to you; but it is not in her Power, he strayed from her within some Miles of this Place; we have used all possible Means to recover him, but in vain; and his Loss hath cost her Seas of Tears, and Years of Anguish.

Receive her, then, as a precious Pearl from the Bottom of the Deep, as a Casket of Gold and Jewels recovered from Shipwreck; She was dead but is alive again, she was lost but is found. Receive her then, I say, as an Angel of God sent on Purpose to effect your own Salvation.

I know not how it comes to pass that great Sinners often become the greatest of Saints, and, in a Year, a Month, a Day, exceed in Growth and Stature a long Life of leisurely Righteousness. Their Bows, as it should seem, being strongly bent the adverse Way, they dart forward with the greater Strength and Rapidity. It is even so with our precious *Phæbe*. She is become a gentle Flame of the divine Loves and Charities. While she stands upon Earth and Bends, in her Lowliness, beneath all Creatures, the Moon of changeable Things is put under her Feet. She treads, as it were, upon the Stars of the Galaxy; and

I behold, at a Distance, and revere the
Glory of her Steps.

Receive her then, I say again, as the
dearest Boon and Blessing that Heaven can
bestow. But, O, restore her to me; give
her to me, according to Promise, that she
may assist to conduct me to that Kingdom
of little Children whereof she is a blessed
Inhabitant at this very Day.

Yours, &c.

M. CATHARINES.

You see, Sir, said Mrs. *Phæbe* smiling,
you see that Mr. *Catharines* must be a
Lover, by the Extravagance of his Praise.
I see, Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, that he
deservedly loves; and greatly deserves also
to be beloved. But, Madam, if you will
be ruled by my Advice, you will stay here
till your Brother shall call upon me, which
I expect he will do in a very little Time.
Mean while I will introduce you to a Sis-
ter-Saint, who has been long tried and re-
fined in the hottest Furnace of Affliction.

The very next Morning Mr. *Fielding*
rode to the Door, attended only by a single
Servant. As soon as he had saluted Mr.
Fenton, and sat down, he took out a Note
for 2000*l.* and presented it to him. You
must

must not refuse, Sir, said he, to relieve my Distress, by accepting this in Part of what I owe You. I can spare it, without the smallest Inconvenience. I have lately recovered a Tract of Land that lies contiguous to Mr. *Catbarines*, the worthy Man of whom you heard me speak Yesterday ; so that I shall soon have the Pleasure of taking Possession of a considerable Accession to my Fortune, and, at the same Time, the greater Pleasure of embracing so very dear a Friend. This Sum, Sir, said Mr. *Fenton*, comes very seasonably to the Relief of a Person for whom I have conceived an extraordinary Esteem and Affection, a Person who is entitled to my best Service, and who may also be entitled to your further Munificence. So saying, Mr. *Fenton* rose, went to the Door, took Mrs. *Phæbe* by the Hand, and leading her toward her Brother, this Sir, said he, is the Gentlewoman of whom I spoke, and whom I recommend to your tenderest Regards.

Mr. *Fielding* looked earnestly and inquisitively at his Sister, changed Colour, and, for a while, sat mute with Astonishment ; when, suddenly rising, and stepping hastily to her, he clasped her in his Arms, and cried aloud, my *Phæbe*, my dearest *Phæbe*, my long lost, long sought, my long lamented Sister ! have I found you at last, are my Prayers at length heard, and are
 C 3 you

you once more restored to my Bosom, my Sister! Ah, what must have been your Sufferings, what have I not suffered myself, from the stinging Recollection of the Barbarity of my Behaviour? But, at the Time that you applied to me, I was exasperated against you, by being told you had turned out a common Prostitute; and, from your Connection with that Reprobate to whom my Father had unhappily married You, I was ready to believe the worst that could be reported concerning You. Pardon me, however, my *Phæbe*, do but promise me your Pardon, and I will endeavour to compensate for my injurious Treatment of You.

Here, the Sister dropped on her Knees, and, breaking into Tears and Sobs, replied, you want no Pardon, my Brother, you never wronged me. — I deserved all Sorts of Evils; they were due to my Transgressions — but I have injured you, I fear past Forgiveness, my Brother. — It was I who stole your little Darling, who robbed you of your only Child, and caused you so many Years of Sorrow and Bitterness. — I deserved it, I deserved it at your Hands, exclaimed Mr. *Fielding*; let us then exchange Forgiveness, my *Phæbe*, for our Child is restored to us, and we remember our Sorrows no more. So saying, his Eyes filled,

filled, and, tenderly raising his Sister, he took her again to his Bosom.

Mr. *Fenton*, wholly melted by this passionate Scene, took them jointly in his Arms, and then silently seated them opposite to Each other.

My Sister, said Mr. *Fielding*, you have promised me your Pardon, before you were acquainted with the Extent of my Faults. Our dear Father, in his last Illness, made me sit by his Side; when, heaving a deep Sigh, he thus begun. I fear, I fear, my Son, that I have greatly wronged your Sister. I grieve at Heart that I had her married to that Ruffian *Rampant*. With a little less of Severity and more of tender Admonition, she might have arisen from her Fall; she might have returned to Virtue and Honour; her Errors might have been forgotten, perhaps restored to Rectitude; She might have been less wretched, and my Days might have been longer. She was young, she was artless and obvious to Seduction. I, myself, joined to betray her, by that she Wolf whom I appointed the Guardian of my Lamb. Perhaps, as she affirmed, her Inclination no way concurred with the Force that was offered her. We ought, as far as possible, to have covered her Shame; Shame only serves to bronze over a bashful Countenance, and make it al-

together Shameless. Alas, my Child, all Things appear quite different, at my Death, from what they did during my Life-time; and the Pride of Blood, and the Resentment for injured Gentility give Place to the Calls of Nature and the Feelings of Humanity.

I intended your Sister five thousand Pounds, but by my Will I have cut her off with a Shilling, lest the Villain, her Husband, should come in for any Share of our Substance. Wherefore I leave You, in my Place, at once the Father, the Brother, and the Guardian of my dear Child — and here his bursting Tears prevented another Word.

As soon as he was more composed he proceeded. I adjure you, my Son, in the Name of our common Father, in the Name of that God to whom I am going, I adjure you, I say, to keep a constant Watch over the Conduct of your still precious Sister, my Son! and (if such a One may be found) to keep in Fee some discreet and pious Matron, who may insinuate into her Acquaintance, and gain her Confidence, and preserve her from a further Progress in the Paths of Vice; for O, the Soul of my wrecked Child, at this Hour, is infinitely precious in my Eyes.

I further

I further enjoin you that, in case the Reprobate, her Husband, should perish by Sword or Pistol, or by the Gallows, as is most likely, you will pay your Sister the Sum of three thousand Pounds, but gradually at first, as her Necessities may crave, and the Whole, on your Assurance of her Return to Virtue.

While her Brother was speaking, Mrs. *Phæbe*, had thrown her Apron over her Face, and by her Groans and passionate Sobs prevented his Proceeding. At length she exclaimed, Wretch, Parricide that I am! I have cut short the sacred Life of him who brought me to the World. You then loved me, my Father, you still continued to love me, though I knew it not; and I have murdered the kindest, the tenderest of Parents, but I will die to make Atone-ment, I will not survive you, my Father!

Mr. *Fielding* then arose, and stepped affectionately to his Sister, and taking her in his Arms, and mixing his Tears with hers, endeavoured to console her. You did not, my dearest Sister, you did not murder him, he cried; you accuse yourself of Faults of which you are no way guilty. Our Father was aged, and laboured under a Complication of Disorders that must, shortly, have put a Period to all that was

mortal in him. Be comforted then, I say be comforted, my Sister!

When Mr. *Fielding* had resumed his Seat, and that the Violence of his Sister's Passion had subsided, he looked earnestly and tenderly at her. I will, said he, my *Phæbe*, at some other Time, account to you for the Motive of my Barbarity toward you, and how I was imposed upon by the very Person whom I kept in pay to give me Intelligence concerning you. But tell me how it comes to pass that, in my Life, I never saw you look so charmingly? even during your infant Years, you never had such a sweet Simplicity, such a heavenly Childishness of Countenance as you now have. It is, said Mr. *Fenton*, because she is the King's Daughter, *she is all glorious within*, and the Loveliness of her Spirit informs and shines through her Aspect. — But here is a known Character that will fully clear up the Matter. — And so saying, he presented him with the Letter from Mr. *Catbarines*, when, at the Sight of the Superscription, Mr. *Fielding* gave an Exclamation of Surprise. — Then, unfolding, he read it in deep Silence, but by Fits, and Interruption; frequently putting, and long holding his Handkerchief to his Eyes.

As soon as he had finished — Yes, yes, my dear *Catbarines*, my Brother, he cried, the,

the Wish of my Heart shall be accomplished for us both. You shall have your *Phæbe* restored to you, and she shall be restored to you with *Benjamin's* Portion, even a double Portion! — But, O my God, how wonderful, how miraculous is all this! to have my only Child, and my only Sister, at once restored to me by one and the same Hand! Teach me, teach me, Mr. *Fenton*, by some new Method of Gratitude, to express a Part of the Sense of what I owe you!

You have already, Sir, cried Mr. *Fenton*, done and said by much too much upon that Head, and have thereby given me great Pain instead of Gratification. The Payment that I get is a Treasure hidden from all Men, save him to whom it is given. I will not, however, do you the Offence to return you your Bill, but shall dispose of it in a Manner that, I trust, will be nearly as equitable. Mean while, my dear Friend, I most cordially congratulate you on the signal Evidences that have been given of the Favour of your God to you, and of his watchful and intending Providence over You and Yours. I suppose you will soon set out, with your amiable Sister here, on your Visit to your Friend and Brother the worthy Mr. *Catharines*. I shall heartily pray for a blisful Issue to the Union of the sainted Pair, and
I request

I request you to favour me with a Call on your Way.

Within an Hour after, Mr. *Fielding* set off for *London*, on Horseback; and *Harry* accompanied his Sister, in Mr. *Fenton's* Post-chaise, upon a short Visit to his Friend *Ned*.

As soon as they were departed, Mr. *Fenton* took Paper, and wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Catharines*.

Reverend and dear Sir,

ALLOW a Stranger, but a very warm Lover of yours, to felicitate you with his whole Heart on the Success of Affairs. Our precious *Phabe* was received with Transport by her Brother, and you cannot be more impatient than he is for your Union. He generously presented me with the enclosed Bill for 2000*l*. merely because God had appointed me an humble Instrument for doing him some little Matter of Service. Though I determined not to accept of any Part thereof, yet I dreaded to grieve him by an avowed Refusal. I therefore restore it to you and your *Phabe*, as a Matter of Equity next to that of returning it to himself. It is surely full as proper that your Family should take charge of that wherewith Providence had been pleased

pleased to entrust them, as that I should be encumbered with the disposal thereof. And indeed, my dear Sir, I am already burdened with more Trusts of this Nature than, I fear, I shall be able duely to account for.

That your Heart may always continue where your true Treasure is already laid up, is the Wish of, dear Sir, &c.

When he had folded and sealed his Letter, he took Bills from his Pocket-book to the amount of 1300*l.* and, on Harry's Return from *London*, presented them to him. Here, my Dear, said he, here is what will enable you to be more than just to your Engagements, it will enable you to be generous also. And I desire, my *Harry*, in Matters of Charity, that you may never stint the sweet Emotions of your Heart; for we have enough, my Child, and we are but the Stewards of the Bounty of our God.

Here *Harry's* Speech was stopped, but his Silence was more eloquent than a thousand Harangues. He suddenly threw his Arms about his dear Dada, and, hiding his Face in his Bosom, he there vented the Tears of that Pleasure, Love, and Gratitude, with which he found himself affected.

On

On the Afternoon of the following Day *Harry* and *Arabella* went to drink Tea with the Widow *Neighbourly*, who received them with a Countenance that spoke an uncommon Welcome. Some other Company had arrived before them, and rose on their Entrance. When All were again seated, Mrs. *Neighbourly*, very affectionately questioned *Harry* concerning his Dada.

On hearing the Name of Master *Fenton*, an elderly Gentlewoman started. Pray, Madam, said she eagerly, is this Master *Fenton*, the Son of that noble Gentleman who lives on the Hill? He is, Madam, said Mrs. *Neighbourly*. My God! exclaimed the Stranger, can this Suckling be the Father of the Orphan and the Widow? Is this He who goes about turning Sorrow into Joy? Who wipes the Tears from the Afflicted, and heals the Broken of Heart? Permit me then, thou beloved Child of the Father which is in Heaven, permit me to approach and throw myself at the Feet of my Preserver!

So saying, she rose with a rapturous Motion, and, dropping at *Harry's* Knees, she clasped his Legs and kissed his Feet, before he could prevent her.

Poor *Harry*, much to be pitied, far astonished, abashed, and distressed to the last Degree. At length, recollecting, and disengaging himself with Difficulty, my dear Madam, he cried, you hurt me greatly, what have I done that you should put me to so much Pain?

Babe of my Heart, she cried, I am the Wife of your *Vindex*, your own *Vindex*, whom you redeemed from Beggary and Slavery; whom you restored to his wretched Partner, whom you restored to his infant Daughter; All pining and perishing apart from Each other, but now united by you, my Angel, in Joy and Thanksgiving.

Here, her Words were suffocated, and throwing herself back in her Chair, she was not ashamed to give Way to her Tears, and putting her Handkerchief to her Face, she vented her Passion aloud.

Harry then rising, and going tenderly to her, put his Arms about her, and kissed her Forehead, and then her Lips. You owe me nothing, my dear Mrs. *Vindex*, said he, I am still greatly in your Debt: I was the very naughty Boy who brought your Misfortunes upon you. But I am willing to make you Amends, and that will do

do me a great Pleasure, instead of the Punishment which I deserve.

The Tea-table was now laid, and Mrs. *Vindex* grew more composed; when her Husband entered, leading his Daughter by the Hand, a very pretty little Girl of about six Years old. *Harry* instantly sprung up, and running, and throwing himself with a great Leap upon him, he hung about his Neck, crying, how glad I am to see you, my dear Mr. *Vindex*! Boy of Boys, cried *Vindex*, am I so blessed as to have you once more in my Arms!

The Company then rose and saluted Mr. *Vindex*, and congratulated him on his Return to his ancient Habitation. But *Harry* took him aside, and having cautioned him, in a Whisper, not to take any Notice of what should pass, he stole a Bill for 160*l.* into his Hand, saying softly, it is good first to be honest, so there is what I owe you. And here also is a small Matter for your Daughter; I did not know, till now, that we had such a sweet little Charge in our Family. So saying, he slipped to him another Bill of 50*l.* and then, turning from him, stepped carelessly to his Seat, as though nothing had happened.

Mean time the astonished *Vindex* was greatly oppress'd. He did not dare to offend

offend *Harry* by any open Intimation of his recent Bounty, and yet he could feel no Ease till the Secret should be disclosed. He therefore stole softly to the Back of our Hero's Chair, where, unperceived of *Harry*, he displayed the Bills to the Company, beckoning, at the same time, in a way that forbad them to take any Notice; then, raising his Hands over his Head, and lifting his Eyes toward Heaven, he blessed his Benefactor, in a silently ardent Ejaculation, and, taking an empty Seat, joined in with the Company.

While they were in Chat, the little *Susanna* slipped, unnoticed, from beside her Mamma, and veering over toward *Harry*, she went on one Side, and then on the other, and surveyed him all about; then, coming closer, she felt his Clothes, and next his Hands, in the Way, as it were, of claiming Acquaintance with him. At length, looking fondly up to his Face, she lisped and said, Me voud kifs Oo, if oo voud ask me. Indeed then, said *Harry*, me vill kifs oo, fedder oo vill or no. And so, catching her up on his Knee, he pressed her to his Bosom, and kissed her over and over again.

You All see, cried Mr. *Vindex*, it is not One of the Elders with whom our *Susanna* has fallen in love. My sweet Babe, cried Mrs.

Mrs. *Vindex*, her little Heart instinctively led her to her best Friend, to the One of All living who best deserved her Love. Miss *Sufanna*, said Mrs. *Clement*, put me in Mind of some very delicate Lines in *Milton*, respecting our Virgin Mother. For she also refused to kiss the loveliest Man that ever was created, at least till she was asked.

——— “ And though divinely brought,
 “ Yet Innocence and virgin Modesty,
 “ Her Virtue and the Conscience of her Worth,
 “ That would be woo’d, and not unsought be won,
 “ Not obvious, nor obtrusive, but retir’d,
 “ The more desirable.”

It is happy, said Mrs. *Neighbourly*, for our weakly and over-affectionate Sex, that God has been pleased to fix a Monitor within us, who struggles against our Inclinations, who fights against our Affections, and is, with Difficulty, won over to acquiesce in our Desires. I know not else, what might become of the most of Womankind.

But then, said Mrs. *Vindex*, are we not rather to be pitied, that, even when our Propensities are warrantable, we are prohibited, by Custom, from giving any Intimation thereof to the Object. While the li-
 centious

centious Reprobate, Man, roves and riots at large and unreprieved, beyond the Pale over which it is Treason for us to look.

I do not pity you, Ladies, said Mr. *Vindex*, I do not at all pity you on Account of any Restraints, that Custom has laid you under, respecting Chastity, or its Environs, called Decorum. The Chastity of Woman is the only Basis upon which the Order, Honour, and Peace of the World can be built. It twists the sacred and endearing Chord of Society. Without it there could be no Amity, no Brotherhood upon Earth. But then, surely, there is much Respect and Tenderness due to those from whom such Advantages are derived. Whereas I have observed, on the contrary, that the most Amiable of your Sex are generally mated to Tyrants; to Men who, being born and appointed their Protectors, pervert every End of Nature and Duty, and treat with Injury, Contempt, and Insult, the gentle Saints whom they should have cherished with their most respectful Endearments.

The Question yet occurs, said *Arabella*, whether your Devils of Husbands find us Angels, or make us Such. Tyrants are like Files, they serve to smoothe and polish whatever they are applied to. I was once in Company with a Man who was called the Saint-

Saint-Maker, he had married five Shrews, in Succession, and made *Grizels* of every One of them before they died.

But pray, Ladies, said *Harry*, are there no Tyrants among the Wives? I lately took a Walk to *Tower-Hill*, and, growing hungry, I turned in to a little Shop of Groceries. A slender skinny Woman, of about four Foot high, stood behind the Counter, and taking out a Sixpence, I threw it on the Board, and desired her to give me the Value in Almonds and Raisins. She had scarce weighed my Merchandise, when a huge jolly looking Quaker came up to the Hatch Door, but seemed fearful of opening it. The Moment the little Woman had cast her Eye toward him, she exclaimed, in a shrill and exasperated Accent, Art thee there, thou Rogue, thou Hangdog, thou Gallows-faced Vagabond? when, gathering up the whole Dignity and Importance of his Person, and clapping a Hand on each Side, he cried, with an undaunted Air,—*I tell thee, Mary, I fear thee not!*—Ah, thou Villain, she vociferated, dares thee then appear in my Presence? get thee back to thy Fellows and Hufseys on whom thee spendest my Substance! still, however, he kept his Ground, and courageously repeated —*I tell thee, Mary, I fear thee not!*—Not fear me? Sirrah, Sirrah, not fear me, says she, we shall see that in a Twinkling. So saying,

saying, she whipt up the measuring Yard, and skudding round the Counter, she flew to the Door. But he was already vanished as fast as his fat Sides would let him. And, to tell you the Truth, Ladies, there was something so authoritative and tremendous in the little Body's Voice and Manner, that I was glad to get out and to skamper after him.

The Company laughed heartily, and Mr. *Vindex* added: I forget the Hero's Name, a great General he was, and I think a *Frenchman*. He won every Battle abroad, but was sure to be beaten in his Turn also, as often as he returned Home to his Wife.

Well said *Hercules* and the Distaff, cries *Harry*; but to the Point, the bravest Man I know is one *Peter Patience*, a Cutrier, who lives in the Suburbs. My Tutor and I were walking one Day through *Islington*, when we perceived the Likelihood of a Scuffle at a Distance.

As we approached, we saw one Man making up, with great Fury, to Another who would have avoided him, and who, retiring backward across the Street, parried his Blows, and kept him off as well as he could. His enraged Adversary would then

then have closed in upon him, but, grasping his Shoulder with a long and very strong Arm, he still held his Enemy aloof, who nearly spent all his Efforts and Blows in the Air.

Never did I see so living a Representation of Heaven and of Hell as was visible in the Faces of those two Men. The Muscles of the One were frightfully distorted, his Eyes shot fire, and his Mouth frothed with Madness: While the Countenance of the Other was as a Lake, in a Summer's Evening, that shews Heaven in its Bosom, and reflects all the Beauties of Nature around it.

Be quiet, *Ben*, he said, you know that I wou'dn't hurt you, you know that I love you. What a Fool the Man makes of himself, are you not sensible that I could demolish you with a single Blow, but I cannot find in my Heart to do it. Be quiet, *Ben*, I say, I see you want to vex me, but I won't be vexed by you, my dear *Ben*.

While the gentle *Peter* was thus expostulating with his exasperated Friend, Mrs. *Patience*, as it should seem, had seen all that passed from an upper Casement, and flying down Stairs, and rushing out at the Door, she seized her Husband, behind, by
the

the Hair of his Head, and tore and cuffed away at a terrible Rate,

Poor *Peter*, finding himself thus between two Fires, gave a slight Trip to his male Assailant who, instantly, fell with his Shoulder against the Pavement, and, rising with Difficulty, limped homeward, muttering Curses all the Way.

Then *Peter*, turning meekly to the Lady Mistress of his House, *Gatty*, my Love, says he, what have I done to provoke you? — O, she cried, you mean spirited, Hare-hearted, Milk-liver'd Poltroon; I'll teach you what it is to suffer every Fellow to pommel you! — Sirrah, Sirrah (and still she cuffed) I'll have you tied down at the Foot of the Market Cross, with Notice on your Breast, for All who pass to p—s upon you.

Then, quite angry to see the Man so abused, to whom I had taken such a Fancy, I rushed in between Man and Wife, and seized Mrs. *Patience* by both her Hands; but wrenching One of them from me, she gave me a round Cuff on the Side of my Head. I was, however, too well used to Cuffs to matter that much; and so, catching one of her Hands in both of mine, I gave her a Pluck to me, and a
Foot

Foot at the same time, and laid her on the Broad of her Back in the Kennel.

My Friend *Peter* looked quite astonished at this, and fearing what might happen to me, on the rising up of his Wife, he tucked me like a Gizzard under the Wing of a Turkey, and off he scoured with me down the Street, while Mr. *Clements* also made pretty nimbly after us, for Fear, as I suppose, that Mrs. *Patience*, when on her Legs, might take him for One of our Company.

As soon as we had turned a Corner, and were out of Harm's Way, honest *Peter* set me down. My Friend, says I, if you would be advised by me, you will not be in a mighty Hurry to get back to your Wife; I see a House of Entertainment yonder, and I wish to be further acquainted with you. Adad, said he, you are the boldest little Body that ever I knew; you performed a Feat, to Day, that made me tremble for you. Had any other Man tho' used my Wife so—but I pass that Matter over; I see you're too great a Hero to be threaten'd by any One, and I should consider that you did what you did for my Sake.

So saying, we all went into a Sort of a Tavern, and, being shewn to a little Parlour,

Parlour, I called for a Pint of White-wine.

As soon as we were seated, I took my new Acquaintance very lovingly by the Hand. My dear Friend, said I, I have conceived a great Respect and Fondness for you, and should be glad to know who and what you are. I am a Currier by Trade, Sir, and my Name is *Peter Patience*. You are Patience itself, indeed, said Mr. *Clement*, but your Wife, as I think, has taken the whole Trade of the Currier into her own Hands.

Peter laughed and replied, She is a dear and a sweet Girl as ever lay by the Side of a Man, and she loves me as she loves her own Soul. Her Blows were sweet Blows to me, they were the Blows of her Affection. For, though I did not matter the Strokes of my Friend *Benjamin* a single Philip, yet every one of them went to her Heart, and she wanted to frighten me from ever taking the like again.

But pray, says I, how happened the Quarrel between you and your Friend *Benjamin*, as you call him? Why, there it is too, said *Peter*, he also beat me, out of his downright and true hearted Kindness to me.

As this is Holiday in the Afternoon, among us Trade-folk, *Ben Testy* invited me to share of a Can of Flip, at the Cat and Bagpipes over the way. Just as we sat down, *Peter*, says he, I am told that your *Gatty* is with Child; I believe it may be so, says I. I am glad of it, *Peter*, with all my Heart; and so now remember that I bespeak myself Gossip. Why that may happen, says I, just as Matters shall turn out. If the Child is a Boy, you shall be one of the Godfathers and welcome; but if it is a Girl, this cannot be, for my Uncle *Geoffry* has already engaged himself, and I have some Expectations from him. And so, says he, you refuse to admit me for your Gossip. If it is a Girl, says I, you see that I cannot. O, he cried, I had forgot, I was a Rascal for proposing it, You're of high Blood, have high Relations, and so scorn to have Connexions with a poor Tradesman like me. That is not the Case indeed, my dear *Ben*, but—Damn your Dears, says he, I will have no more of them, you are a covetous Scoundrel and value Money more than Love. Well, says I, but will you be patient, will you hear Reason, my Friend? Friend, Friend, says he, my Curse upon all such Friendships! I see into you now. You're an ungrateful, unloving, cold-hearted Villain, and I would sooner be Godfather to

to the Child of the Turk. So saying, he struck at me, and repeated his Blows across the Table. But, as I saw that his Choler was enflaming more and more, I got up and retreated, merely intending to defend myself till his Passion should be spent upon me. But you saw what happened, Gentlemen, which I am heartily sorry for, as I fear that my poor dear Fellow is much hurt.

Well, said my Tutor, I have heard many Definitions, and many Disputes concerning the Word Courage, but I never saw the Thing itself, till this Day. Pray Mr. *Peter*, were you never angry? Scarce ever, Sir, that I remember, at least on my own Account, for I do not fear any Man that steps upon Earth, and what is it then that should make me angry? A Man may be angry, said Mr. *Clement*, from other Motives sure, besides that of Fear. God himself can be angry, and yet he cannot possibly fear.

I am feelingly assured, Sir, replied the valiant *Peter*, that God was never angry in his whole Life, and that is a long Time that has neither Beginning nor Ending. Don't you believe the Gospel, says Mr. *Clement*; the Scripture assures us, in a hundred Places, of the Anger of God against

impenitent Sinners. I am the Son of a Clergyman, Sir, said *Peter*, and mayhap could quote Scripture as well as Another. The Scriptures were written for Man, but how should Man understand them, if they were not written according to his own Language and to his own Passions? I will ask you a Question, Sir, Can you be angry at a Mite or a Worm which you can crush into nothing at pleasure? I think not, said my Tutor. No certainly, said *Peter*, because you cannot fear a thing that has not Power to offend you. Now, all the World is but as a Worm or Mite to God, and neither Men nor Angels can disturb or affect him with any thing, except Delight, on their Acceptance of that Happiness which he desires to give to all his Creatures.

Ay but, says Mr. *Clement*, you see that God's Anger and Indignation was so great against Sin, that nothing could satisfy for it save the Death of his beloved Son. Ay but, says *Peter*, the Scripture, which you quote, tells you that it was not his Anger but his Love that sent him to us. *For God so loved the World* (a very sinful World indeed) *that he gave his only begotten Son to take his Death upon the Cross.* And I am as fully assured, as I am of my own Being, that the same gracious God, who has already redeemed poor Sinners, would willingly redeem the poor Devils also, if they could

could but find in their Hearts to desire his Salvation.

Here, catching and clasping his Hand, my dear *Peter*, says I, I embrace and wish from my Heart that your Doctrine may be true. I have many Tutors, Mr. *Peter*, and my Dada pays them all with Pleasure for the Instructions that they give me. Tell me then, Mr. *Peter*, what must he give you for the Lesson which you have taught me? What Lesson, my Hero? a very precious Lesson, says I, a Lesson that will always teach me *to despise myself for a Coward whenever I shall be angry.*

Peter then sprung up, without speaking a Word, and hugged, and clasped, and kissed me with all his Affections. Then, plucking a Button from the upper Part of my Coat, I will accept of this Token, my Darling, says he, and will look at it, many a time in the Day, for your Sake.

But Mr. *Peter*, says I, I think it would be my Advantage to keep up an Acquaintance with you, and this cannot be so well done, while your dear *Gatty* is angry with me. You must therefore promise me to carry a Token to her also, as an Olive Branch of that Peace which I want to be made between us. I will, my Love, says he, I never refuse to give or accept the Fa-

vours of a Friend. You must be upon Honour then, not to reject what I offer You. I am upon Honour, he said.

I then slipped Something into his Hand, at which he looked and looked again ; and then cried out, from the overflowings of a good and grateful Heart, You are either of the Blood Royal, or ought to be so. For the Man was very poor, though so very sensible and well descended, and so he looked upon a little as a great Matter.

Here, *Harry* closed his Narration, and all the Company gathered about him, and nearly smothered him with their Caresses, in which little *Susanna* came in for her full Share.

On the following Day, *Harry* introduced his Friend *Vindex* and Family to his dear Dada, who received them with a Graciousness that soon dispelled that awkward Diffidence and humbling Sense of Obligations, under which the late unhappy Preceptor apparently sunk.

As soon as it was known abroad that Mr. *Vindex* enjoyed the Patronage and good Countenance of Mr. *Fenton* and his Family, his former Friends resorted to him, his Acquaintance was sought by all the Neighbourhood,

Neighbourhood, his Credit was restored, his School daily encreased, and, like *Job*, his latter End was far more blessed than his Beginning.

Within a few Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. *Fielding*, with their Sister *Phoebe*, our Friend *Ned*, and a splendid Equipage, called and breakfasted at Mr. *Fenton's*; and, soon after, Mr. *Fenton* and his *Harry*, with Mr. and Mrs. *Clement*, attended their Visitants to *St. Albans*, where, All together, they spent the happiest Night: But that this Happiness was blended, at times, with the affecting Consideration of parting in the Morning.

For two succeeding Years and upward, little interesting happened, save that our Hero encreased in Stature and all personal Accomplishments, and had happily got over the Measles and Small-Pox. He was now nearly Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages. He could outrun the Rain-Deer, and outbound the Antelope. He was held in Veneration by all Masters of the noble Science of Defence. His Action was Vigour, his Countenance was Loveliness, and his Movement was Grace.

Harry, by this time, was also versed in most of the select and interesting Portions of History. Mr. *Clement* had instructed

him in the use of the Globes and Maps and, as he there led him from Clime to Clime and Country to Country, he brought him acquainted with the different Manners, Customs, Laws, Politics, Governments, Rise, Progress, and Revolutions of the several Nations through which they passed. Finally, said *Clement*, you see, Master *Fenton*, that the mightiest States, like Men, have the Principles of Growth, as likewise of Dissolution within their own Frame. Like Men, they are born and die, have their Commencement and their Period. They arise, like the Sun, from the Darkness of *Poverty*, to *Temperance*, *Industry*, *Liberty*, *Valour*, *Power*, *Conquest*, *Glory*, (*OPULENCE*) and there is their Zenith. From whence they decline, to *Ease*, *Sensuality*, *Venality*, *Vice*, *Corruption*, *Cowardice*, *Imbecility*, *Infamy*, *Slavery*. And so good Night!

Mr. *Fenton* now judged it full time to give our Hero an Insight into the Nature of the Constitution of his own Country; a Constitution, of whose Construction, Poise, Action, and Counteraction, the letter'd Mr. *Clement* had scarcely any Notion, and even the Learned in our Laws, and the Leaders in our Senate, but a very confused Idea.

For this especial Purpose he called *Harry* to his Closet. You are already, my Love, said he, a Member of the *British State*, and, on that Account, have many Privileges to claim, and many Duties to perform toward your Country in particular, independent of your general Duties to Mankind.

Should it please God to bless your Friends with the Continuance of your Life for eight or ten Years longer, you will then be a Member of the Legislature of GREAT BRITAIN, one of the highest and most important Trusts that can be confided by Mankind.

Here, my *Harry*, I have penned or rather pencilled, for your use, an Abstract in Miniature of this wonderful Constitution. But, before I give it, for your Study and frequent Perusal, I would give you some Knowledge of the Claims whereon it is founded, as also of the Nature of Man in his present depraved State, and of his several Relations as a Subject and as a Sovereign.

Man comes into this World, the weakest of all Creatures, and, while he continues in it, is the most dependent. Nature neither clothes him with the warm Fleece of

the Sheep, nor, the gay Plumage of the Bird; neither does he come forth in the Vigour of the Fole or the Fawn, who, on the Hour of their Birth, frisk about and exult in the Blessing of new Existence.

Sacred History, indeed, intimates that Man was originally created invulnerable and immortal, that the Fire could not burn him, Stones wound, Air blast, or Water drown him. That he was the angelic Lord and Controller of this Earth, and these Heavens that roll around us; with Powers to see, at once, into the Essences, Natures, Properties, and Distinctions of Things; to unfold all their Virtues, to call forth all their Beauties, and to rule, subdue, and moderate these Elements at Pleasure.

These, truly, were Godlike Gifts, illustrious Powers and Prerogatives, and well becoming an Offspring produced in the EXPRESS IMAGE of an all-potent, all-wise, and all-beneficent CREATOR.

True Sir, said *Harry*, but then we see nothing, now, of all this Greatness and Glory. Man, on the contrary, is himself subjected to all the Elements over which, you say, he was appointed the Ruler; he has every thing to fear from every thing about him, even the Insects and little
Midges

Midges fearlessly attack and sting this boasted Lord of the Creation; and History shews, from the Beginning of the World, that the greatest of all Enemies to Man, is Man.

This, replied Mr. *Fenton*, is continually to remind him of the depraved and guilty State into which he is fallen. Man indeed is now no better than the Remains of Man; but then these Remains are sufficient to prove the Lustre and Dignity of his original State. When you behold the Ruins of some lofty and spacious Palace, you immediately form an Idea of the original Beauty and Stateliness of the Structure. Even so, in our present feeble and fractured State, a discerning Eye may discover many Traces and Fragments of MAN'S MAGNIFICENT RUIN; Thoughts that wing Infinity; Apprehensions that reach through Eternity; a Fancy that creates; an Imagination that contains a Universe; Wishes that a World hath not wherewithal to gratify; and Desires that know neither Ending nor Bound.

These, however, are but the faint Glimmerings of his once glorious Illumination; All his primitive Faculties are now lapsed and darkened; He is become enslaved to his natural Subjects; The World is wrested out of his Hands; he comes as an Alien
into

into it, and may literally be called a *Stranger and Pilgrim upon Earth*.

All other Animals are gifted with a clear Knowledge and instant Discernment of whatever concerns them. Man's utmost Wisdom, on the contrary, is the bare Result of *comparing* and *inferring*, a mere *Enquirer* called *Reason*, a *Substitute* in the want of *Knowledge*, a *Groper* in the want of *Light*, he must *doubt* before he *reasons*, and *examine* before he *decides*.

Thus ignorant, feeble, deeply depraved, and the least sufficient, of all Creatures, in a state of Independence, Man is impelled to derive Succour, Strength, and even Wisdom from Society. When he turns a pitying Ear and helping Hand to the Distressed, he is entitled, in his Turn, to be heard and assisted. He is interested in Others, Others are interested in him. His Affections grow more diffused, his Powers more complicated; and, in any Society or System of such mutual Benevolence, Each would enjoy the Strength, Virtue, and Efficacy of the Whole.

You have Sir, said *Harry*, here drawn an exceeding sweet Picture of Society, and you know I'm but a Fool and a Novice in such Matters. But, if any other Man breathing, had given me such a Description,

I

I should,

I should, from all my little Reading, have withstood him to the Face. Look through all the States and Associations that ever were upon Earth; throughout the Republics of *Greece, Italy, Asia Minor*, and Others, the most renowned for Urbanity and Virtue, and yet, what do you find them, save so many Bands of public Robbers and Murderers, confederated for the Destruction of the rest of Mankind? what Desolations, what Bloodshed, what Carnage from the Beginning! what a Delight in Horrors! what a Propensity in All to inflict Misery upon Others! the Malignity of the Fiends can, I think, pierce no deeper!

Neither is this, Sir, as I take it, the Extent of their Malevolence. For, when any of these Bands, or States as you call them, have conquered or slaughtered all around them, they never fail, for want of Employment, to fall out among themselves, and cut the Throat of their very Confederates; and this puts me in mind of what is said by the Prince of Peace, *the Prince of this World cometh and has no Part in me*. And again he says to the Purpose, that Fathers and Sons, and Mothers and Daughters shall be divided against Each Other, and that *a Man's Enemies shall be those of his own Household*.

I lately

I lately met with a Fragment of an epic Poem, it struck me wonderfully at the time, and I recollect some of the Lines that contain, in my Opinion, the most genuine, the truest Picture that ever was drawn of the state of Mankind.

- “ Man comes into this passing World in Weakness,
 “ And cries for Help to Man, — for feeble is he,
 “ And many are his Foes. Thirst, Hunger, Nakedness,
 “ Diseases infinite within his Frame,
 “ Without, Inclemency, the Wrath of Seasons,
 “ Famines, Pests, Plagues, devouring Elements,
 “ Earthquakes beneath, the Thunders rolling o’er him ;
 “ Age and Infirmary on either Hand ;
 “ And Death, who shakes the certain Dart behind him !
 “ These, surely, One might deem, were Ills sufficient.
 “ Man thinks not so ; on his own Race he turns
 “ The Force of all his Talents, exquisite
 “ To shorten the short Interval, by Art,
 “ Which Nature left us — Fire and Sword are in
 “ His Hand, and in his Heart are Machinations,
 “ For speeding of Perdition. — Half the World,
 “ Down

“ Down the steep Gulph of dark Futurity,
 “ Push off their Fellows, pause upon the Brink,
 “ And then drop after.

Say then, my dearest Father, tell me, whence comes this worse than flinty, this cruel Heartedness in Man? Why are not All like You? Why are they not happy in communicating Happiness? If my Eyes did not daily see it, in Fact, as well as in History, I should think it impossible that any One should derive Pleasure from giving Pain to Another. Can it be more blessed to destroy than to preserve, to afflict than to gladden, to wound than to heal? My Heart wrings with Regret for being cast into a World, where Nation against Nation, Family against Family, and Man against Man, are perpetually embattled, grudging, coveting, grasping, tearing every Enjoyment, every Property, and Life itself from Each-other.

Here *Harry*, for a while, held his Handkerchief to his Eyes; while his fond Uncle dropt a silent Tear of Delight, at beholding the amiable Emotion of his Beloved.

Take Care, my *Harry*, rejoined Mr. *Fenton*, beware of the smallest Tincture of Uncharitableness? You see only the worse Part, the outward Shell of this World;
 while

while the Kernel, the better Part is concealed from your Eyes. There are Millions of worthy People and affectionate Saints upon Earth; but they are as a Kingdom within a Kingdom, a Grain within a Husk; it requires a kindred Heart and a curious Eye to discover them. Evil in Man is like Evil in the Elements; Earthquakes, Hurricanes, Thunders, and Lightnings are conspicuous, noisy, glaring; while Goodness, like Warmth and Moisture, is silent and unperceived, though productive of all the Beauties and Benefits in Nature.

I once told you, my Darling, that all the Evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the Good which is in you belongs to your God. That you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good Thought, or form a good Wish, or oppose a single Temptation or evil Motion of any kind. And, what I then said of You may equally be said of all Men, and of the highest Angels now in Bliss.

No Creature can be better than *a craving and dark Desire*. No Efforts of its own can possibly kindle the smallest Portion of Light or of Love; till God, by giving himself, gives his Light and Love into it.

Here lies the eternal Difference between Evil and Good, between the Creature and the
the

the Creator; the Spirits who are now in Darkness, are there for no other Reason, but for their Desire of a proud and impossible Independance, for their rejecting the Light and Love of that God, in whom, however, they live and move and have their desolate Being.

God is already the Fullness of all possible things; He has, therefore, all things to give, but nothing to desire. The Creature, while empty of God, is a wanting Desire; it has all things to crave, but nothing to bestow. No two Things, in the Universe, can be more opposite, more contrasted.

Remember, therefore, this Distinction in yourself and all Others; remember that, when you feel or see any Instance of Selfishness, you feel and see the coveting, grudging and grappling of the Creature: But that when you feel or see any Instance of Benevolence, you feel and see the informing Influence of your God. All possible Vice and Malignity subsists in the One; all possible Virtue, all possible Beauty, all possible Blessedness subsists in the Other.

As God, alone is Love, and nothing but Love; no Arguments of our own can reason Love into us, no Efforts of our own can possibly attain it. It must spring up,
within

within us, from the divine Bottom or Source, wherein our Existence stands ; and it must break through the dark and narrow Womb of SELF, into Sentiments and Feelings of GOOD-WILL for Others, before this CHILD OF GOD can be born into the World.

SELF is wholly a MISER, it contracts what it possesses, and at the same time attracts all that it doth not possess. It at once shuts out Others from its own proposed Enjoyments, and would draw into its little Whirlpool whatever Others enjoy.

LOVE, on the contrary, is a *Giving*, not a *Craving* ; an *Expansion* not a *Contraction* ; it breaks in Pieces the condensing Circle of SELF, and goes forth in the Delightfulness of its Desire to bless.

SELF is a poor, dark, and miserable Avaritiousness, incapable of enjoying what it hath, through its grappling and grasping at what it hath not. The Impossibility of its holding all things makes it envious of Those who are in Possession of any thing, and Envy kindles the Fire of Hell, Wrath, and Wretchedness throughout its Existence.

LOVE, on the other Hand, is rich, enlightening, and full of Delight. The Bounteousness of its Wishes makes the Infinity

finity of its Wealth. And it cannot fail of finding (without seeking or requiring) its own Enjoyment, and Blessedness, in its Desire to communicate and diffuse Blessing and Enjoyment.

But is it not, Sir, a very terrible thing, said *Harry*, for poor Creatures to be evil, by the Necessity of their Nature?

Why, answered Mr. *Fenton*, how do you wish that Matters should have been managed, my *Harry*?

That All, Sir, at once, should have been made so wise and good, as never possibly to be otherwise to all Eternity — What, infinitely wise, and powerful, and good, and happy? — As near to infinite, Sir, as possibly could be.

Any thing less than infinite, replied Mr. *Fenton*, must fall infinitely short of it.

But, supposing that God had made his Creatures infinitely and necessarily wise, powerful, and happy; then here would have been, as it were, an Infinity of distinct Beings and separate Wills, ununited by any Connection, undisciplined and unarrayed by any Subordination; and, should any Cause of Contention arise among them, the Universe must have been turned into a
more

more horrible Hell than Any that Fancy hath ever yet formed.

I see, Sir, said *Harry*, I see, in all Lights, that my Wish was absurd, impossible, and ridiculous.

Your Error, my *Harry*, consisted in this. You took the Emptiness, Darkness, and Desire, in the Creature, to be the Evil of the Creature. They are, indeed, the only possible Cause of Evil, in or to any Creature, but they are exceedingly far from being an Evil, in themselves; they are, on the contrary, the only, the necessary and indispensable Foundation, whereon any Creaturely Benefit can be built. It is extremely good for the Creature to be *poor* and *weak*, and *empty*, and *dark*, and *desiring*; for, hereby, he becomes a Capacity, for being supplied with all the *Riches*, *Powers*, *Glories*, and *Blessedness* of his God.

As God is, every where (in and of himself) the Fullness of all possible Beings and Beatitudes, he cannot create any thing independent or out of himself; they cannot be but by being both in him and by him. Could it be otherwise, could any Creature be wise, or powerful, or happy, in and of itself, what a poor and stunted Happiness must that have been; its Blessedness, in that Case, must have been limited, like its Being;

Being; and how infinitely, my Child, should we then have fallen short of *that eternal Weight of Glory* intended for us. But God has been graciously pleased to provide better things. If we humbly and desirously depend upon him, we become entitled to All that he has and that he is. He will enlighten our Darkneſs with his own Illumination; he will inform our Ignorance with his own Wiſdom; his Omnipotence will become the Strength of our Weakneſs; He, himſelf, will be our Rectitude and Guide from all Error; He will purify our Pollution; put his own Robe on our Nakedneſs; enrich our Poverty with the Heart-felt Treasures of himſelf; and we ſhall be as ſo many Mirrors, wherein our divine Friend and Father ſhall delight to behold the expreſs Image of his own Perſon, his own Perfections and Beatitudes repreſented for ever!

O Sir, exclaimed *Harry*, how you gladden, how you transport me! I ſhall now no longer repine at my own Weakneſs, or Blindneſs, or Ignorance, or Inſufficiency of any Kind; ſince all theſe are but as ſo many Veffels prepared to contain Pearls of infinite Price, even the Riches, the Enjoyment and Fullneſs of my God. Never will I ſeek or deſire, never will I accept any thing leſs than Himſelf.

You

You must, my Child, said Mr. *Fenton*, you are still in the Flesh, in a carnal and propertied World; your old Man must be fed, though not pampered; it must be mortified, but not slain.

You read, in the third Chapter of *Genesis*, how our first Father lusted after the sensual Fruits of this World; how he wilfully broke the sole Commandment of his God; how he added to his Apostacy the Guilt of aspiring at Independence; how he trusted to the Promise and Virtue of Creatures for making him equal in Godhead to the Creator; how in that Day he died the fearfullest of all Deaths, a Death to the Fountain of Life, Light and Love within him; and how his Eyes were opened to perceive the Change of his Body into Grossness, Corruption, Disease, and Mortality, conformable to the World, to which he had turned his Faith, and into which he had cast himself.

Now, had Man continued in this State, his Spirit which had turned, from God, into its own creaturely Emptiness, Darkness, and Desire, must have so continued for ever, in its own Hell and Misery, without the Possibility of exciting or acquiring the smallest Spark of Benevolence or Virtue of any kind. But God, in Compassion to
Adam,

Adam, and more especially in Compassion to his yet unfinning Progeny, infused, into his undying Essence, a small Embryon or Reconception of that lately forfeited Image which, in Creation, had born the perfect Likeness of the Creator.

From hence arises the only Capacity of any Goodness in Man. And, according as we suppress or quench, or encourage and foster this heavenly Seed, or infant Offspring of God within us; in such Proportion we become evil, malignant and reprobate; or benevolent and replete with divine Propensities and Affections.

Now, *Harry*, let us turn our Eyes to our gross and outward Man, for, as I told you, it must be cared for and sustained agreeable to its Nature; and it is well deserving of our Attention; for as much as it is the Husk, the Habitation and Temple of that Godlike Conception which, when matured, is to break forth into never ending Glory.

Lastly, this same outward Man is further to be regarded by us, for as much as his Infirmities, Frailties, Distemperatures, Afflictions, Aches, and Anguishes are so intimately felt by his divine Inmate, that they occasionally excite those thousand social Charities, Relations, and Endearments that, with

with Links of golden Love, connect the
Brotherhood of Man.

It is therefore worth while to enquire into the Claims and Rights of this close, though gross Companion, at least so far as may be requisite for his necessary, if not comfortable Subsistence upon Earth.

We find that God has entrusted him with *Life, Liberty*, and Strength to acquire *Property* for his Sustenance. It is therefore his Duty to preserve all these Trusts inviolate; for, as they are wedded to his Nature, *what God hath so joined let no Man put asunder.*

If these were not, my *Harry*, the natural, inheritable, and indefeasible Rights of all Men, there would be no Wrong, no Injustice, in depriving All you should meet, of their Liberty, their Lives, and Properties at Pleasure. For, all Laws that were ever framed for the good Government of Men (even with the divine Decalogue) are no other than faint Transcripts of that eternal **LAW OF BENEVOLENCE**, which was written and again retraced in the Bosom of the first Man, and which all his Posterity ought to observe, without further Obligation.

The capital Apostle, Saint *Paul*, bears Testimony, also, to the Impression of this
LAW

LAW OF RIGHTS on the Consciences and Hearts of all Men, where he says in the second Chapter of his Epistle to the *Romans*,
 “ Not the Hearers of the Law are just
 “ before God, but the Doers of the Law
 “ shall be justified. For, when the Gen-
 “ tiles, which have not the Law, do by
 “ Nature the Things contained in the Law,
 “ These, having not the Law, are a Law
 “ unto themselves. Which shew the work
 “ of the Law WRITTEN IN THEIR
 “ HEARTS, their Consciences also bearing
 “ Witness, and their Thoughts, the mean
 “ while, accusing or else excusing One
 “ another.”

But Sir, interrupted *Harry*, I am quite astonished at the Falling-off of the Father of Mankind. So infinitely benefitted and obliged as he was, so necessarily dependent also on his omnipotent Benefactor; how foolish, how base, how ungrateful, how unpardonable, as I think, was his wonderful Apostasy! Wretched Creatures that we are! no sound Branch, to be sure, could ever spring from so debased, so canker'd a Stock.

Let us not be prone to judge of Others, my *Harry*. I am confident, as I am of my Being, that had You or I been in the Case and Place of *Adam*, we should have fallen in like Manner. He had an old and

with Links of golden Love, connect the
Brotherhood of Man.

It is therefore worth while to enquire into the Claims and Rights of this close, though gross Companion, at least so far as may be requisite for his necessary, if not comfortable Subsistence upon Earth.

We find that God has entrusted him with *Life, Liberty*, and Strength to acquire *Property* for his Sustenance. It is therefore his Duty to preserve all these Trusts inviolate; for, as they are wedded to his Nature, *what God bath so joined let no Man put asunder.*

If these were not, my *Harry*, the natural, inheritable, and indefeasible Rights of all Men, there would be no Wrong, no Injustice, in depriving All you should meet, of their Liberty, their Lives, and Properties at Pleasure. For, all Laws that were ever framed for the good Government of Men (even with the divine Decalogue) are no other than faint Transcripts of that eternal LAW OF BENEVOLENCE, which was written and again retraced in the Bosom of the first Man, and which all his Posterity ought to observe, without further Obligation.

The capital Apostle, Saint *Paul*, bears Testimony, also, to the Impression of this
LAW

LAW OF RIGHTS on the Consciences and Hearts of all Men, where he says in the second Chapter of his Epistle to the *Romans*,
 “ Not the Hearers of the Law are just
 “ before God, but the Doers of the Law
 “ shall be justified. For, when the Gen-
 “ tiles, which have not the Law, do by
 “ Nature the Things contained in the Law,
 “ These, having not the Law, are a Law
 “ unto themselves. Which shew the work
 “ of the Law WRITTEN IN THEIR
 “ HEARTS, their Consciences also bearing
 “ Witness, and their Thoughts, the mean
 “ while, accusing or else excusing One
 “ another.”

But Sir, interrupted *Harry*, I am quite astonished at the Falling-off of the Father of Mankind. So infinitely benefitted and obliged as he was, so necessarily dependent also on his omnipotent Benefactor; how foolish, how base, how ungrateful, how unpardonable, as I think, was his wonderful Apostasy! Wretched Creatures that we are! no sound Branch, to be sure, could ever spring from so debased, so canker'd a Stock.

Let us not be prone to judge of Others, my *Harry*. I am confident, as I am of my Being, that had You or I been in the Case and Place of *Adam*, we should have fallen in like Manner. He had an old and

a very subtle Adversary to deal with. He felt himself powerful, glorious and happy. He had no Notion that his present State could change for the worse. He was yet a Novice in Existence. He could form no Conception of the Depravity, Pains, and Mortality that afterward ensued. And he was strongly tempted by sensual Objects from without, and by the Emotions of his creaturely Nature within him. But, of this I am assured, *Harry*, that, if he was the greatest Sinner, he was also the greatest and most contrite Penitent that ever existed; as the Comparison of his first, with his latter State, must have given him the most poignant and bitter Compunctions, and must have caused him, with tenfold Energy, to cling to that Rock, from which he was hewn, but from whence he had fallen.

I have already shewn you, *Harry*, that every Man has a Right in his Person and Property, and that this Right is natural, inheritable, and indefeasible. No Consent of Parties, no Institution can make any Change in this great and fundamental Law of Right; it is universal, invariable, and unalienable to any Man or System of Men. It is only defeasible in particular Cases, as where one Man, by assailing the Safety of Another, justly forfeits the Title which he had to his own Safety.

If

If human Nature had never fallen into a State of inordinate Appetence, all Laws and legal Restraints would have been as needless and impertinent as the Study and Practice of Physic, in a Country exempted from Mortality and Disease. But, for as much as all Men are Tyrants by Nature, All prone to covet and grasp at the Rights of Others; the great Law of SAFETY TO ALL can no otherwise be assured, than BY THE RESTRAINT OF EACH FROM DOING INJURY TO ANY.

On this lamentable Occasion, on this sad Necessity of Man's calling for Help against Man, is founded every Intention and End of civil Government. All Laws that do not branch from this Stem are canker'd or rotten. All political Edifices that are not built and sustained upon this Foundation, *of defending the Weak against the Oppressor*, must tumble into a Tyranny even worse than that Anarchy which is called the State of Nature, where Individuals are unconnected by any social Band. But, if such a System could be framed, whereby *Wrong* should not be permitted or dispensed with in any Man, *Right* would consequently ensue and be enjoyed by all Men, and this would be the Perfection of CIVIL LIBERTY.

Sir, says *Harry*, I have hear'd some very learned Men affirm, that God, in whom is the Disposal of all Lives and all Properties, has given to Some a Right of ruling over Others. That Governours are his Vicegerents and Representatives upon Earth. And that he hath appointed the descendible and hereditary Rights of Fathers over Families, of Patriarchs over Tribes, and of Kings over Nations.

In a qualified Sense, my *Harry*, their Affirmation may be just. All the Agents and Instruments and Dispensers of Beneficence, whether their Sphere be small or great, are God's true Representatives and Vicegerents upon Earth. He hath given Authority to the Tendernefs of Parents over their Progeny; and he hath invested Patriarchs and Kings with the Rights of Protection. But God never gave the Vulture a Right to rule over the Dove-cote. Never gave up the innocent Many for a Prey to the tyrannous Few. God never can take Pleasure in the Breaches of the Law of his own Righteousness and Benignity. Arbitrary Regents are no further of his Appointment than the Evils of Earthquakes and Hurricanes, as where he is said to give the *Wicked a King in his Anger*; and to set over the Nations the *Basest of Men*.

The

The God of all Right cannot will Wrong to Any. *His Service is perfect Freedom.* It is his Pleasure to deliver from *the Land of Slavery and the House of Bondage.* He is the God of Equity and Good-Will to all his Creatures. He founds his own Authority, not in Power but Beneficence. The Law, therefore, of Safety and Well-being to All, is founded in the Nature of God himself, *eternal, immutable, and indispensable.*

One Man may abound in Strength, Authority, Possessions; but no Man may have greater Right than Another. The Beggar has as much Right to his Cloak and his Scrip, as the King to his Ermines and Crown Lands.

To fence and to establish this divinely inherent Right, of SECURITY TO THE PERSON and PROPERTY OF MAN, has been the Study and Attempt of *Hermes, Confucius, Minos, Lycurgus, Solon, Numa,* and of all the Legislators and Systems of civil Polity, that ever warmed the World with a single Ray of Freedom.

But, so strong is the Propensity to Usurpation in Man; so dangerous is it to tempt Trustees with the Investiture of Power; so

difficult to *watch* the *Watchers*, to *restrain* the *Restrainers* from Injustice; that, whether the Government were committed to the ONE, the FEW, or the MANY; the Parties entrusted have generally proved Traitors; and deputed Power has almost perpetually been seized upon as Property.

Monarchy has ever been found to rush headlong into Tyranny; *Aristocracy* into Faction and multiplied Usurpation; and *Democracy* into Tumult, Confusion and Violence. And All these, whether distinct or compounded with Each other, have ended in the Supremacy of some arbitrary Tyrant, enabled, by a Body of military Mercenaries, to rule, oppress, and spoil the People at Pleasure.

How *England* hath come, after the many Wrecks and Ruins which you have read of in History, to survive, to recover, to grow fonder from her Wounds, and mightier from her Discomfitures; and to rise superior, as we trust, to all future external and internal Attempts, hath been owing to the Peculiarity of her Constitution.

Her Constitution, it is true, is not yet quit, perhaps never ought to be quit of some intestine Commotions. For, though Liberty has no Relation to Party, Dissention, or Cabal against Government; there
is

is yet a Kind of Yest observable in its Nature, which may be necessary to the fermentation and working up of Virtue to the Degree that is requisite for the Production of Patriotism and public-Spirit. But, when this *Yest of Liberty* happens to light upon weak or vapid Tempers, they are immediately affected, like Small-beer Casks, and rave and boil over in an Abundance of factious Sputter and Turbulence. Party and Faction therefore, being the Scum and Ebullition of this animating Yest, are sure Signs and Proofs of the Life of Liberty, though they neither partake nor communicate any Portion of its Beneficence; as rank Weeds are the Proof of a hot Sun and luxuriant Soil, though they are the detestable Consequence of the One and the Other.

I will endeavour to image and exemplify to you the Nature and Tendency of these Commotions, by bringing some of our old Plays to the Memory of my *Harry*.

First, there's ROBIN'S ALIVE AND ALIVE LIKE TO BE, *if he dies in my Hand, my Mouth shall be bridled, my Back shall be saddled, with Sticks and Stones and marrow-Bones, and sent to the King's black Hall.*

This is always supposed to be the favourite Diversion of the Children of a free People. Where the Stick, which is fired at one end, and handed about through the Society, represents the Light and Comfort which they derive from LIBERTY, and which they endeavour to keep alive, by the Quickness of Communication and by the Supplies of their own Breath.

They all please themselves with the Assurance that Liberty is not only alive, but alive like to be; and they denounce the most heavy and tremendous Consequences against any who shall suffer it to expire in their Hands. Their Mouth is first to be bridled, they must not dare to speak or even mutter their Complaints; and, after being laden with all Kinds of Grievances and Oppressions, they are to be led to the gloomy Receptacles of their insulting Proprietor, there to be further dealt with according to his Pleasure.

FOUR CORNERS AND A FOOL is a most apt and animated Representation of those personal and selfish Competitions that never fail to intrude into the freest States. Where the Meaning and Import of the several Contests amounts to the single Question of, *Who shall be in Place?* And where All, *who get in*, are allowed a prescriptive Right of

of laughing at the Expence of Those who
are kept out.

Your favourite Play of FOOT-BALL is a most perfect Image, or rather Counterpart, of those Dissentions and Oppositions that are entitled *Parties*, and which are almost peculiar to the *British* Constitution.

As soon as the *Parties* for FOOT-BALL are formed, Each enters as affectionately, as zealously, as furiously in the Interests of All, and Every of the Posse, with whom he is connected, as though they were so many Limbs of his proper Person. Though Townsmen, Friends, Brothers should be arrayed on the opposite Side, it makes no Abatement of Warmth or Hostility. All Concerns of Kindred and Country, all Memory of former Attachments are instantly cast aside, or absorbed in the Engagement and Eagerness for Conquest. They enter upon Action; they run, labour, sweat, wrestle. While the BALL, which each Party endeavours to bear away from the Other, represents the PUBLIC INTEREST or COMMON-WEAL, which is tossed and bandied to and fro, and kicked about, and almost rent to Rags in the Heat of the Contention.

It is, however, observable that, in these FOOT-BALL Conflicts, there are certain

BOUNDARIES entitled GOALS, emblematical of the CONSTITUTION, within which the Parties are enjoined to limit their Contention : And when some extravagant and dissolute Spirits have, wantonly, born away the Ball beyond the said Bounds, we have seen both Parties join in Pursuit of such Vagrants, in order to recover and bring back the Ball to the regulated and appointed Sphere of its Activity.

The pacific Institution, of WATER MY CHICKENS COME CLOCK, seems an Invention of *Eastern* Policy; and calculated rather to recommend an obsequious Dependence on *Asiatic* Despotism, than as any Hieroglyphic of the Freedom of *Grecian*, *Roman*, or *Gothic* Commonwealths. And yet the Time may come when even in *Britain*, a Minister may arise who shall have the Art and Address to bribe and corrupt a Majority of the Legislature with the Money of their Constituents. He will thereby be enabled to take the Lead at the Head of the Representatives of the Nation. When, *All shall follow him in implicit and orderly Procession, Each duely and decently attending the Posteriors of him who immediately precedes in the Arrangement.*

Now, *Harry*, let us return to the great Object first proposed, an Object in which you are most intimately concerned; and
which,

which, I trust, you will invariably assist and support, even the Liberties and Claims of the Meanest of your Countrymen.

SALUS POPULI—PUBLIC SAFETY—
SECURITY TO THE PERSONS AND PRO-
PERTIES OF THE PEOPLE; constitutes the
 Whole of *England's* Polity. Her Empire
 is **IMPERIUM LEGUM**, the Sway of Law;
 it is the Dispensation of Beneficence, of e-
 qual Right to All; and this Empire rises
 supreme over King, Lords, and Commo-
 ners, and is appointed to rule the Rulers,
 to the End of Time.

Other States, before now, have been
 compounded like Ours, of *Prince, Peers, and*
People, the *One, Few, and Many* united.
 But the Error and Failure of their Consti-
 tution was this: The **PEOPLE**, who are
 the **FOUNTAIN OF ALL POWER**, either
 retained, in their own Hands, an Autho-
 rity which they never were qualified to
 wield; or deputed it to Trustees without
 Account; without a provident Resource or
 due Reserve of Potency, when *Those en-*
trusted with Government should be found to ve-
tray.

The People of *England*, on the contrary,
 claim no Authority in Government; neither
 in the framing, administration, or executi-
 on of the Laws, by which they consent to be
 governed;

governed. They are themselves imaged and as it were epitomised, in their three several Estates. The King represents their Majesty; the Lords their Nobility; and the Commons, more immediately, their legislative Power. The Constitution is the Inheritance of them and their Posterity; and theirs is the Right and Duty, at all Times, to watch over, assert, and reclaim it. Wherefore, as you find in History, when Any of the three Estates have usurped upon the Others; even when All of them together have dared to violate the Frame of this salutary Constitution; the People, to whom it belongs, have never failed, as on the other Day's Revolution, to restore and reinstate it.

England's three Estates, of King, Lords, and Commons, are Parts of the People, under Covenant with the People, and accountable to the People; but the People, as a People, make not any of the said Estates. They are as a perpetual Fountain from whence the three Estates arise; or rather as a Sea of Waters, in which three exalted Waves should claim Preeminence; which yet shall not be able to depart from their Fund, but, in Rotation, are dissoluble and resolvable therein.

Thus, however complicated the System of *England's* Polity may be, it is all rooted
 I in

in and branches from the TRUST OF THE PEOPLE, the Trust of Powers which they have granted to be returned in Protection. And, in Truth, it makes little Difference whether the Powers, in such Cases, be granted or assumed: Whoever either receives or assumes such Powers, save to the Ends of Beneficence, is equally guilty of Usurpation and Tyranny.

Government can have no Powers, save the Powers of the People; to wit, the Power of their Numbers, Strength, and Courage, in Time of War; and in Peace, of their Art and Industry, and the Wealth arising therefrom. Whoever assumes to himself these Powers, or any Part thereof, without the Consent of the Proprietors, is a Robber, and should, at least, be divested of the Spoil.

On the other Hand, if such Powers are granted by the People, the People cannot grant them for Purposes to which they, themselves, cannot lawfully apply them. No Man, for Instance, can arbitrarily dispose of his own Life or Liberty, neither of the whole Product of his own Labours; forasmuch as the Lives of himself and his Family should be first sustained thereby, and his Obligations to Others fairly and fully discharged. He cannot, therefore,
grant

grant an arbitrary Disposal of what he hath not an arbitrary Disposal in himself. Much less can any Man grant a Power over the Lives, Liberties, or Properties of other People, as it would be criminal and highly punishable in himself to assail them.

Hence it follows, as evident as any Object at Noon, that *no Man or Body of Men can rightfully assume*, or even accept, *what no Man or Body of Men can rightfully grant*, to wit, a Power that is arbitrary or injurious to Others. And hence it necessarily follows, that all Usurpations of such Powers, throughout the Earth; with all actual or pretended Covenants, Trusts, or Grants, for the Investiture or Conveyance of such illicit Powers, are null and void, on the Execution. And that no Man, or Nations of Men, can possibly be bound by any Consents or Contracts everfive of the Laws of God and their own Nature, of common Sense and general Equity, of eternal Reason and Truth.

I beg Pardon, Sir, says *Harry*, for interrupting you once more, but you desire that I should always speak my Mind with Freedom. You have delighted me greatly with the Account which you give of the Benefits and Sweets of *Liberty*, and of its being equally the Claim and Birth-Right of all Men; and I wish to Heaven that they had

had an equal Enjoyment thereof. But this you know, Sir, is very far from being the Case, and that this *animating Fire*, which ought to comfort All who come into the World, is now nearly extinguished throughout the Earth.

O Sir, if this divine, this GOLDEN LAW OF LIBERTY were observed, if ALL WERE RESTRAINED FROM DOING INJURY TO ANY; what a Heaven we should speedily have upon Earth! the Habit of such a Restraint would, in time, suppress every Emotion to Evil. The Weak would have the Mightiness of this Law for their Support, the Poor would have the Benevolence thereof for their Riches. Under the light and delightful Yoke of such a Restraint, how would Industry be encouraged to plant and to multiply the Vine and the Fig-Tree, how would Benignity rejoice to call Neighbours and Strangers to come and fearlessly partake of the Fruits thereof!

How has the sacred Name of All-benefitting LIBERTY been perverted and profaned, by the Mouths of madding Demagogues at the Head of their shouting Rabble, who mean no Other than a licentious Unmuzzling from all Restraint, that they may ravage and lay desolate the Works and Fruits of Peace.

But

But Liberty, in your System, is a real an essential Good; the only Source, indeed, whence any Good can arise. I see it, I revere it, it shines by its own Light in the Evidence of your Description.

How is it then, Sir, that there are Persons so blind, or so bigotted against their own Interests and Those of their Fellows, as to declaim with much Energy and studied Argumentation against this divine, inheritable, and indefeisible Right (not of Kings as should seem) but of Human-kind?

I lately happened in Company with a Number of discontentedly looking Gentlemen, whom I supposed to have been Abettors of the late King *James*, and Friends to the arrogating Family of the *Stuarts*. Among them was One of some Learning and great Cleverness, and he paraded and shewed away, at a vast Rate, concerning the divinely inherent Right of Monarchs, implicit Submission, passive Obedience, Non-Resistance, and what not.

Our God, said he, is one God; and the Substitutes of his Mightiness should resemble himself; their Power ought to be absolute, unquestioned, and undivided. The Sun is his glorious Representative in the

the Heavens, and Monarchs are his Representatives and Mirrors, upon Earth, in whom he is pleased to behold the Reflection of his own Majesty.

Accordingly we find that the Monarchs, over his chosen People, were of his special Appointment, and that their Persons were render'd sacred and awfully inviolable, by Unction or the shedding of hallowed Oil upon them. Many Miscarriages and woful Defaults are recorded of *Saul*, as a Man, yet, as a King, he was held perfect in the Eyes of his People. What an unhesitating Obedience, what a speechless Submission do they pay to all his Behests! Though he massacred their whole Priesthood, to a Man, in one Day, yet no Murmur was hear'd; no One dared to wag a Tongue, and much less to lift a Finger against the Lord's Anointed.

I own to you, Sir, that this last Argument staggered me; such an express Authority of the sacred Writings put me wholly to Silence. Say then, my dearest Father, give me the Benefit of your enlightening Sentiments on this Head; that I may know, on all Occasions, to give, to all Men, *an Account of the political Faith that is in me.*

It

It is extremely surprizing, rejoined Mr. *Fenton*, that all our Lay and ecclesiastical Champions for arbitrary Power, who have raised such a Dust, and kept such a Coil about the *divine, hereditary, and indefeisible Right* of Kings, and the *unconditional Duty of Passive Obedience* in the Subject, have founded their whole Pile of Argument and Oratory, on the DIVINE APPOINTMENT of the Regal Government of the *Jews*, as the perfect Model and Ensamble whereby all other States are, in like Manner, required to form their respective Governments.

Now, if these Champions had engaged, on the opposite Side of the Question, and had undertaken the Argument against *arbitrary Power*, they could not have done it more effectually, more conclusively, more unanswerably, than by shewing that ARBITRARY POWER was the very EVIL so displeasing to the Nature of God, that he exhibited his Omnipotence, in a Series of public and astonishing Wonders, in order to deliver this very People from the Grievance thereof; and, more especially to proclaim to all Nations and Ages the Detestation in which his ETERNAL JUSTICE holds all *lawless Dispensations*, all Acts of SOVEREIGN POWER that are not Acts of PROTECTION.

Could

Could these Champions, again, have better enforced the Argument against *arbitrary Power*, than by shewing that this People, so miraculously enfranchised, but now fat and wantonly kicking under the Indulgence of their God, had taken a Loathing to the Righteousness of the Dispensations of their Deliverer, *had rejected him* (as he affirms) *from reigning over them*; and had required a KING, like to the Kings of the neighbouring Nations? the very EVIL from which God had redeemed their Forefathers.

Could these Champions, further, have better demonstrated the Miseries, the Iniquities, the Abominations of such a Government, than by reciting the Expostulations, the tender and earnest Remonstrances of God himself, on the Sufferings that these Rebels were about to bring upon themselves from the Enormities of an arbitrary and unlimited Sovereignty? And, lastly, could they have better recommended, to the Free and the Virtuous, to stand out, to the Death, against arbitrary Oppression, than by shewing the Obstinacy of these apostate *Jews*, when they answered to the compassionating Expostulations of their God
 — *Nay, but we will have a KING, like all the Nations, to rule over us.*

Nothing

Nothing, my *Harry*, can be more unaccountable, more astonishing, than the Perverseness of that stiffnecked Nation.

They daily drank the bitterest Dregs of Slavery; they had been galled by double Chains; and had groaned under an unprecedented Tyranny and Oppression. They cried out to their God, and he miraculously delivered them from *the Land of their Misery and from the House of their Bondage*. Yet, on the first Cravings of Appetite these Soul-sensualized Wretches desired to be returned to their *Chains* and their *Flesh-Pots*; and longed to groan and gormandise in their *old Sty*.

Hereupon, God gave them Flesh and Bread to the full; and he brought them into a Land *flowing with Milk and Honey*, and abounding with all the good things of this Life. He made them a free and sovereign People, discomfited their Enemies before them; and informed their Judges with his own Spirit, for the Dispensation of Righteousness; insomuch that *every Man sat under his own Vine, and did what was right in his own Eyes*. And yet, they lasciviously petitioned to be subjected to a State of *absolute Despotism*; and this, for no assigned Reason, save because it was the Fashion;

Fashion; *make us a King to judge us, like to all the Nations around us.*

Here God, in the same Act, approves his Attributes of *Mercy* and *reluctant Justice* to his erring Creatures. He punishes their Rebellion by no greater a Severity than the Grant of their Request.

“ And the Lord said unto *Samuel*,
 “ hearken unto the Voice of the People in
 “ all that they say unto thee; for they
 “ have not rejected thee, but they have
 “ rejected me, that I should not reign over
 “ them. Howbeit, protest solemnly unto
 “ them, and shew them the Manner of
 “ the King that shall reign over them.

“ And *Samuel* told all the Words of the
 “ Lord unto the People that asked of him
 “ a King. And he said, this will be the
 “ Manner of the King that shall reign over
 “ You.

“ He will take your Sons and appoint
 “ them for himself, for his Chariots and to
 “ be his Horsemen. And Some shall run
 “ before his Chariots. And he will ap-
 “ point him Captains over Thousands, and
 “ Captains over Fifties, and will set them
 “ to ear his Ground and to reap his Har-
 “ vest. And he will take your Daughters
 “ to be Confectioners, and Cooks, and
 “ Bakers.

“ Bakers. And he will take your Fields
 “ and your Vineyards, and your Olive
 “ Yards, even the best of them. And he
 “ will take your Men Servants and your
 “ Maid Servants, and your goodliest
 “ young Men, and your Asses, and put
 “ them to his Work, and ye shall be his
 “ Servants. And ye shall cry out in that
 “ Day, because of your King which ye
 “ shall have chosen you; and the Lord
 “ will not hear you in that Day.”

“ Nevertheless, the People refused to
 “ obey the Voice of the Lord and of Sa-
 “ muel; and they said, nay, but we will
 “ have a King over us.”

And now, *Harry*, what do you gather
 from all these sacred Authorities? I gather,
 Sir, answered *Harry*, from the express and
 repeated Declarations of holy Writ, that,
 whoever he be, whether Sovereign or Sub-
 ject, who doth not wish that all Men
 should be limited and restrained from doing
 Injury to Any, is a Rebel to the Will of
 the God of BENEFICENCE, and an Ene-
 my to the WELLBEING OF HUMAN-
 KIND.

You have, exclaimed Mr. *Fenton*, You
 have, in a few Words, spoke the Whole
 of the Matter. On what you have said
 hang all the Law and the Prophets.

Again,

Again, my Dear, continued Mr. *Fenton*, it is evident from the History, that the *Jews*, themselves, did not pay the smallest Regard to the *divinely hereditary Right of Kingship*. Both *David* and *Solomon*, the second and third in succession, were established on the Throne in direct Contradiction to such *pretended Right*. And on the Succession of *Rehoboam*, the fourth King, ten of the twelve Tribes repented of their Submission to an *arbitrary Monarchy*, and required the King to consent to a *Limitation of his Authority*, and to enter into a *Contract with the People*.

“ And they spake unto *Rehoboam*, saying, thy Father made our Yoke grievous: Now therefore make thou the grievous Service of thy Father and his heavy Yoke, which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee.”

But, when *Rehoboam*, by the Advice of his sleek-headed Ministry, refused to covenant with the People, the ten Tribes cried out, “ What Portion have we in *David*? neither have we Inheritance in the Son of *Jesse*; to your Tents, O *Israel*!” And thus the ten Tribes revolted from the arbitrary Domination of the Houses of *Saul* and *David*. For, as the sacred Text says, THE CAUSE WAS FROM THE LORD.

Now,

Now, when these ten Tribes sent and called *Jeroboam* the Son of *Nebat*, and made him King over *Israel*; it is most evident that they obliged him to *limit the regal Authority*, and to covenant with them for the Restoration and *Re-establishment* of their Popular Rights. For, in the sixth Succession, when *Abab* sat upon the Throne, the *Regal Prerogative* had not, yet, so far usurped on the *constitutional Rights of the People*, as to entitle *Abab* to deprive his Subjects even of a Garden for Herbs.

“ And *Abab* said unto *Naboth*, give me
 “ thy Vineyard, that I may have it for a
 “ Garden of Herbs, because it is near unto
 “ my House; and I will give thee for it a
 “ better Vineyard; or if it seems good to
 “ thee, I will give thee the Worth of it in
 “ Money. But, *Naboth* said to *Abab*, the
 “ Lord forbid that I should give the Inheri-
 “ tance of my Fathers unto thee. So *Abab*
 “ came into his House heavy displeased,
 “ because *Naboth* had said I will not give to
 “ thee the Inheritance of my Fathers: And
 “ he laid him down upon his Bed, and
 “ turned away his Face, and would eat no
 “ Bread.”

Here, we see that the People of *Israel* had so far recovered their *originally inherent*
 and

and hereditary Rights, that the *Regal Estate* had not the Privilege of wresting, from any Subject, so much as an Herb-Garden.

This was a mortifying Circumstance to royal Elevation ; but Power is seldom unfruitful of Expedients. A Method was found of rending away *Naboth's Property* (without his Consent) UNDER COLOUR OF THE LAW TO WHICH HE HAD CONSENTED. He was falsely impeached, and forfeited his Life and Inheritance together. But God, by the signal Punishment which he inflicted, for this Breach on *the natural Rights of his People*, evinced to the World how dear they are in the Eye of ETERNAL JUSTICE.

How deplorable then, my *Harry*, is the *Suppression* of these Rights, now nearly *universal* throughout the Earth. But when People, from their Infancy, and from Generation to Generation, have been habituated to Bondage, Oppression, and Submission ; without any Tradition or Memorial delivered down to them, of a happier or more equitable Manner of Life ; they are accustomed to look on themselves, their Possessions, and their Progeny, as the rightful Property of their Rulers, to be disposed of at Pleasure ; and they no more regret the want of a LIBERTY, that they

never knew, than the Blind-Born regret the want of THE LIGHT OF THE SUN.

Before I give You this Paper that I have in my Hand, this Epitome or Picture in Miniature of the incomparable Beauties of the *Britanic* Constitution, it may be requisite to premise a few Matters.

Travellers, when they survey a grand *Egyptian* Pyramid, are apt to enquire by whom the stupendous Pile was erected, and how long it hath stood the Assaults of Time? But, when nothing of this can be developed, Imagination runs back through Antiquity, without Bounds; and thence contemplates an Object, with peculiar Veneration, that appears as it were to have had no Beginning.

Such a Structure is the Constitution of *Great Britain*. No Records discover when it had a Commencement; neither can any Annals specify the Time at which it was not.

William the *Norman*, above seven hundred Years ago, on his entering into the ORIGINAL CONTRACT with the People, engaged to govern them according to the *bonæ et approbatæ antiquæ Regni Leges*, the good well approved and ancient Laws of the

the Kingdom, this Constitution was therefore ancient, even in *ancient Times*.

More than eighteen hundred Years are now elapsed since *Julius Caesar*, in the sixth Book of his Commentaries, bore Testimony as well to the Antiquity as Excellency of the System of the Laws of *Britain*. He tells us that the venerable Order of the *Druids*, who then administered Justice throughout *Gaul*, derived their System of Government from *Britain*; and that it was customary for Those, who were desirous of being versed in the said ancient Institutions, to go over to *Britain* for that Purpose.

Cæsar seems to recommend, while he specifies, one of the Laws that was then peculiar to the Constitution of *Britain*. He tells You that, if a Woman was suspected of the Death of her Husband, she was questioned thereupon with severity by her *Neighbours*; and that, if she was found guilty, she was tied alive to a Stake and burned to Death. The very Law used in *Britain*, by a *Jury of Neighbours*, to this Day.

It is, hence, very obvious that our *Gothic* Ancestors either adopted what they judged excellent in the BRITISH CONSTI-

TUTION, or rather superadded what was deemed to be excellent in their Own.

The People who went under the general Name of *Goths*, were of many different Nations, who, from the *Northern*, poured down on the more *Southern* Parts of Europe.

Their Kings were, originally, Chiefs or Generals, appointed to lead voluntary Armies, or Colonies, for the forming of new Settlements in foreign Lands; and they were followed by a free and independent Multitude, who had previously stipulated that they should share and enjoy the Possessions which their Valour should conquer.

Next to the General, in Order, the Officers or principal Men of the Army were attended, on such Expeditions, by their Kinsfolk, Friends, and Dependents, who chose to attach themselves to their Persons and Fortunes, respectively; and such Attachments gave these Officers great Power and Consideration.

On their Conquest or Seizure of any Tract of Country, a certain Portion thereof was allotted to the General, for the Maintenance of his Person and Household. The General then divided the Remainder
among

among his Officers, to hold of him, in *Fief*, at the certain Service of so many Horse or Foot, well armed and provided, &c. and proportioned to the Value and Extent of the Land assigned. And the said Officers, again, parcelled out the greatest Part of the said Possessions, among their respective Followers, to hold of themselves, in like Manner and Service as they held of their General.

On the Conquest of a Country, they seldom chose to exterminate the Natives or old Inhabitants, but allotted to them also separate Remnants of the Land; and admitted them to the common and equal Participation of such Laws or Usages as they brought from their own Country, or chose to adopt.

Independant of the military Services above reserved, the Prince or Chief, further, reserved the civil Service or personal Attendance of his feudatory Officers, at certain Times and for certain Terms, at his general or national Court. This Court was composed of *three Estates*, the *Prince*, the *Nobles*, and such of the *Priesthood*, whether Pagan or Christian, as held in *Fief* from the Prince; and, from this NATIONAL COUNCIL our PARLIAMENT took its Origin.

The feudal Officers also, on their Part, reserved the like Service and personal Attendance, of their proper Tenants and Vassals, at their respective Courts of Judicature. And for as much as, in such Courts, no civil or criminal Sentence could take place, till the Voice of the Judge was affirmed by the *Court*, which consisted of such as were *Peers*, or *Equals to the Party accused*; from thence we derive our free, ancient, and sacred Institution of JURIES.

If we look back upon One of those *Fief* or *Feudal* Kings, seated high on his Throne, and encircled with all the Ensigns of Royalty; when we find him entitled the sole Proprietor of all the Lands within his Dominions; when we hear his Subjects acknowledge that he, alone, is the Fountain from whence are derived all Possessions, Rights, Titles, Distinctions, and Dignities; when we see his most potent Prefects and Nobles, with lifted Hands and bended Knees, swearing Fealty at his Feet; who would not take him for an arbitrary and most absolute Prince?

Such a Judgment, however, would have been very premature. No Prince could be more limited. He had not the License of doing Hurt to the Person or Property of the meanest Vassal throughout his Dominions.

nions. But, was he the less powerful, think you, for being less absolute? quite the contrary. While he acted within the Sphere of his Compact with the People, he acted in all the Persons and Powers of the People. Tho' prescribed, with respect to Evil; the Extent of his Beneficence was wholly unconfined. He was not dreaded indeed, but, on that Account, he was the more revered and beloved by his Subjects. He was a Part of themselves; the principal Member of their Body. In him they beheld, with delight, their own Dignity and Strength so gloriously represented; and, by being the Proprietor of all their Hearts, he became the Master of all their Hands.

O, exclaimed *Harry*, who would wish, after this, to be unrestrained from any Kind of Evil? how frightful, how detestable is that Power which is not exercised in Acts of Benevolence alone! And All, who please, may be infinite in the Stretch of a good Will.

True, my Dear, said Mr. *Fenton* — I have now, continued he, given You the rough and unformed Rudiments of our *Britanic Constitution*. And here, I deliver to you my little Model of the finished Construction thereof, as it now stands on the Revolution just atchieved by his present glorious Majesty King *William*.

Your Reading has informed you, and may further inform you of the several Steps and Struggles, whereby this great Business was finally effected. It was not suddenly brought to pass; it was the Work of many Ages; while *Britain*, like *Antæus*, though often defeated, rose more vigorous and re-inforced from every Foil. Of Times long passed, what stupendous Characters, what sacred Names! what watchful Councils! what bloody Effusions! what a People of Heroes! what Senates of Sages! How hath the Invention of Nature been stretched! how have the Veins of the Valiant been exhausted, to form, support, reform, and bring to Maturity this unexampled Constitution, this Coalescence and grand Effort of every human Virtue, BRITISH LIBERTY!

[Here follows Mr. *Fenton's* short System of the Beauties and Benefits of our Constitution. But, if the Reader loves Amusement, preferable to Instruction; he is at liberty to pass it over, and proceed in the Story.]

The



The REGAL ESTATE.

THE KING, in the Constitution of *Great Britain*, is more properly the King *of* than a King *over* the People, united to them, One of them, and contained in them. At the same time that he is acknowledged the Head of their Body, he is their principal Servant or Minister, being the Deputee of their executive Power.

His Claim to the Throne is not a Claim, as of some Matter of Property or personal Right; he doth not claim but is claimed by the People in their Parliament; and he is claimed or called upon, not to the Investiture of Possessions, but the Performance of Duties. He is called upon to govern the People according to the Laws by which they, themselves, have consented to be governed; to cause Justice and Mercy to be dispensed throughout the Realm; and, to his utmost, to execute, protect, and maintain the Laws of the Gospel of God, and the Rights and Liberties of all the People without distinction. — And this he swears on the Gospel of God to perform — And thus, as all Others owe *Allegiance* to the King; *the King himself oweth Allegiance to the Constitution.*

The Existence of a King, as One of the three Estates, is immutable, indispensable, and indefeisible. The Constitution cannot subsist without a King. But then, his personal Claim of Possession, and of hereditary Succession to the Throne, is, in several Instances, precarious and defeasible. As, in Case of any natural Incapacity to govern; or of an open Avowal of Principles incompatible with the Constitution; or in Case of Overt-Acts demonstrative of such Principles; or of any Attempt to sap, or overthrow a fundamental Part of that System, which he was called in, and constituted, and sworn to maintain.

Though the Claim of all Kings, to the Throne of *Great Britain*, is a limited and defeasible Claim; yet the World can afford no Rival, in Power or Glory, to a *constitutional* Sovereign of these free Dominions.

For the Honour of their own Body, they have invested this their Head with all possible Illustration. He concentrates the Rays of many Nations. They have clothed him in royal Robes, and circled his Head with a Diadem, and enthroned him on high. And they bow down before the Mirror of their own Majesty.

Neither

Neither are his the mere Ensigns or external Shews of Regency. He is invested also with Powers, much more real than if they were absolute.

There are three capital Prerogatives, with which the King is entrusted, which, at first sight, appear of fearful and dangerous Tendency; and which must infallibly and quickly end in arbitrary Dominion, if they were not counterpoised and counteracted.

His principal Prerogative is to make War or Peace, as also Treaties, Leagues, and Alliances with foreign Potentates.

His second Prerogative is to nominate and appoint all Ministers and Servants of State, all Judges and Administrators of Justice; and all Officers, civil or military, throughout these Realms.

His third capital Prerogative is, that he should have the whole executive Power of the Government of these Nations, by his said Ministers and Officers, both civil and military.

I might here also have added a fourth Prerogative, which must have been capitally everfive of the Constitution, had it not been

been limited in the original Trust, I mean a Power of granting Pardon to Criminals. Had this Power been unrestrained, all Obligations to Justice might be absolved at the King's Pleasure. An evil King might even encourage the Breach of Law. He must, unquestionably, have dispensed with all illicit Acts that were perpetrated by his own Orders; and this Assurance of Pardon must, as unquestionably, have encouraged all his Ministers and Officers to execute his Will as the only Rule of their Obedience.

But God, and our glorious Ancestors be praised! he is restrained from protecting his best beloved Ministers, when they have effected or even imagined the Damage of the Constitution. He is also limited in Appeals brought by the Subject for Murder or Robbery. But, on Indictments in his own Name, for Offences against his proper Person and Government, such as Rebellion, Insurrection, Riot, and Breaches of the Peace by Murder, Maim, or Robbery, &c. here he is at liberty to extend the Arm of his Mercy, so far as there are many Cases so circumstanced, so admissible of pitiable and palliating Considerations, that *summum Jus*, or strict Justice, might prove *summa Injuria*, or extreme Injustice.

All pardonable Offences are distinguished by the Title of *Crimina læsa Majestatis*,

Sins against the King. All unpardonable Offences are distinguished by the Title of *Crimina læsæ Libertatis, Sins against the Constitution.* In the first Case, the Injury is presumed to extend no further than to One or a few Individuals; in the Second it is charged as a Sin against the Public, against the collective Body of the whole People. Of the latter Kind are Nuisances that may endanger the Lives of Travellers on the High Way; but, more capitally, any Imagination, proved by Overt-Act or evil Advice, tending to change the Nature or Form of any One of the three Estates; or tending to vest the Government, or the Administration thereof, in any One, or any Two of the said Estates independent of the Other; or tending to raise standing Armies, or to continue them in time of Peace without the Consent of Parliament; or tending to give any foreign State an Advantage over these Realms by Sea or by Land, &c.

The King hath, also, annexed to his Dignity many further very important Powers and Prerogatives; though they do not so intimately interfere with the Constitution as the capital Prerogatives above recited.

He is first considered as the original Proprietor of all the Lands in these Kingdoms; and he founds this Claim, as well on the Conquest, by *William the Norman*, as by
the

the limited Kings or Leaders of our Gothie Ancestors.

Hence it comes to pass that all Lands, to which no Subject can prove a Title, are supposed to be in their original Owner; and are therefore, by the Constitution, vested in the Crown. On the same Principle, also, the King is entitled to the Lands of all Persons who die without Heirs; as also to the Possessions of All who are convicted of Crimes subversive of the Constitution or Public-Weal.

His Person, while he is King or inclusive of the first Estate, is constitutionally sacred, and exempted from all Acts of Violence or Constraint. As One of the Estates, also, he is constituted a Corporation, and his *Teste-Meipso*, or written Testimony, amounts to a Matter of Record. He also exercises, at present, the independent Province of supplying Members to the second Estate, by a new Creation; a very large Accession to his original Powers. Bishops also are now appointed and nominated by the King, another considerable Addition to the royal Prerogative. His is the sole Prerogative to coin or impress Money, and to specify, change, or determine the current Value thereof; and for this Purpose he is supposed to have reserved, from his original Grants of Lands, a Pro-

a Property in Mines of Gold and Silver, which are therefore called Royalties.

As he is One of the three constitutional Estates, no Action can lie against him in any Court; neither can he be barred of his Title by length of Time or Entry. And these Illustrations of his Dignity cast Rays of answerable Privileges on his royal Consort, Heir apparent, and eldest Daughter.

The King hath also some other inferior and conditional Powers, such as of instituting Fairs and Markets; and of issuing Patents for special or personal Purposes, provided they shall not be found to infringe on the Rights of Others. He is also entrusted with the Guardianship of the Persons and Possessions of Idiots and Lunatics, without Account.

I leave his Majesty's Prerogative of a negative Voice in the Legislature; as also his Prerogative (or rather Duty) frequently to call the two other Estates to Parliament, and duely to continue, prorogue, and dissolve the same; till I come to speak of the three Estates, when in such Parliament assembled.

Here then, we find that a King of *Great Britain* is, constitutionally, invested with every

every Power that can possibly be exerted in Acts of Beneficence. And that, while he continues to move within the Sphere of his benign Appointment, he continues to be constituted the most worthy, most mighty, and most glorious Representative of Omnipotence upon Earth.

IN treating of the Second and third Estate, I come naturally to consider what those Restraints are, which, while they are preserved inviolate, have so happy a Tendency to the mutual Prosperity of Prince and People.

The ARISTOCRATICAL; or, SECOND ESTATE.

THE NOBILITY or Second Estate, in the Constitution of *Great Britain*, is originally Representative. The Members were ennobled by *Tenure*, and not by *Writ* or *Patent*; and they were holden in Service, to the Crown and Kingdom, for the respective Provinces, Counties, or Baronies, whose Name they bore, and which they represented.

A Title to be a Member of this Second Estate, was from the Beginning hereditary. The King could not, anciently, either create
or

or defeat a Title to Nobility. Their Titles were not forfeitable, save by the Judgment of their Peers upon legal Trial; and when Any were so deprived, or happened to die without Heirs, the Succession was deemed too important to be otherwise filled, than by the Concurrence of the three Estates, by the joint and solemn Act of the PARLIAMENT OR COMMUNE CONCILIUM REGNI.

These Truths are attested by many ancient Records and parliamentary Acts. And, although this most highly ennobling Custom was, at particular Times, infringed by particular Tyrants; it was inviolably adhered to by the best of our *English* Kings, and was observed even by the Worst, excepting a few Instances, till the Reign of *Harry VII.* who wished to give Consequence to the *third Estate*, by deducting from the Honours and Powers of the *Second*.

In Truth, it is not to be wondered that any Kings, who were ambitious of extending their own Power, should wish to break and weaken that of the Nobility, who had distinguished themselves, by so many glorious Stands, for Maintenance of Liberty and the Constitution, more particularly during the Reigns of *John*, *Henry III.* the *Second Edward*, and *Second Richard*.

Till

Till *Harry VII.* the Nobles were looked upon as so many Pillars whereon the People rested their Rights. Accordingly we find that, in the Coalition or grand Compact between *John* and the collective Body of the Nation, the King and People jointly agree to confide, to the Nobles, the Superintendence of the Execution of the great Charter, with Authority to them, and their Successors, to enforce the due Performance of the Covenants therein comprized.

What an illustrating Distinction must it have been, when Patriot Excellence alone (approved before the Country in the Field or the Council) could give a Claim to Nobility, and compel, as it were, the united Estates of King, Lords, and Commons, to call a Man up to the second Seat in the Government and Steerage of the Nation.

Such a Preference must have proved an unremitting Incitement to the Cultivation and Exercises of every Virtue; and to such Exertions, Atchievements, and Acts of public Beneficence, as should draw a Man forth to so shining a Point of Light, and set him like a Gem in the Gold of the Constitution.

The

The Crown did not, at once, assume the independent Right of conferring Nobility. *Henry III.* first omitted to call some of the Barons to Parliament who were personally obnoxious to him, and he issued his Writs or written Letters to some Others who were not Barons, but from whom he expected greater Conformity to arbitrary Measures. These Writs, however, did not enoble the Party till he was admitted, by the second Estate, to a Seat in Parliament; neither was such Nobility, by Writ, hereditary.

To supply these Defects, the arbitrary Ministry of *Richard II.* invented the Method of ennobling by Letters Patent, at the King's Pleasure, whether for Years, or for Life, or in special or general Tail, or in Fee-simple to a Man and his Heirs at large. This Prerogative, however, was thereafter, in many Instances, declined and discontinued, more particularly by the constitutional King *HARRY the Vth.* till meeting with no Opposition from the other two Estates, it has successively descended, from *Henry VII.* on nine crowned Heads, through a Prescription of near a Century and a Half.

Next to their King, the People have allowed, to their Peerage, several Privileges of the most uncommon and illustrious Distinction,

tion, their Christian Names, and the Names that descended to them from their Ancestors, are absorbed by the Name from whence they take their Title of Honour, and by This they make their Signature in all Letters and Deeds. Every temporal Peer of the Realm is deemed a Kinsman to the Crown. Their Deposition on their *Honour* is admitted in place of their Oath, save where they personally present themselves as Witnesses of Facts; and saving their Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, and Abjuration. Their Persons are at all times exempted from Arrests, except in criminal Cases. A Defamation of their Character is highly punishable, however true the Facts may be and deserving of Censure. During Session of Parliament, all Actions and Suits at Law against Peers are suspended. In Presentments or Indictments by Grand Juries, and on Impeachments by the House of Commons, Peers are to be tried by their Peers alone; for, in all criminal Cases, they are privileged from the Jurisdiction of inferior Courts, excepting on Appeals for Murder or Robbery. Peers are also exempted from serving on Inquests. And, in all Civil Causes, where a Peer is Plaintiff, there must be two or more Knights impaneled on the Jury.

The Bishops, or spiritual Lords, have Privilege of Parliament, but have not the
above

above Privileges of personal Nobility. In all criminal Cases, saving Attainder and Impeachment, they are to be tried by a Petit-Jury. Moreover Bishops do not vote, in the House of Lords, on the Trial of any Person for a capital Crime.

All the temporal and spiritual Nobles that compose the House of Lords, however different in their Titles and Degrees of Nobility, are called Peers (Pares) or Equals; because their Voices are admitted as of equal Value, and that the Vote of a Bishop or Baron shall be equivalent to that of an Archbishop or Duke.

The capital Privilege (or rather Prerogative) of the House of Peers consists in their being *the Supreme Court of Judicature*, to whom the final Decision of all Civil-Causes are confided and referred, *in the last Resort*.

This *constitutional Privilege* is a weighty Counterpoise to his Majesty's *second Prerogative of appointing the Administrators of Justice throughout the Nation*; forasmuch as Judges (who are immediately under the Influence of the Crown) are yet intimidated from infringing, by any Sentence, on the Laws or Constitution of these Realms, while a Judgment, so highly superior to their Own, impends.

The

The second great Privilege of the House of Peers consists, in their having the Sole Judicature of all Impeachments commenced and prosecuted by the Commons. And this, again, is a very weighty Counterpoise to his Majesty's *third Prerogative of the executive Government of these Nations by his Ministers*, since no Minister can be so great, as not justly to dread the coming under a Judgment, from which the Mightiness of his royal Master cannot protect him.

The third capital Privilege of the House of Peers subsists in their Share, or particular Department of Rights, in the Legislature. This extends to the framing of any Bills, at their Pleasure, for the Purposes of good Government; saving always to the Commons their incommunicable Right of granting Taxes or Subsidies to be levied on their Constituents. But, on such Bills, as on all Others, the House of Lords have a Negative; a happy Counterpoise to the Power both of King and Commons, should Demands, on the one Part, or Bounties, on the Other, exceed what is requisite.

The Change of the ancient *Modus*, in conferring Nobility, has not hitherto, as I trust, been of any considerable Detriment to the Weal of the People. But, should
some

some future Majesty, or rather some future Ministry, entitle Folk to a Voice in the second Estate, on any consideration, save that of eminent Virtue and Patriot-Service; might it be possible that such Ministers should take a further Stride, and confer *Nobility* for Actions deserving of *Infamy*; should they even covenant to grant such Honours and Dignities, in lieu of Services subversive of the Constitution; a Majority of such a Peerage must either prove too light to effect any public Benefit, or heavy enough to effect the public Perdition.

The DEMOCRATICAL; or, THIRD ESTATE.

THE ELECTION of Commoners, to be immediate Trustees and apt Representatives of the People in Parliament, is the hereditary and indefeisible Privilege of the People. It is the Privilege which they accepted and which they retain, in Exchange of their originally inherent and hereditary Right of sitting with the King and Peers, IN PERSON, for the Guardianship of their own Liberties and the Institution of their own Laws.

Such

Such Representatives, therefore, can never have it in their Power to give, delegate, or extinguish the Whole or any Part of the People's inseparable and unextinguishable Share in the legislative Power, neither to impart the Same to any One of the other Estates, or to any Persons or Person whatever, either in or out of Parliament. Where Plenipotentiaries take upon them to abolish the Authority of their Principals; or where any secondary Agents attempt to defeat the Power of their Primaries; such Agents and Plenipotentiaries defeat their own Commission, and all the Powers of the Trust necessarily revert to the Constituents.

The Persons of these temporary Trustees of the People, during their Session, and for fourteen Days before and after every Meeting, Adjournment, Prorogation, and Dissolution of Parliament, are equally exempted, with the Persons of Peers, from Arrest and Durefs of every Sort.

They are also, during their Session, to have ready Access to the King or House of Lords, and to address or confer with them on all Occasions.

No Member of the House of Commons, no more than of the House of Peers, shall
suffer,

suffer, or be questioned, or compelled to witness or answer, in any Court or Place whatsoever, touching any thing said or done by himself or Others in Parliament. In order that perfect Freedom of Speech and Action may leave nothing undone for the Public-Weal.

They have also (during Session) an equal Power with the House of Lords, to punish Any who shall presume to traduce their Dignity, or detract from the Rights or Privileges of any Member of their House.

The Commons form a Court of Judicature, distinct from the Judicature of the House of Lords. Theirs is the peculiar Privilege to try and adjudge the Legality of the Election of their own Members. They may fine and confine their own Members, as well as Others, for Delinquency or Offence against the Honour of their House. But, in all other Matters of Judicature, They are merely a Court of *Inquisition* and *Presentment*, and not a Tribunal of *definitive Judgment*.

In this Respect, however, they are extremely formidable. They constitute the *Grand Inquest* of the Nation; for which great and good Purpose they are supposed to be perfectly qualified by a personal Knowledge of what hath been transacted,

VOL. IV. G through-

throughout the several Shires, Cities, and Boroughs, from whence they assemble and which they represent.

Over and above their Inquiry into all public Grievances; *wicked Ministers, transgressing Magistrates, corrupt Judges and Justiciaries*, who sell, deny or delay Justice; *evil Counsellors* of the Crown, who attempt or devise the Subversion or Alteration of any Part of the Constitution; with all such overgrown Malefactors as are deemed above the Reach of inferior Courts, come under the particular Cognizance of the Commons, to be by them impeached, and presented for Trial at the Bar of the House of Lords. And these inquisitory and judicial Powers of the two Houses, from which no Man under the Crown can be exempted, are deemed a sufficient Allay and Counterpoise to the whole executive Power of the King, by his Ministers.

The legislative Department of the Power of the Commons is in all Respects coequal with that of the Peers. They frame any Bills at Pleasure for the Purposes of good Government. They exercise a Right, as the Lords also do, to propose and bring in Bills, for the Amendment or Repeal of old Laws, as well as for the Ordaining or Institution of new Ones. And each House, alike

alike, hath a Negative on all Bills that are framed and passed by the Other.

But the capital, the incommunicable, Privilege of the House of Commons, arises from that holy Trust which their Constituents repose in them; whereby they are impowered to borrow from the People a small Portion of their Property, in order to restore it threefold, in the Advantages of Peace, equal Government, and the Encouragement of Trade, Industry, and the Manufactures.

To impart Any of this Trust would be a Breach of the Constitution: and even to abuse it would be a felonious Breach of common Honesty.

By this fundamental Trust and incommunicable Privilege, the Commons have the sole Power over the Money of the People; to grant, or deny, Aids, according as they shall judge them either requisite, or unnecessary to the Public Service. Theirs is the Province, and theirs alone, to enquire and judge of the several Occasions for which such Aids may be required, and to measure and appropriate to their respective Uses. Their sole Province of framing, for the imposing of, and pointing the Measure

all-
quired,
the Sums
theirs also is the
ing all Bills or Laws
any Taxes, and of ap-
ans for levying the Same
upon

upon the People. Neither may the First or second Estate, either King or Peerage, propound or do any thing relating to these Matters, that may any Way interfere with the Proceedings of the Commons; save in their Negative or Assent to such Bills, when presented to them, without addition, deduction, or Alteration of any Kind.

After such-like Aids and Taxes have been levied and disposed of; the Commons have the further Right of enquiring and examining into the Application of said Aids; of ordering all Accounts relative thereto to be laid before them; and of censuring the Abuse or Misapplication thereof.

The Royal Assent to all other Bills is expressed by the Terms (*Le Roy le veut*) *the King wills it*. But, when the Commons present their Bills of Aid, to his Majesty, it is answered, *Le Roy remercier Ses loyal Sujets et ainsi le veut*, *the King thanks his loyal Subjects and so willeth*. An express Acknowledgment that the Right of granting or levying Moneys, for public Purposes, lies solely, inherently, and incommunicably, in the People and their Representatives.

This capital Privilege of the Commons constitutes the grand Counterpoise to the King's principal Prerogative of making
Peace

Peace or War; for, how impotent must a warlike Enterprize prove, without Money which makes the Sinews thereof! And thus the People and their Representatives still retain in their Hands the GRAND MOMENTUM of the Constitution, and of all human Affairs.

Distinguished Representatives! Happy People! immutably happy, while WORTHILY REPRESENTED.

As the Fathers of the several Families, throughout the Kingdom, nearly and tenderly comprize and represent the Persons, Cares, and Concerns, of their respective Households: So these adopted Fathers immediately represent, and intimately concentrate, the Persons and Concerns of their respective Constituents, and in them the collective Body or Sum of the Nation. And while these Fathers continue true to their adopting Children, a single Stone cannot lapse from the GREAT FABRIC OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The THREE ESTATES, in PARLIAMENT.

WITH the King, Lords, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, the People have deposited their *Legislative*

or *absolute Power*, IN TRUST, for their whole Body; the said King, Lords, and Commons, when so assembled, being the *Great Representative* of the whole Nation, as if all the People were then convened in one general Assembly

As the Institution, Repeal, and Amendment, of Laws, together with the Redress of public Grievances and Offences, are not within the Capacity of any of the three Estates, distinct from the Others; the FREQUENT HOLDING OF PARLIAMENTS is the vital Food, without which the Constitution cannot subsist.

The three Estates originally, when assembled in Parliament, sat together consulting in the open Field. Accordingly at *Running-Mead*, five hundred Years ago, King *John* passed the great Charter (as therein is expressed) by the Advice of the Lords spiritual and temporal, by the Advice of several Commoners (by name recited) *et aliorum Fidelium*, and of Others his faithful People. And, in the twenty-first Clause of the said Charter, he covenants that,
 “ For having the Common Council of the
 “ Kingdom to assess Aids, he will cause
 “ the Lords spiritual and temporal to be
 “ summoned by his Writs; and moreover,
 “ that he will cause the principal Com-
 “ moners, or Those who held from him
 “ in

“ in Chief, to be generally summoned to
 “ said Parliaments by his Sheriffs and
 “ Bailiffs.”

In said Assemblies however, the Course became so great and disorderly, and the Contests frequently so high between the several Estates, in Assertion of their respective Prerogatives and Privileges; that they judged it more expedient to sit apart, and separately to exercise the Offices of their respective Departments.

As there is no Man or Set of Men, no Class or Corporation, no Village or City, throughout the Kingdom, that is not virtually represented by their Delegates in Parliament; this *great Body politic* or *Representative of the Nation* consists, like the Body natural, of a Head and several Members, which, being endowed with different Powers for the exercise of different Offices, are yet connected by one main and common Interest, and actuated by ONE LIFE or SPIRIT OF PUBLIC REASON, called the LAWS.

In all Steps of National Import, the King is to be conducted by the Direction of the Parliament, his great national Council; a Council, on whom it is equally incumbent to consult for the King with whom they

G 4

are

are connected, and for the People by whom they are delegated, and whom they represent. Thus the King is constitutionally, to be guided by the Sense of his Parliament; and the Parliament alike is, constitutionally, to be guided by the general Sense of the People. The two Estates in Parliament are the Constituents of the King; and the People, mediately or immediately, are the Constituents of the two Estates in Parliament.

Now, while the three Estates act distinctly, within their respective Departments, they affect and are reciprocally affected by Each-Other. This *Action* and *Reaction* produces that general and *systematic Controul* which, like CONSCIENCE, pervades and superintends the Whole, checking and prohibiting Evil from every Part of the Constitution. And, from this Confinement of every Part to the Rule of RIGHT REASON, the great LAW OF LIBERTY TO ALL ariseth.

For Instance. The King has the sole Prerogative of making War, &c. But then the Means are in the Hands of the People and their Representatives.

Again: To the King is committed the whole executive Power; but then the Ministers of that Power are accountable to a Tribunal,

Tribunal, from which a Criminal has no Appeal or Deliverance to look for.

Again, to the King is committed the Cognizance of all Causes. But, should his Judges or Justiciaries pervert the Rule of Righteousness, an Inquisition, Impeachment, and Trial impends, from whose Judgment the Judges cannot be exempted.

Again, the King hath a Negative upon all Bills, whereby his own Prerogatives are guarded from Invasion. But, should he refuse the royal Assent to Bills tending to the general Good of the Subject, the Commons can also withhold their Bills of Assessment, or annex the rejected Bills to their Bill of Aids; and they never failed to pass in such agreeable Company.

Lastly. To the King is committed the Right of calling the two Estates to Parliament. But, should he refuse so to call them, such a Refusal would be deemed an *Abdication of the Constitution*; and no One need to be told, at this Day, that an *Abdication of the Constitution* is AN ABDICATION OF THE THRONE.

Thus, while the King acts in Consent with the Parliament and his People, he is limitless, irresistible, omnipotent upon Earth; He is the free Wielder of all the

Powers of a free and noble People, a King throned over all the Kings of the Children of Men. But, should he attempt to break Bounds, should he cast for Independance; He finds himself hedged in and straitened on every Side; He finds himself abandoned by all his Powers, and justly left to a State of utter Impotence and Inaction.

Hence is imputed to the sovereign Head, in the Constitution of *Great Britain*, the high and divine Attribute, **THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG**; for he is so circumscribed from the Possibility of Transgression, that *no Wrong can be permitted to any King in the Constitution.*

While the King is thus controuled by the Lords and the Commons; while the Lords are thus controuled by the Commons and the King; and while the Commons are thus controuled, by the other two Estates, from attempting any Thing to the Prejudice of the general Welfare; the three Estates may be aptly compared to three Pillars, divided below at equidistant Angles, but united and supported at Top, merely by the Bearing of each Pillar against the Others. Take but any One of these Pillars away and the other Two must inevitably tumble. But, while All act on Each-Other, All are equally counteracted, and thereby

thereby affirm and establish the general Frame.

How deplorable then would it be, should this elaborate Structure of our happy Constitution, within the short Period of a thousand Years hence, possibly in Half the time, fall a Prey to Effeminacy, Pusillanimity, Venality, and Seduction; like some ancient Oak, the Lord of the Forest, to a Pack of vile Worms that lay gnawing at the Root; or, like *Egypt*, be contemptibly destroyed by *Lice and Locusts*.

Should the Morals of our Constituents ever come to be debauched; *Consent*, which is the *Salt of Liberty*, would then be corrupted, and no Salt might be found where-with it could be seasoned. Those who are inwardly the Servants of *Sin*, must be outwardly the Servants of *Influence*. Each Man would then be as the *Trojan Horse* of old, and carry the Enemies of his Country within his Bosom. Our own Appetites would then induce us to betray our own Interests; and State Policy would seize us by the Hand of our Lusts, and lead us a *Willing Sacrifice to our own Perdition*.

Should it ever come to pass that Corruption, like a dark and low hung Mist, should spread from Man to Man, and cover these Lands. Should a general Dissolution of
Manners

Manners prevail. Should Vice be countenanced and communicated by the Leaders of Fashion. Should it come to be propagated by Ministers among Legislators, and by the Legislators among their Constituents. Should Guilt lift up its Head without fear of Reproach, and avow itself in the Face of the Sun, and laugh Virtue out of Countenance by Force of Numbers. Should public Duty turn public Strumpet. Should Shops come to be advertized, where Men may dispose of their Honor and Honesty at so much per Ell. Should public Markets be opened for the purchase of Consciences, with an *O yes!* We bid most to Those who set themselves, their Trusts, and their Country to Sale! If such a Day, I say, should ever arrive, it will be Dooms-day, indeed, to the Virtue, the Liberty, and Constitution of these Kingdoms. It would be the same to *Great-Britain*, as it would happen to the Universe, should the Laws of Cohesion cease to operate, and all the Parts be dissipated whose orderly Connection now forms the Beauty and *Common-Wealth of Nature* — Want of Sanity in the Materials, can never be supplied by any Art in the Building — A Constitution of *public Freemen* can never consist of *private Prostitutes*.



WITHIN little more than a Month, *Harry* made himself perfect Master of the foregoing System, and wrote Comments upon it much more voluminous than the Text.

As he had lost his Friend *Ned*, who was now under the Tutelage of his Uncle, Mr. *Catharines*, little *Dicky Clement* became the principal Companion of his Hours of Amusement, and *Dicky* with his good will would never be from his Heels.

One Morning, as they strolled up the Road, some Distance from the Town, *Harry* observed a Crowd gathering fast on the Way, and hastened, like Others, to see what was the Matter.

As soon as he arrived, he perceived Mr. *Gripe* the Constable at the Head of the Posse, with his painted Staff of Authority exalted in his Hand. Pray, what are you about, Mr. Constable, says *Harry*? I am going, Sir, to seize a Robber, who has taken Shelter in yonder waste Hovel — And who did he rob? — He robbed Mr. *Niggards* here, that is to say, his Boy here of a Sixpenny Loaf. Perhaps the Man was hungry, said *Harry*, and had not wherewithal to buy One. Pray, tell me, my Lad, how the Affair was.

Why,

Why, Master, you must know as how Mr. *Niggards*, my Master here, sent me this Morning to the Town with a Shilling to buy two sixpenny Loaves. So, as I was coming back, I met an able looking Man, who made me afraid with his pale and eager Face. My good Boy, says he, will you give me one of those Loaves in Charity? I dare not, Sir, says I, they are none of my Own. Here, says he, I will give you my Hat for One of them; but this I refused, as his Hat, to my thinking, was not worth a Groat. Nay, says he, I must have one of the Loaves, that's certain, for I have a Wife and seven Children all starving in yonder Hovel, and, while there's Bread in the World, I can't but snatch a Morsel for them. So, as I told you, I was frightened. I gave him One of the Loaves without any more Words, and away he run as fast as his Legs could carry him; but I followed him with my Eye till I saw him safe lodged.

Here, *Harry* wiped his Eye and mused awhile. Tell me truly now, my good Boy, continued he, if both those Loaves had been your own, would you willingly have given One of them, to keep the poor Man and his Family from perishing?

I would,

I would, Sir, said the Lad, with a very good Will. And, had I six Pence of my own, I would have gone back with all my Heart, and have bought another Loaf. But, my Master is a hard Man, and so I was forced to tell him the Truth.

Here, my Lad, says *Harry*, here is a Crown. Go back, buy two Loaves for your Master, in Place of the One he has lost, and keep the remaining four Shillings to yourself for your Trouble. You see, Mr. Constable, continued he, you never can make any thing like Felony of this Matter. The Boy confesses that he gave the Bread with a very good Will, and that he would not have informed, had it not been for fear of his Master.

It is very true, please your Honour, replied Mr. *Gripe*, I myself do pity the poor Man from my Heart, and will have nothing more to say in this Business.

Stay awhile, says *Harry*, perhaps we may find some further Employment for you. I think I should know the Face of yonder Man. Is not that the *Niggards* whom you had in Custody, the other Day, and for whose Deliverance I paid five and twenty Pounds to his Creditor? The very Man, Sir, says *Gripe*.

Harry

Harry then put his Hand in his Pocket, and, taking out a small Scrap of Parchment, exclaimed, I am glad of what you tell me with all my Heart! Indeed, I did not like the Looks of the Man at the time, and that made me accept an Assignment of this Action. Here, Mr. *Gripe*, take your Prisoner to fresh Custody in my Name. Away with him to Gaol directly! as the holy Gospel has it, *He shall not depart thence till he has paid the uttermost Farthing*. No, no, Mr. *Niggards*, I will not hear a Word. Go and learn hence forward to be merciful yourself, if you would look for any Mercy from God or Man.

Dicky, my Dear, go back again, says *Harry*, our Neighbour *Joseph* here will see you safe home. I will not suffer any One to go in my Company, for fear of putting the poor Man or his Family to shame.

Harry had not advanced fifty Paces toward the Hovel, when his Ears were struck with the Sound of sudden and joint Lamentation; and turning, he perceived that the inquisitive Crowd had gathered at his Heels. My Friends, says he, I entreat, I beseech you to leave me for the present. I would not choose any Witnesses to what I am about. Pray, oblige me so far as to depart on your own Occasions.

Hereupon,

Hereupon, being loth to offend him, they retired a few Steps, and stood together, aloof, attentive to the Event of this uncommon Adventure.

Mean while the Cry continued with a Bitterness that thrilled through every Nerve of our Hero; and, as he now approached the Place, he did his utmost to restrain himself and quell the Feelings within him, and he drew his Hat over his Eyes, to prevent the Parties from seeing the Emotion that they caused.

The Hovel was of Mud Walls, without any Roofing; but, as there was an Opening where a Door had once been, *Harry* stole to the Entrance, casting an under Eye of Observation about him.

Hereupon, a Woman turned. She had been fearfully peering over the Wall at the Crowd which had not yet dispersed, but having Notice of *Harry's* Entrance, she looked toward him and dropt on her Knees.

O Sir, she cried, if you are the Gentleman who owned the Loaf, for Christ his Sake I pray you to have Mercy upon us! Money, indeed, we have not, but we have these

these Shreds remaining, and we will strip ourselves of our Covering to make you a Recompense. Alas, alas, could we have guessed how my Husband came by it, we would have famished a thousand Times rather than touch a Morsel. But he, dear good Man, did it all for our Sakes, for the Sake of the heavy Burden with which he is overladen. Ah, I would to Heaven we were all dead, hanged or drowned out of his Way. He might then walk the World at large, and be happy, as he deserves.

Here again, she set up her Wailing, which was accompanied by her seven Children, with such a woful Consort, as the Heart of *Harry* could not sustain, neither suffer him, for a Season, to interrupt or appease.

At length he said, with a faltering Voice, pray be not alarmed, Madam. For I discern that you are a Gentlewoman, though in a very unhappy Disguise. The Affair of the Loaf is settled to your Satisfaction, and here are ten Guineas, it is all that I have about me, and it is only to shew you, for the present, that you are not quite so friendless in the World as you thought. Meantime I request that you will All come with me to *Hampstead*, where we will try to do something better for you.

Here,

Here, the Woman looked with an earnest and eager Rapture at him. May *Jesus Christ*, she cried, be your Portion, my Angel; and he is already your Portion, he is seen in your Sweet Face, and breaks out at your Eyes in Pity to poor Sinners.

Harry was now stepping forth, and the Rest prepared to follow him; when the poor Man, who, for Shame, had not yet uttered a Syllable, gently staid him at the Opening. Turn, generous Master, said he, pray turn and hear a small Apology for my Transgression. I am a very unhappy Man, I have seen better Times; but I am driven, by cruel Usage, from House and Home and Maintenance. I was going to *London* to apply to the Law for Relief, when my youngest Child, who was on the Breast, fell desperately sick about four Days ago. As we had no Money to hire Lodging, and had begged the Means of Life for the two foregoing Days, we were compelled to take up with this shelterless Hovel. From hence I frequented the Road, and for the three last Day, begged as much as sustained us in coarse Bread and Water. But, this Morning my Boy died, and his Brothers and I, with our Sticks and our Hands, dug his Grave that you see yonder, and I placed that Flag over him to preserve his tender Limbs from the Pigs

Pigs and the Hounds; till it may please Heaven to allow me Means to bury him according to the holy Rites of our Church. This melancholy Office, Sir, detained me so long; and Exercise had made the Appetites of my Children so outrageous, that I was, in a manner, compelled to do what I did. As I had no Coffin nor winding Sheet, I took the Waistcoat from my Body and wrapped it about my Babe, and would willingly have wrapped him with my Flesh and my Bones, that we might quietly have lain in one Grave together.

Harry answered not a Word, but, walking onward before his Company, plentifully watered the Ground with his Tears as he passed. While the poor Man took his youngest Son in his Arms, and the Woman her youngest Daughter on her Back, and thus, with a leisurely Pace, they all arrived at Mr. *Fenton's*.

The Door being opened, *Harry* led his nine Guests to the back Parlour, where he instantly ordered plenty of Bread and Butter and Milk for the Children, with cold Meat, Ale and Cakes for the Father and Mother; and this was a Matter too customary, in this House, to be any Cause of Wonder to any Member of the Family.

As

As soon as they were refreshed, he took them all to his Wardrobe, where he constrained the Parents to take of the very best Things for themselves and their Children; and having so done, he walked out and left them to dress.

Mr. *Fenton* was in his Study, and had just finished a Letter as *Harry* entered with a smiling Countenance. I have been very lucky this Morning, Sir, says he, I think I have got the prettiest Family of Boys and Girls that is to be found within five Shires. Do you know any thing about them, *Harry*? Nothing further as yet, Sir, than that they and their Parents are exceeding poor, and have fallen, as they say, into great Misfortunes. The Mother is a very handsome and genteel young Woman, and the Father a portly and very comely Man, save that he has a large purple Mark on the left Side of his Face. A purple Mark! cried Mr. *Fenton*, and started. Go, my Dear, and bring that Man to me directly. Why pray Sir, do you know him? No, my Love, I should not know him tho' he stood before me, but I would give a thousand Pound that he may prove the Man I mean, and that I shall discover on a short Examination.

By

By this Time, the Father of our new Family was dressed, and *Harry* took him by the Hand, bid him be of good Courage, and led him in to his Uncle. He bowed twice with an awful and timid Respect; while Mr. *Fenton* rose and looked earnestly at him. I rejoice, Sir, says he, to find that my Son, here, has been of some little Matter of use to you and your Family. Pray take a Seat, nearer to me, Sir, if you please. He tells me you have met Misfortunes, I also have had my Share. I think myself nearly of Kin to the Unhappy; and you will singularly oblige me by as much of your Story as you shall please to communicate. I am interested in it,

I have nothing to conceal from your Honour, answered the Stranger. And I shall willingly give you an open and faithful Narrative of my short but sad History.

My Name is *Giffard Homely*. My Father was a Farmer in easy Circumstances near *Stratford*. He bound me Apprentice to a Tanner; and when my Time was out, gave a hundred and twenty Pieces to set me up in my Business. But, dying soon after, he bequeathed the Bulk of his Substance to my elder Brother.

Though

Though my Brother was a Spendthrift, I loved him dearly ; and, when his Creditors fell upon him, I became his Bail for two hundred Pounds. Within a few Months after, he suddenly disappeared, and I never could learn further Tidings concerning him.

A Writ was thereupon marked against me, and put into the Hands of Bailiffs. But Liberty was precious. I left all my Substance to the Possession of my Pursuers, and, passing at a great Rate, I escaped into *Lincolnshire*.

There I joined myself to *Anthony Granger* the Tanner. Independent of his Trade, he held a very beautiful and well parked Farm, under Sir *Spranger Thornhill*, the Lord of the Mannor. And, as I served him with great Zeal, Affection, and Application, his Affairs prospered mainly under my Hands.

He had an only Child, a very lovely Girl of about ten Years of Age, her Manners, like her Countenance, were extremely engaging ; and I took vast Delight, at all leisure Hours, in teaching her to read and write, and in diverting her with a Variety of little Plays and Amusements.

I had

I had no Intention, at that Time, of gaining her young Heart; but that happened to prove the miserable Consequence; and a heavy Price it is that my poor dear Girl has since pay'd for her Affection.

Year after Year, she now grew in Stature, but much more in Loveliness, at least in my Eyes. And yet I flattered myself that I affected her merely for her own sake. I used to please myself with the Prospect of her being advanced to high Fortune; and I thought that I would willingly have given her up at the Altar to some Lord of the Land.

One Hollantide Eve, a Parcel of young Folk, of us, were diverting ourselves about the Fire with several Pastimes; and, among the rest, the Play was introduced of, *I love my Love with an A because She's amiable*, and so on through the Alphabet.

When it came to my Peggy's Turn, she said, I love my Love with an H, because he's very *honest*, and I never will hate him for his being *Homely*. And this might have passed without any Observation, had she not cast a Glance at me and blushed exceedingly, which threw me also into equal Confusion.

As this was the first Discovery that I made of her Affection, it also served to open my Eyes to the Strength of my own Passion; and this cost me many a sleepless Night and aching Heart. I did not look upon myself as a sufficient Match for her; I reflected that it would be very ungenerous to lessen the Fortune or Happiness of the Girl that I loved; and I resolved a hundred times to quit the Country, that my Absence might cure both her and myself of our foolish Fondness for Each-Other. But, though this was what my Reason still prompted and approved; my Heart still held me back, as it were for a while longer, when I was on the Brink of Departure.

Peggy was just arrived to her fifteenth Year, on the 24th of *April*, and was elected by the Neighbours to be Queen of the following *May*, and to deliver the Prizes to the Victors at the Wake.

I had made a Vow, within myself, to forsake her and the Country, the very Day after her Regency. But, in the mean while, I could not resist the Temptation of shewing my Address before the Queen of my Wishes.

Accordingly, on the Day, I entered the Lifts among the other young Candidates. But, I will not burden your Honour with a particular Detail of our insignificant Contests. You have unquestionably been Witness to the like on several Occasions.

It will be sufficient to inform You, that as I had the Fortune to get the better at the Race, and at Wrestling; when I successively went to receive the respective Prizes, my *Peggy's* Eyes danced, and her Feet went pit-a-pat with Joy as I approached her.

Cudgels came next in play, and a little Stage of Boards was erected for the Purpose, that the Spectators might see with the better Advantage. I had long learned this Art from a famous Master in *Stratford*; and, as I was confident of my Superiority, I hurt my Rivals as little as possible; only just sufficient to make them acknowledge that they were foiled.

At length, one *Hector Pluck*, a Butcher, mounted the Stage. He had, it seems, been quite an Adept at this Sport, and, for ten foregoing Years, had carried off the Prize from several neighbouring Shires; but he was now come to settle near *Lincoln*, and was to have been married, the follow-
ing

ing Day, to a Farmer's Daughter who was One of the fair Spectators at the Wake.

The Moment he assailed me, I perceived that his Passions were up, and that his Eye was a plain Interpreter of the Deadliness of his Heart. He fought cautiously however, and kept on a watchful Reserve; and we had long attacked and defended, without any Advantage on either Part; when, with a Motion and Fury quick as Lightning, he made a side Stroke at me, and aimed to cut me across the Face with the Point of his Stick. This was a Blow which I had not Time to intercept or even to see. The Villain however happily missed of his Intention; for his Cudgel, being something advanced, only bruised my right Cheek; when instantly I gave him an exasperated Stroke on the Head, and, cutting him to the Skull, laid him sprawling on the Stage; whereat All who knew me gave a great Shout.

After some Time he rose, and advancing a little toward me, he stretched out his left Hand, as if in Token of Reconciliation; while, pulling out his Butcher's Knife, from a Sheath in his Side-pocket, he, with his right Hand, made a Stab at my Heart, and suddenly leaping off the Stage, attempted to escape.

Immediately the Blood poured from me, in a Stream, and ran along the Boards. I found myself growing weak, and, sitting down on the Stage, I had the Presence of Mind to rip open my Bosom, and taking out my Handkerchief, I held it to the Wound.

In the mean time the whole Concourse was in an uproar. The Cry went about that *Giffard Homely* was murdered, *Giffard Homely* was killed. My poor dear *Peggy* fell senseless from her Throne, and was carried home in the Fit. Several Horsemen hastened away, of their own accord, for a Surgeon. And the Butcher was pursued, knocked down, hard pinioned, and conveyed with following Curses to the Gaol of *Lincoln*.

Among Others who came to condole with me, little Master *Billy Thornhill*, our Landlord's Son and Heir, came running, and desired to be lifted up on the Stage.

As soon as he saw the Blood, and how weak and pale I looked, he broke out into a passionate Fit of Tears. O *Giffard*, my *Giffard*, my poor *Giffard*, he cried, I fear you are a dead Man! You will no more be my Holiday Companion, *Giffard*. Never more will you go a Birding with me;
or

or set Gins for the Rabbits, or catch little Fishes for me; or carry me on your Back through the Water, or in your Arms over the Mire. Alack, alack, what shall I do, if I lose you, my poor *Giffard*!

The Surgeon came at full Gallop. As soon as he had seen the Greatness of the Gash, say your last Prayer, my Friend, he cried; in a very few Minutes you must be a dead Man. But, when he had probed the Wound, his Face turned to Chearfulness. A most wonderful Escape, he cried; the Weapon has missed your Vitals, and only glanced along the Rib. Be of good Courage; I engage, in a few Weeks, to set you once more upon your Legs.

Mean time, my loving Neighbours made a Litter and Bed for me of the Tents and Tent-Poles, All striving who should carry me, and All escorting me home.

The good Mr. *Granger* had been that Day confined by a Sprain in his Ankle, and now sat weeping by his Child, who fell out of one fainting Fit into Another, till she was told that I was brought home, and that the Doctor had pronounced me out of Danger.

As soon as I was put to Bed, and my kind Attendants withdrawn, Mr. *Granger*,

on a Crutch, came limping and sat down by me. He had endeavoured to restrain his Tears before the Crowd, but as soon as he was seated they broke out anew.

O *Giffard, Giffard*, he cried; my dear *Peggy* is very ill, and You are very ill, and to lose you both at once would be hard upon me indeed!

Notwithstanding a short Fever, the Doctor happened to keep his Promise, with the assistance of Youth and a good Habit; and I began to gather Strength and recover apace.

As soon as I was up and about, I observed that Miss *Peggy* seemed no longer desirous of restraining her kind Looks or her kind Offices; and this gave me some Concern, till I also observed that her Father took no Unbrage, or no Notice of it.

One Evening, as we sat over a Tankard of October, *Giffard*, says he, bluntly, what would you think of my *Peggy* for a Wife? Nothing at all, Sir, says I. I would not marry your Daughter, if she would have me to-morrow. Pray why so, *Giffard*? *Peggy* is very pretty, and deserving, as I think, of as good a Man as you. Her Deservings, Sir, said I, are my very Objection; I scarce know a Man in the Land who is
deserving

deserving of her. If that is the Case, *Giffard*, her Hand is at your Service with all my Heart. O, Sir, I replied, I have no suitable Fortune; but I know you are pleased to banter; I am no Match for her. You are an industrious and a making young Man, said he; and such a One is richer, in my Eye, than a Spender with Thousands. Beside, you are loving and good-natured, my Son, and I shall not lose my Child by you, but gain another Child in you, as dear to me as herself.

Here, I was so transported, so overpowered by the Kindness of the dear good Man, that I could not get out a Syllable; but, sinking before him, I eagerly grasped his Legs, and then his Knees, and, rising, went out to vent my Passion.

In about a Month after, Sir *Spranger Thornbill* and my young Friend, Master *William*, honoured our Nuptials with their Presence; and all our kind Neighbours came crowding to the Solemnity, and, by their Joy, appeared to be Parties in our Union.

For eight following Years, never was known a happier Family. But, about that time, Sir *Spranger Thornbill* sicken'd and died; and was attended to the dark Man-

sion of the Bodies of his Ancestors, by the greatest Concourse of true Mourners that ever was seen in the Shire, All lamenting that Goodness was not exempted from Mortality.

Our dear Father could never be said to hold up his Head, from that Day. He silently pined after his old Friend, and Patron, Sir *Spranger*; and all our Cares and Caresses were not able to withhold him from following the same appointed Track.

Never, sure, was Grief like mine and my *Peggy's*. In looking at each Other we saw the Loss that we had sustained; and, while we lay Arm in Arm, often, often have we watered the good Man's Memory with our Tears.

Time, however, who has many severe Sorrows in Prospect, helps to soften and lessen those that he brings in his Train. An encreasing Family of Children, sweetly tempered like their Mother, called for all my Concern; and our young Landlord, Sir *William*, whenever he came from College, used to make our House his Home, and take me with him wherever he went; till Lord *Lechmore*, his Guardian, took him from the University, and sent him abroad, with a Tutor and Servants, on his Travels.

As

As I had made considerable Savings, and now looked to have a Number of Children to provide for, I resolved to realize all that I could for the poor Things: So I built a Malt-House, and Wind-mill, and planted a large Orchard, with other profitable Improvements, that cost me to the Amount of about eight hundred Pounds.

While these Things were in Agitation, Sir *Freeſtone Hardgrave*, one of the Knights for our Shire, came into that Part of the Country. He had lately purchaſed a fine Eſtate, adjoining to the Weſt-ſide of my Concern; and was a Man of vaſt Opulence, but a Stranger among us, at that time.

Though Sir *FreeStone* was an old Bachelor, and had one of the most remorseless Hearts that ever informed the Shape of Man, he had yet a pleasing Aspect and insinuating Address, and always applied those Qualities to the Purpose of Betraying. Alas! I was informed, but too late, of his Character; that his Avarice outgrew even the Growth of his Wealth; and that his Desires increased in exact Proportion, as Age happened to deduct from his Ability to gratify them.

Unhappily, he cast a greedy Eye at my little Farm. Like another lordly *Abab* he coveted.

coveted the Vineyard of poor *Naboth*; and, at length, compassed his Ends by Means equally iniquitous.

When he proposed to give me more than Value for it, I answered, that I myself had taken a Fancy to it, for the sake of the dear Man who had given it to me, in Trust for his Child and her Posterity; and that I would not part with it for twenty Times an Equivalent. With this, however, he did not appear in the least disconcerted; but said that he esteemed and affected me the more for my Gratitude to the Memory of my old Benefactor.

I was afterwards told, and learned by dear Experience, that he never pardoned an Offence, nor even a Disappointment; but nothing of this Disposition appeared for the present. He visited, made it his Business to meet me in several Places; sought and seemed quite desirous of cultivating an Acquaintance with me; did me many little friendly Offices among my richer Neighbours; condescended to toy with my Little Ones; appeared to take a huge Liking to my two eldest Boys; stood Godfather to my little Girl that is now in her Mother's Arms; said he wondered how I contrived it to maintain so numerous a Family upon such slender Means; and promised to procure

cure me a beneficial Post in the Collection of the Customs.

After a Course of such specious Kindnesses, and while my Heart glowed with Gratitude, in the Recollection of his Favours both past and proposed; he came to my House in a mighty Hurry. My dear *Homely*, says he, I have just struck up a most advantageous Bargain with our Neighbour Squire *Spendal*. But he wants the Money immediately. I have not the Whole about me; and yet if I don't pay him down directly, some cursed Disappointment may intervene. Do, run and bring me all that you have, quickly! I will repay you within two or three Days at furthest.

Here I hastened, with Joy, to the Corner where I had deposited my Cash; as well for Payment of Rent as another little Matter that I had in my Eye; and, bringing out a leathern Bag, I lay'd it on the Table. There, Sir, said I, are two hundred and thirty Guineas; take but the Trouble to count them out, and give me a short Acknowledgment. No, said he, my dear *Homely*, never heed it for the present, I will be back with you the Moment I have paid the Purchase; and so saying, he caught up the Bag, and huddled away as fast as his old Legs could scamper; while I sat still, through

through Astonishment, my Heart misgiving me, at the Time, as if it foreboded the Mischiefs that were to follow.

I waited, with great Anxiety, for his Return till Evening, when hastening to his Lodge, I was there informed that he had set out for *London* five Hours before. This threw me into a Pannick, though not altogether without a Mixture of Hope, and so I waited till the three Days of his Promise should expire. Mr. *Snack* then came to me and demanded the Rent. He was a *Lincoln* Attorney, whom Lord *Lechmore* had lately preferred to the Care of my Landlord's Concerns, upon the Death of Mr. *Kindly*, the good old Agent. I told him ingenuously how Matters had happened, and said I would hurry to *London*, and bring back the Money directly.

Accordingly, I posted away, and rested not till I arrived at the great City. There, for seven Days successively, I besieged the Doors of Sir *Freestone*, hourly knocking and requesting to be admitted to his Presence. But he was either not up, or just gone out, or had Company with him, or was just then very busy and not to be spoken to, and so forth.

At length, when he found that I would not quit his House without an Answer, he
ordered

ordered me before him. His Chariot waited at the Gate, and he stood dressed in the Hall. As I approached, and bowed with the Respect and mortified Air of a Petitioner, he put on a Look of the most strange and audacious Effrontery I ever beheld. Who are you, Friend, said he, and what may your Business be with me? I am come, an' it please your Honour, humbly to tell you that I am called upon for my Rent, and to beseech your Honour to restore me the two hundred and thirty Pieces you had from me the other Day. Here, says he to his Servants, this must be some Desperado who is come to rob me in broad Day, and in the Middle of my own People; the Fellow says I owe him Money, I know not that I ever saw his Face before; I desire that you will not suffer such a dangerous Villain to enter my Doors any more. And, so saying, out he stepped, and away he drove.

O Sir, how I was struck to the Heart at that Instant! I snaked out, scarce half alive; not remembering where I was, or whither I was to go. Alas, I was far from making the Speed back again that I had done in going. I knew not how to shew my Face to my *Peggy* or her dear Little Ones, whom I had plundered and stript of their Substance by stupidly surrendering it, without

without Witnesses or a single Line whereby I might reclaim it. At length I got Home, if Home it might be called, that had, then, Nothing in it, or at least Nothing for me.

Mr. *Snack* had taken the Advantage of my Absence to possess himself of my Farm and of All that I was worth. Under colour of distraining for Rent, he had seized every thing, even the Beds whereon my Wife and Children lay, with all their wearing Apparel, save what they had on their Backs. The Bill of Appraisement, which I have here, comes to upward of six hundred Pounds. But, when the Cattle and other Effects were set up to Sale, the Auctionier and Bidders proved of Mr. *Snack's* providing; All were intimidated from offering any thing, save Those who offered in Trust for this Charitable Agent. And the Whole of my Substance went off within the Value of one Year's Rent, being one hundred and eighty five Pounds.

Neyer, exclaimed Mr. *Fenton*, never did I hear of so barefaced and daring a Violation of all Laws divine and human, and that too under Sanction of the most perfect System of Law that ever was framed. But, what will not Power effect, when unrestrained of Conscience, when prompted by Avarice, and abetted by Cunning!

ning! And, is there no Remedy, Sir, cried out our Hero? None that I know of, my *Harry*, save where Power opposes Power in Favour of Weakness, or Wealth opposes Wealth in Favour of Poverty. But we will see what may be done. Meanwhile, let Mr. *Homely* proceed in his Narrative.

When my Family, continued *Homely*, were thus turned out of Doors. An old Follower made way for them in his own Cottage, and retired with his Wife and Daughter to a Cow-house hard by. Meanwhile my loving Neighbours supplied them with sufficient Bedding, and daily kept them in Victuals, even more than they could eat.

While I went slowly to see them, stopping, and turning every Minute toward our old Habitation; all the Horrors of our Situation flew upbraidingly in my Face: And I accused myself as the Robber and Murderer of eight Persons, for any One of whom I would have spent my Life.

When I stooped to enter their lowly Roof, all trembling and sick at Heart, I expected to meet nothing but Faces of Aversion and Expressions of Reproach. But, when they all set up a Shout of Joy at my Appearance; when they All crowded clasping

clasping and clinging about me; the Violence and Distraction of my inward Emotion deprived me of Sensation, and I swooned away.

When I revived, I cast a Look about me, and perceived that their Grief had been as extreme, as their Joy was at my Arrival. Ah, my *Peggy*, I cried, how have I undone You! By you, I got all my Possessions, and, in Return, I have deprived You of All that you possessed. You were every Blessing to me, and I have repaid you with nothing but Misery and Ruin.

Don't be concerned, My Love, says she; neither repine at the Consequences of your own Goodness and Honesty. You are not as God to see into all Hearts; the Wisest may be deceived; and the Best, as I believe, are the most subject to be imposed upon. Common Charity must have supposed that there could not be such a Soul as Sir *Free-stone* upon Earth. But be of good Courage, my Husband, I have good News for you. I dreamed that our dear Father appeared to me last Night. Don't be disheartened, my Child, says he; bear the Cross that is laid upon You, with a chearful and free Will, and All shall be restored to You seven fold upon Earth, and seventy seven fold in the Life that has no ending.

When

When I found that my *Peggy*, instead of Distaste and Upbraiding, had nothing but Love in her Looks and Consolation in her Expressions; I folded her to my Bosom, and to my Soul that went to meet her, and I would willingly have made her One with my own Being.

My Neighbours were not as Birds of the Season. They neither despised nor forsook me because of my Poverty. They came crowding to condole with me. They advised me to apply to the Law against Sir *FreeStone* and Attorney *Snack*; and they offered to contribute towards my Journey. They also joined in this written Testimony of my Character and prosperous Circumstances, before *Snack* made his Seizure. And Two of them have witnessed in this bit of Paper that, when the Alarm came of Mr. *Kindly's* Death, and of a strange Agent's being put in his room, they heard me say that I did not matter the worst he could do; and saw me count down twenty Pieces over and above my Year's Rent.

The late Frights and Fatigues which *Peggy* underwent during *Snack's* Operations; together with her Extremes of Joy on my Return, and of Grief at the Fit into which I had fallen, hastened on her Labour; and She was delivered, before her Time, of
that

that weakly little Babe whom I buried this Morning.

Within six Weeks after her Child-Birth, we prepared for our Journey. Our Neighbours, like the good *Samaritan*, had Compassion upon him who fell among the Thieves. They made me up a Purse of thirty and five Pounds, and promised to contribute further toward the carrying on of my Suit.

We travelled happily by easy Journeys of a few Miles a Day, till, nine Days ago, we reached a small Village the other Side of *St. Albans*. There we took up our Rest, for the Night, at a House that had no Sign, but set occasional Lodgings and sold Bread and small Drink.

As I desired a separate Apartment for ourselves, we were put into a kind of waste Room, that had no Fastening to the Door except a Latch. After a slender Supper, we lay down on our Floor Beds, and I stuffed my Breeches close under my Head with all possible Caution. We had made an extraordinary Journey that Day, and I was particularly fatigued by carrying several of my tired Children successively in my Arms; so that we All slept but too soundly, and when I awoke in the Morning, neither Money nor Breeches were to be found.

Such.

Such a Loss, at another time, would have been as nothing to me. But, in our present Circumstances, it was a Repetition and Doubling of All that we had lost before. I instantly summoned the People of the House, and, in a good deal of Warmth, charged our Landlord with the Felony, telling him that I had been robbed of above three and thirty Pounds. Why, Master, says he, I know of nothing to the contrary, but it would be very hard, indeed, if I was to be answerable for the Honesty of every One who goes this Road. If you had given your Money in charge to me, I would have been accountable for it. I believe, by the Grief You are in, that You must have been Losers; I will therefore forgive you your Reckoning, and give you a Pair of Breeches of my own into the Bargain; but this is all I will do, till the Law forces me.

As there was no Remedy, at least for the present, I accepted his Overture and set out. But, O Sir, it is impossible to describe the Horrors of my Soul, as I silently stepped along, casting an Eye of mingled Pity and Despair upon my Children. I cursed in secret my own Existence, and wished for some sudden Thunderbolt to crush me into Nothing. All Trust in God or his Providence had now wholly forsaken me, and I looked upon him as neglecting.

glecting all other Objects of his Wrath, and exerting his Omnipotence against me and Mine alone.

Peggy, as I suppose, perceived how it was with me, and kept behind awhile, that she might give way to the present Tumult and Distemper of my Mind. At length, hoping to administer some Matter of Comfort to me, she came up and silently put a few Shillings into my Hand, saying, Courage, my dear Husband, All cannot be lost while we have a God who is infinitely rich to depend upon. Ay, said I, these are the Fruits of your Dreams, these are Your promised Blessings that Heaven had in Store for us. And still has in Store, she replied; the same Hand that holds the Rod holds the comforting Staff also. Tell me not of Comfort, I cried, I see that the Face of God is set in Blackness and Blasting against me. But, for me it matters not, had he not taken me at an Advantage. He sees that I have eight Lives, All dearer than my Own, and he is determined to kill me in every One of them.

Do not cast from you, my Love, she said, the only Crutch that the World and the Wretched have to rest upon. God is pleased, perhaps, to take all human Means from us, that he may shew forth the Wonders of his Power in our Relief. While
any

any other Hope is left, we are apt to trust to that Hope, and we look not toward the secret Hand by which we are fed and supported; but, when All is lost, All gone, when no other Stay is left, should sudden Mercy come upon us, our Comforter then becomes visible, He stands revealed in his Greatness and Glory before us, and we are compelled to cry out, with *unbelieving Thomas*, My Lord, and my God!

Though these pious Expostulations of my dearly beloved Preacher had little Influence, at the time, for appeasing my own Passions, I was yet pleased that my *Peggy* had her secret Consolations, but little imagined that her Prophecy approached so near to its Completion.

For two Days we held on, living on such Bread and Milk, as we could purchase at the Cabbins that had the Charity to receive us. But my Boy, who was on the Breast, grew exceeding sick; so we were obliged to shorten our Journeys, for the two succeeding Days, partly begging and partly paying for such Victuals as we could procure. Toward Evening we came within Sight of this Town. Our little Money was quite exhausted, and our Child grown too ill to bear further Travel. So, I looked about, and perceived some roofless Walls that stood off from the Highway, and
thither

thither we turned and took up our bleak Abode.

For the three following Days I frequented the Road, and by begging procured what scantily kept my Family from perishing. Mean time, my Spirit was tamed and subdued by the Habit of Mortification ; and I looked up to Heaven and cried, Pardon, Pardon, O my God, the Offences and Blasphemies of my Murmurings against You! You formerly blessed me with an over Abundance of Blessings, and that too for a long Season ; and, as *Job* justly says, shall we receive Good at the Hand of God and not receive Evil ? — O Friend, and Saviour of Sinners ! if thou lovest whom thou chastenest, and receivest Those whom thou dost scourge ; when Death shall have put a Period to the Sufferings of Mortality ; may I not humbly look to find Grace at the Footstool of the Throne of thy Mercy-Seat ?

At length our Child died this Morning, and we buried him in our Hovel, and watered his Grave with the Tears that we shed for him and for Each-Other. The rest, Sir, you know, till this Angel of God was sent, to accomplish the Prediction of my *Peggy* in all its Fulness.

Here

Here *Homely* concluded; and, after a Pause and a deep Sigh, Mr. *Fenton* demanded, Have you told me the Whole of your History, Mr. *Homely*? I have, so please your Honour, through every Particular of any Signification. — I am sorry for it. Pray think again. Did you never meet with any Adventure that is yet unrecited? did you never save any Person at your own Peril? — No, Sir — O, now I recollect.

Some two or three and twenty Years ago, as I fled from the Bailiffs who pursued me, as I told you, for the Bail of my Brother, I came to the River *Avon*. The Flood was great and rapid after the late Rains, and I thought of looking for a Place of smoother Water for my Passage, when a Gentleman and Lady, attended by a Train of Servants, came riding along the Banks. As they rode, chatting and laughing, a Fowler, who was concealed in a Copse just at Hand, let fly at a Bird; whereupon, the fiery Horse, that the Gentleman was on, took Fright, and, with a Bound, suddenly plunged into the Current; whereat the Lady gave a loud Shriek, and fell senseless to the Ground. The Horse rose without his Rider, and swam down the Stream. Soon after, the Rider appeared, and the Attendants were divided between
their

their Care of the Lady and their Lamentations for their Master on the Edge of the Bank. Then, seeing no other Help, my Heart smote me, and I cast myself in without Reflection. I kept aloof, however, for fear he should grapple at me and sink us both together. So, I supported and shoved him before me toward Land, till, having reached the Bank, I laid hold on it with one Hand, and with the other raised him up within the Reach of his Servants, who had stretched themselves flat upon the Brink to receive him. Then, being already-drenched, and having nothing further to do, I turned and swam over, and so made my Escape.

Did you ask the Name of the Party, whom you saved in the Manner you say? No truly, Sir, there was no Leisure for such an Enquiry.—Why did you not wait for the Recompense that was so justly your Due for so great a Deliverance?—Recompense? please your Honour, I could have done no less for the Beggar who begs at the Corner.

Noble, noble Fellow! exclaimed Mr. *Fenton*, I am he, I am he whom you saved that Day, my Brother!—And so saying, he arose, and caught *Homely* in his Arms, and pressed, and pressed him over again to his Bosom. While *Harry*, all impatient, seized

seized hold of *Homely* also, and struggled hard to get him to himself from his Father.

When they were something composed, and All again seated. Ah, *Homely*, says Mr. *Fenton*, I have sent and made many Enquiries after You; but, not for many Years after the Day in which you saved me. I hated, I loathed you for having prolonged my Life to such a Misery as no other Man ever endured. O——h, that Lady, that Lady!——But, no Matter for the present——(and, so saying, he wiped the swelling Tear from his Eye.)——Tell me, *Homely*.—That Devil, Sir *FreeStone*!—I am not of a malicious Temper, and yet I wish for nothing more than full Vengeance on his Head.—Don't you believe that he went to You, with a felonious Intention of defrauding you of your Property?—Believe it, Sir? I can swear it. The Circumstances and their Consequences are full Evidence thereof.

Very well, said Mr. *Fenton*, though we may not be able to carry a civil Action against him; we may assail him with better Advantage in a criminal Way. I will draw up and take your Deposition, myself; and, to-morrow, I will send you with a Note to Lord *Portland*, where more may be done for you, my *Homely*, than you think.

In the mean time, You and your Family shall take up your Abode in the back Part of my House, and from thence You shall not depart till, as your *Peggy's Dream* has it, all your Losses shall be restored to You severfold upon Earth; what your Portion may be in Heaven must be your own Care, and may the Spirit of Grace guide You in the Way you should go.

Early the next Morning, Mr. *Fenton* sent *Homely* to *London* with his Deposition and several Papers, accompanied by a Letter from himself to Lord *Portland*. In the Evening *Homely* returned, and, entering with a Face of Triumph, he seized Mr. *Fenton's* Hand, and eagerly kissing it, Blessed, blessed be the Hand, he cried, that hath the Power of God, among Men, for good Works. When I sent in your Honour's Letter, I was not detained a Moment. His Lordship made me sit down, perused my Papers with Attention, questioned me on the Particulars, grew enflamed against Sir *Freestone*, and gave him two or three hearty Curses for an execrable Villain. He then called a Gentleman to him who was in waiting, and ordered an Attachment to be instantly issued against the Knight. It was accordingly executed upon him, and he now lies in
Newgate

Newgate. God be praised! said Mr. *Fenton*, so far there is Equity still extant upon Earth.

It is not unnatural to suppose that Mr. *Fenton's* Family were immoderately fond of Those, whose Father had saved the Life of their most dear Master. Mr. *Clement*, in particular, took Pains and Pleasure in forwarding the Boys in their Letters; and Mrs. *Clement* passed most of her Time very happily with *Peggy* and her little Girls.

Frank, the Butler, had been abroad upon an Expedition, at the time that Mr. *Homely's* Family arrived; and did not return till *Homely* had come back from Lord *Portland's*. He was then informed, with Joy, of the Guests they had got; and he waited with Impatience, till the Man he longed to see should come out from his Master. As soon as he appeared, he caught one of his Hands in both of his, and, looking lovingly at him, cried, Do I once more behold that happy Face, Mr. *Homely*? I was the Man to whose Hands you delivered my precious Lord from the devouring of the Floods. Gladly, Heaven knows, would I have sacrificed my own Life for the Salvation of his. But, alas! I had no Skill in contending with the Waters, and the sure Loss of my own Life would not have given the smallest Chance for the Recovery

of my Master. You are the Person, Mr. *Homely*, to whom God committed that blessed Task and Trust. And Mr. *James*, and I, and all of us have agreed to make up a hundred Pound, apiece, for your Children, in Acknowledgment of the Benefit you did us on that Day.

Here, *Homely* took *Frank* very affectionately into his Arms, and, with a faltering Voice, said, Your Offer, Sir, is dear, very dear, indeed, unto me, as it is a Proof of that Love which you All so warmly bear to our common Lord and Master. If there is any Occasion, I will not refuse this extraordinary Instance of your Benevolence; but, our Master's Influence and Bounty are doing much in my Behalf. And, in the mean time, I will take it as a very particular Favour, if you will be pleased to introduce me to my Fellow-Servants of this House.

Within the following Fortnight, a Servant came, on a foaming Horse, and in a golden Livery, delivered a Letter at the Door, and rode away directly.

The Letter ran thus:

To

TO HENRY FENTON, Esq.

Dear Sir,

THE Trial of our *recreant Knight* is at Hand; and, if you insist upon it, shall be prosecuted to the utmost Extent of our Laws. The Wretch, indeed, deserves to be gibbeted. But he has Relations of Worth and Consideration among us. They have besought me to shield them from Shame on this Occasion; and I join them in requesting you to accept the enclosed Order for three thousand Pounds, in favour of your Client, together with his Farm, and Effects, which Attorney *Snack* shall immediately restore.

Let me have your Answer within three Days, and believe me

Your true

as well as obliged Servant,

PORTLAND.

The Day following Mr. *Fenton* sent *Harry*, in his Chariot, attended by Mr. *James* and two Servants in Livery, to return his Acknowledgments to the Favourite of the King.

Lord *Portland* received our Hero with Pleasure and Surprise equally evident in his Countenance. As he, unknowingly, piqued himself on being One of the finest Personages in the Nation, he secretly respected his own Resemblance in Another.

After a few mutual Compliments and some occasional Discourse, the Earl told *Harry* that he must take a private Dinner with him. We are quite alone, says he, only two Viscounts, a Baronet, and four or five Gentlemen of the Ministerial Quill. Pray, my Lord, said *Harry* smiling, is a Dinner the whole of their Pension? Not so, Sir, I confess; they are the *Swiss* of the letter'd World, and fight for ~~Pay~~. They were formerly of the opposite Junto; but they have changed their Opinions along with their Party; and our Honour obliges us to give them at least as much in the Cause of the Crown, as they formerly got in the Cause of the Populace. I doubt, my Lord, returned *Harry*, that their Silence would answer your Ends, full as well as their Oratory, unless your Treasury could hold out in bribing People to read also. Very pleasantly severe, indeed, replied the laughing Earl. But come, the Bell calls us to our Bit.

When

When Dinner was over, and Cheer circulating with the Bottle, I would give a good deal to know, Master *Fenton*, said the Earl, what you and your Father think of his Majesty and his Ministers? Should I speak my downright Sentiments, my Lord, answered *Harry*, in some Things I might offend, and in Others appear to flatter. O, you cannot offend, in the least, cried the Earl; we are daily accustomed to be told of all the Faults, whereof we are, or may be, or might have been guilty; and, as to Flattery, you know it is the Food of us Courtiers. Why, my Lord, you want no Champion, for the present, said *Harry*; You are All, as I perceive, on one Side of the Question; and if some One does not appear, however impotent to oppose You, the Shuttlecock of Conversation may fall to the Ground. Right, very right, my sweet Fellow, rejoined his Lordship; proceed, you shall have nothing but fair Play, I promise you.

To be serious then, said *Harry*, my Father thinks, in the first Place, (for I have no Manner of Skill in such Matters) he thinks, I say, that his Majesty is one of the greatest Warriors and One of the wisest Statesmen that ever existed. He thinks, however, that he has Attachments and Views that look something further than

the mere Interests of the People by whom he has been elected; but he says that those Views ought, in a Measure, to be indulged, in return of the very great Benefits that he has done us. He is, therefore, grieved to find that his Majesty has met with so much Reluctance and Coldness from a Nation so obliged.

You are a Darling of a Politician, exclaimed the Earl; but we will not thank you for your Compliments, till we know what you have further to object against us.

My Father admits, my Lord, that his Majesty and his Ministers have re-established and exhibited, in fair and open Light, the most glorious Constitution that ever was constructed. But then, he apprehends that You are beginning to sap the Foundations of the Pile that You, yourselves, erected.

As how, my dear young *Mentor*? By being over bounteous in paying former Friends, and by being still more profuse in procuring new Adherents. — Child of Honour, cried the Earl; Another, less elegant than yourself, would have said that we are sapping the Constitution by *Bribery* and *Corruption*. You have, indeed, my *Harry*, delicately tempered your Admonitions,

tions, even like the Cup of Life, the Sweets with the Bitters. But, what say You, Gentlemen, shall a Babe, lately from the Breast, bear away the whole Palm from People grown grey in Politicks?

The young Gentleman, says Mr. *Veer* (the Principal of the Court-Writers) talks wonderfully for One not versed in the Subject of which he treats. The People of *England* are stupidly proud and licentious-ly ungovernable; they are the most ignorant and yet most obstinate of any People upon Earth; it is only by their being selfish that they become in any Degree manageable; if their Voices were not bought, they would either give them to Persons of their own stupid Cast, unknowing in our Laws or our Constitution, or to Men of an anti-monarchal and republican Spirit, who would be perpetually putting Rubs before the Wheels of good Government.

I never knew, till now, Sir, returned *Harry*, that, in order to make People true to their Country and their King, that is, in order to make Men honest, it was necessary to corrupt them. But I have still good Hopes that the Picture, which you have drawn of our Governors, is not altogether a just One.

Governors? cries *Veer*, I spoke not a Word of Governors. You spoke of the People, Sir, says *Harry*, and they, as I take it, are our Governors. The People our Governors! this is the most wonderful and the newest Doctrine that ever I hear'd, A Doctrine even as old as the Constitution, rejoins *Harry*: They are not only our Governors, but more absolutely so than Any so stiled. His Lordship is the only Man in Company whose Person, in some Instances, is exempt from their Jurisdiction; but his Property remains still subjected to their Decision.

No Law can be made in *Britain* but by the People, in their Proxies. And when those Laws are made, the People are again constituted the Judges thereof on their *Jury-Tribunals*, throughout their respective Shires; as also Judges of Facts and Rights, whether civil or criminal, throughout the Realm.

Thus, their Privilege of making Laws for themselves in PARLIAMENT, and of judging of the said Laws (when made) on JURIES, composes, as it were, a Rudder, whereby the People are admitted (gloriously) to steer the Vessel of their own Common-Wealth.

Would

Would it not be a Pity then that so great a People should be no Other than Such as Mr. *Veer* has described them, a Parcel of ignorant, licentious, selfish, base, venal Prostitutes, unenlightened by Reason and uninfluenced by Conscience?

If they should be reduced, if it is possible, I say, that they should ever be reduced to so very vile and deplorable a State, it can only be by the very Measures that Mr. *Veer* has recommended. The Character, as ye know, of a certain old Tempter is not over amiable, and I should be sorry that Any, whom I love and respect, should follow in his Steps.

And now, Gentlemen, take the Argument home to yourselves. The People have the Disposal of our Lives, Liberties, and Properties. Which of You then would like to have Life itself and all that is valuable in it, at the Arbitration of a Pack of Wretches who, being wholly selfish, can have no kindred Feelings or Compassion for You? Who being, themselves, devoid of Honour and Equity, cannot judge according to the One or the Other; who, being already accustomed to Influence and Prostitution, have their Ears and Hands open to All who would whisper or bribe them to your Prejudice?

I, as a Fool, Gentlemen, utter the Dictates of Wisdom, for I speak the Sentiments of a much wiser and much better Man than myself. Should a general Corruption take Place in the Land, adieu to all Virtue; adieu to Humanity and all social Connections! all Reason and Law, all Conscience and Magistracy, all public and private Weal, must vanish or be confounded in one Chaos together. And, from hence it is self-evident that He, who debauches the Morals of the Least of his Majesty's Subjects, is an Enemy to his King, to his Country and Mankind.

I protest, said his Lordship, with some little Confusion, I never beheld this Matter in the same Light before; but I shall take Care to inspect and examine it at better Leisure.

Here the Company rose to separate; when *Harry*, stepping toward *Veer* with an affectionate Pleasantry in his Countenance; Mr. *Veer*, says he, I fear I have misbehaved a little to Day, I am naturally warm, and am apt to be too much so on particular Subjects. O Sir, says *Veer*, I am an old Prizefighter, and accustomed to Cuts; but I now know my Man, and shall hereafter avoid engaging, or keep barely on the

the Defensive; do me the Honour, however, as old Combatants were wont, to shake Hands, at parting, in Token of Hearts free from Malice. In the Contest of Love, Mr. *Veer*, you never shall foil me, cried *Harry*.

Now, my Lord, if you have any Commands for my Father, pray let me have the Pleasure of being your Messenger. Upon my Honour, my dear Boy, and that is the Oath of a Lord, you shall not part me, for this Night at least. My Father, Sir, will be uneasy. I will dispatch One to him directly; I have particular Designs upon you; you must with me to the Levee; I cannot refuse myself the Pleasure of introducing you to his Majesty; I expect to get Credit by you. I rather fear, my Lord, that I may do you some Disgrace.

O, cried the Earl, you think you are not fine enough. Why, truly, you will see Folk there, of much more lustrous Attire. But, let Others disgrace their Ornaments; be you humbly content, my Child, with adorning your Dress. *Harry* blushed and bowed.

When they arrived at Court, the Earl left his young Friend awhile in the Levee-Room, and went to impart some Matters to the King in his Closet.

While

While our Hero stood in the Crowd, some One came and, with Birdlime, stuck a Paper to his Back, whereon was written in capital Letters, THE FOOL.

However, it did not remain long enough to do him much Disgrace. A young Gentleman, of a graceful Figure and very amiable Aspect, pressed close behind *Harry*, and gently stole the Writing away; then, taking him by the Hand, requested to speak with him apart.

I wonder, Sir, said the Stranger, who it was that could be so malicious, or so base as to fasten this Title on your Back; I am certain he must never have seen your Face. O Sir, said *Harry*, blushing and smiling together, this must have been the Office of some old Acquaintance; it is the Title to which I have been accustomed from my Infancy; and I am well contented to carry it with me to the Grave; I am much affected, Sir, however, by this uncommon Instance of your Humanity to an Unknown; pray add to the Obligation by letting me know to whom it is that I am so endearingly bound.

My Name, Sir, is *William Thornbill*. I am just arrived from my Travels; and I would willingly go my long Journey over again.

again to become just such another Fool as you are.

Harry seized him by the Hand, and gave him at once the Squeeze and the Look of Love. — Sir *William Thornbill*, I presume? — The Same, my dear Sir — I have been enamoured of your Character before I saw You, Sir *William*. My Name is *Harry Fenton*; I live on *Hamstead Hill*; I see that your Pleasure lies in communicating Pleasure, I am therefore persuaded you will indulge me with a Call, at some leisure Hour — I will not defer that Advantage a single Day — I shall have the Longings of a Lover, till you arrive,

Here the King entered, and all Conversation was broken off. Lord *Portland*, looking about, discovered *Harry*, and, taking him by the Hand, led him up and left him standing before his Majesty. Then, approaching the royal Ear, may it please you, Sire, says he, this is the Son of the Gentleman who advanced us two hundred thousand Pounds on our Expedition from *Holland*.

The King turned to *Harry* with a solemn and piercing Look; and, having eyed him for some Time, he again turned to the Earl and cried; Ay, *Portland*, this is Something, this, indeed, is a Gem fit to set
in

in the Crown of a Monarch. He then reached forth his Hand, and while our Hero stooped to kiss it, He pressed *Harry's* Shoulder with his other Hand.

My dear Child, said the King, we are much obliged to your Father. You, by Inheritance, are attached to our Crown, and you may justly demand whatever we can bestow. We humbly thank Your Majesty, answer'd *Harry*, we only claim the Privilege of serving you with all our Hearts and all our Powers.

What Post would you choose, my Dear, in the Army, or in the Court? indeed, I should best like to have You about my own Person. That is the Pitch to which I aspire, answered *Harry*, as soon as I am capable of so high a Duty.

But, why have you been such a Stranger, said the King; had we seen you before, I think we should not have forgot you. O Sire, said *Harry*, I am but as a Bird from the Nest, and this is the first of my unfledged Excursions. If a Bird, cried the King, it must be a young Eagle. Not so, Sire, answered *Harry*, I should then better support the Brightness of the Sun that is now before me. — I would give one of my Kingdoms that you were my Son! — I am already One of Millions of happy Sons and

Daugte

Daughters who have the Glory of calling
You their royal Father!

So saying, our Hero bowed twice, and drew back; while the King looked toward him, in Silence and Wonder.

After some Talk with his Courtiers, his Majesty retired. And Lord *Portland* took *Harry*, and was followed by a Number of the young Gentry, to the Ball-Room.

There the Queen, at the upper End, was seated under a Canopy, her Maids of Honour attending, and two brilliant Ranges of Foreign and *British* Ladies, were seated on either Hand,

The Earl gave a Whisper to the Master of the Ceremonies, and he immediately led *Harry* up to the Presence, where he had the Honour of kissing Queen *Mary's* fair Hand.

After some whispering Chat between her Majesty and Lord *Portland*, the Ball was ordered to be opened by our Hero and the lovely young Princess of *Hesse*.

All Eyes were fixed upon them, with Attention still as Night, while they moved like *Homer's* Gods, without seeming to press the Ground; or like a Mist, before the

the Breeze, along the Side of some stately Hill.

As soon as the Minuet was closed, the Princess said softly to *Harry*, in *French*, the *Louvre*, Sir, if you please.

This was a Dance of the newest Fashion, and was calculated to shew forth and exhibit a graceful Person in all the possible Elegances of Movement and Attitude.

As soon as they had finished, the whole Assembly could scarce refrain from breaking forth in loud Plaudits, as at the public Theatre; and a Humming of mixed Voices and patting Feet was heard throughout.

When *Harry* had led the Princess to her Seat, and left her with a Bow of the most expressive Respect, He looked about for some Lady whom he might choose in Succession; and, spying Lady *Louisa Bottom* at the opposite Side, he stepped toward her, and, bending, gracefully offered to lead her forth.

She gave him her Hand, tremblingly, and whispered, as she rose, You are a great Stranger, Sir, but we deserve you should be so, since we did not treat you with the Respect that your Merit should have.

have commanded. That, Madam, answered *Harry*, is not wholly the Cause of my Distance ; but, there are Persons whose Loveliness is more formidable to me, than an Arrangement of sabred Hussars with their fierce looking Mustaches.

Harry had no sooner said this than his Heart smote him with Remorse ; for, though *Louisa* was indeed lovely, and that he felt for her the Propensities and Tenderness of a Brother ; yet, She was not of that Species of Beauty that was formed to fix his Heart : And he secretly reproached himself for having attempted to raise the Vanity, or draw the Affections of an innocent Girl, with no further View than of making a Parade of his own Talents ; a Measure, he justly judged, unbecoming a Man of a Spark of Honour or Integrity.

When *Harry* had finished, and left *Louisa* on the Floor ; the Master of the Ceremonies honoured Sir *William Thornbill* with her Hand ; and, after four or five more Minuets by the younger Folk, the Parties were appointed and paired for Country Dances ; except young Lord *Bottom*, who refused to step forth, and sat apart, ruminating and feeding on his own Cogitations.

The Princess and our Hero. led up the Dance, and *Louisa* and Sir *William* were appointed

appointed the next in Course, in order to do the principal Honours to the two young Strangers.

As soon as the Dances were ended, and that All had mixed, and chatted, and roved about awhile, *Harry* observed Sir *William* coming toward him in a little Fluster. What is the Matter, my Friend, says *Harry*, pray what has discomposed you? — Tell me, my dear *Harry*, that Jackanapes in the Blue and Gold, do you know who he is? I protest, had it not been for the Respect I owe the Presence, I would have chastised him on the Spot. The Dance was no sooner done, than he came up with a most provoking Sauciness in his Look. I wonder, Sir, said he, at the Insolence of One of your Rank; you ought to have had more Modesty than to suffer yourself to be paired with a Lady so far above You.

O, cried *Harry*, taking Sir *William* very lovingly under the Arm, pass this Matter over, my sweet Friend, I beseech you. That is young Lord *Bottom*, the very Person who, I'm pretty confident, contrived the honour of the *Pasquinade* on my Back this Day. But, he is Brother to the sweet Girl with whom you danced. For her Sake, for my Sake, forgive him, I entreat you; but, above all, forgive him for the Sake of his

his dear Father the Earl of *Mansfield*, One of the noblest Nobles, and One of the worthiest Men that ever stept on *English* Ground. He has been, these two Years past, abroad upon an Embassy; and, while he is promoting the Interests of the Public, has left his own Household unchastened and unguided.

Here, the Converse of the Friends was suddenly broken off. The Master of the Ceremonies came and, tapping *Harry* on the Shoulder, told him that the Queen desired to speak with him.

When he had, with a lowly Reverence, advanced to the Throne; You are, said the Queen, the most accomplished Cavalier that ever I beheld; and, had I sufficient Youth and Beauty, I would choose You for my Knight to bear my Fame through the World. I would rather, said *Harry*, that your Majesty would employ me on some more dangerous Enterprize. How is that, said the Queen? Why, answered *Harry*, your Majesty's Champion could have little or nothing to do, as All would willingly acknowledge the Justice of his Cause.

You are, cryed the Queen, the loveliest and the sweetest Fellow I ever knew. My Eye has followed you all along, and marked You

You for my Own, and I must either beg or steal You from our good Friend your Father. I, therefore, want no Token to put me in mind of You, but You may want some Token to keep your Friends in your Memory. Here are two Pictures; the One is the Portrait of our Master and sovereign Lord, justly enriched with Diamonds to the value of some Thousands. The Other is the Picture of the Woman who sits before you, lowly, simple, and unadorned; choose which you please.

Give me the plain Picture, cried *Harry*, with a kind of Rapture, it shall henceforth become my Riches and my Ornament.

So saying, he bent his Knee, and, taking the little Portrait, he pressed it to his Lips with the Ardour of an ancient Lover in Romance. Then, putting it into his Bosom, he gracefully rose; made three retiring Bows, and went from the Presence.

O, The Fool, the egregious Fool! muttered Some. Nobly, most nobly done, cried Others!

As *Harry* was following the Earl of *Portland* through the Palace-Gate, Lord *Bottom* came up with the Crowd and, in a half Whisper, said; You are too great a Man
to

to Day, Sir, to acknowledge your old Acquaintance. But not so great a Fool, retorted *Harry*, as not to be taught my Distance with Those who, like Lord *Bottom*, have a Right to look down upon me.

After a short but sound Sleep, *Harry* hurried Home to prepare for the Reception of his new Friend. He told Mr. *Fenton* that Sir *William* was returned; how he had been obligingly made known to him in the forementioned Instance of his Humanity to a Stranger; and that he had promised to be with them that Morning. But, pray Sir, don't tell *Homely* a Word of the coming of his Landlord, till we place them, as it were by Surprize, Face to Face.

In about an Hour after, a Chaise and Four came rapidly to the Door; and *Harry* instantly sprung out, and caught his Friend in his Arms before he came to the Ground.

The two Friends entered the Parlour, caressing and caressed, and casting Looks of cordial Love and Delight on Each-Other. My Father, Sir, said *Harry*, and led Sir *William* by the Hand to Mr. *Fenton*, who received him with a Countenance of that Heart-speaking Complaisance, which never fails to attach the Soul of the Person to whom it is directed. Ah, my *Harry*, cried Sir *William*, I no longer wonder at
You;

You, I see that You are All, that you are, by Inheritance.

But Sir, continued he, You had like to have lost your Son, last Night. Their Majesties were most unwilling to quit their Hold of him, and, I believe in my Soul, would willingly have adopted him the Heir of their Crown. I should be very sorry, Sir *William*, replied Mr. *Fenton*, to see a Circle about his Head, that would give him an aching Heart. I am sure that is the Case with the present royal Proprietors. In a limited Monarchy like ours, the Station of the Prince is looked upon with a malignant Eye by the Envious, and, at the same Time, rendered uneasy by the perpetual Contests, between Rights and Privileges, on the one Part, and Prerogative on the Other.

Moreover, Sir *William*, I shall never wish to see One, of my Child's Disposition, on the Throne of *Great-Britain*. I should be jealous of such a Person, in Behalf of my Country. No People could be more tenacious of their Liberties than the *Swedes*, till *Gustavus*, the Son of *Eric*, ascended the Throne. His Manners were so amiable, his Virtues so conspicuous, his Government so just, and he made so popular a Use of all his Powers, that his Subjects thought they

they could never commit enough into his Hands. But, what was the Consequence? His Successors made his Power a Precedent for their Own, without attending to the Precedent of his Administration.

Thus, you see, that a Prince, of Qualities eminently popular, might prove of dangerous Tendency to a free People, forasmuch as he might charm the Eyes of their Jealousy to sleep, and so seduce them from that Guard, which is ever necessary to preclude the Encroachments of Ambition.

But, Sir *William*, may we not order your Horses up? You must not think of going till you take a plain Dinner with us. A Supper too, Sir, most joyfully, answered the Knight. I leave *London* in the Morning, on a certain Expedition, and shall not have the Pleasure of embracing you again, for some time.

Here the Bell was rung, and the Cattle and Carriage disposed of. When Mr. *Fenton* thus addressed the Baronet, with a Smile. Our *Harry* here, Sir *William*, never saw a Court, before; it is natural therefore to think that he must have been greatly amused, and his young Heart deceived by the Splendor and Parade. But you have seen, and observed upon many Courts, of

late; pray what do you think of the Entertainment they afford?

As of the dullest of all dull Farces, answered the Knight. All the Courts that I have seen are nearly of the same Cast. Conceive to yourself, Sir, a Stage or Theatre of Comedians, without Auditors or Spectators. They are All Actors and all Act, nearly, the same Part, of solemn Complaisance and nauseous Grimace. Each intends to impose, and yet no One is imposed upon; where Professions are taken to imply the very Reverse of what they express.

What do you say to this, *Harry*, says Mr. *Fenton*? I have very little to say, Sir, in favour of the Actors, but the Actresses, as I take it, afford better Entertainment. Here, Sir *William* and Mr. *Fenton*, laughed; and *Harry*, upon a Wink, stepped out to bring in *Homely*, as it were by stealth.

Sir *William*, said Mr. *Fenton*, there is a Man come to this House, who once saved my Life at the risque of his Own. It is a great many Years ago, and I have not seen him since the Action, till very lately. I have sent *Harry* for him, that you may learn the Particulars, and advise with me what Recompense he ought to receive.

If

If the Recompense is to be proportioned to the Value of the Life he saved, my honoured Sir, I should not know where to fix the Bounds of Retribution. And in Truth, Mr. *Fenton*, from my Knowledge of you this Day, I also hold myself very highly his Debtor.

At this Instant *Harry* led in *Homely* by the Hand, and left him standing directly opposite to the Baronet.

Homely gazed with all his Eyes, and stood mute through Astonishment. — At length he exclaimed, Bless me! — Mercy upon me! — as sure as I hope for Heaven, — it is — I think it is, my dear young Master!

Sir *William*, at the Voice, lifted up his Eyes to *Homely*, and, remembering his marked Man, rose quickly and, springing forward, embraced him with much familiar Affection; while Mr. *Fenton* sat, and his *Harry* stood beside him, Both rapt in their own delicious Sensibilities.

My dear *Homely*, my old Companion and brother Sportsman! cried Sir *William*, how in the World comes this about? so joyfully, so unexpectedly to meet you here! — How is your Wife, and pretty Babes? I hope you left All well at Home.

Yes, please your Honour, they are All well, wonderfully well in this House, I assure you; for, indeed, your *Homely* has no other Home upon Earth.

What you tell me is quite astonishing, replied the Knight; no Home for you within the Manor and Demesne of your Friend? What Misfortunes, what Revolutions could bring this Wonder to pass?

Sit down, said Mr. *Fenton*, pray be seated Mr. *Homely*, and give your Lord a succinct but deliberate Account of the inimitable Pair, Sir *Freestone* and his Coadjutor.

As soon as *Homely* had told his Tale, from the Commencement of his Distresses to his Arrival at the Hovel, he stopped short and said—I have something more to impart,—but I hope your Honour will pardon me,—I am loth to deprive your Friends of your Company; but then my *Peggy* and my Boys will be so transported to see your dear Face again, that I can't but beseech you to indulge them, a Minute or two, with that Blessing.

Sir *William* rose, with a troubled Humanity in his Countenance, and followed to a back Apartment, where *Homely* again stopped him short; and, before he would take him to his *Peggy*, he there gave him
a minute

a minute Detail of all his Obligations to what he called this wonderful Family. But, pray Sir, continued he, let them know very little of what I have told you, for nothing puts them to so much pain, as any kind of Acknowledgments.

After a short Visit to *Peggy* and her Children, Sir *William* returned to his Friends, with such an inward Awe and Veneration for their Characters as, for a while, sunk his Spirits and solemnized his Features. This poor Man, Sir, said he, has been miserably treated; but God has been exceedingly gracious to him, in casting the Shipwreckt Wretch on such a happy Shore as this. But this makes no Discharge of any Part of my Duty toward him.

Mark me, *Homely*, I am now of Age, and Lord *Lechmore* has no further Authority in my Affairs; wherefore, before I leave this House, I will give you a Letter of Attorney for the whole Agency of the Manor. Thank your Honour, thank your Honour, cried *Homely*, in a Kind of Transport! if I do not prove as faithful to you as Another. I will do you Justice on myself with the first Rope I can lay hold on.

As for that Reprobate *Snack*, continued the Knight, I will take Care to be up with him. He owes the Executors of my Fa-

ther six hundred and seventy Pounds. I will have that Matter put directly in Suit, and, as soon as it is recovered, it shall be laid out on a Commission for your Son, my Friend *Tom*; as I do not choose yet to ask any Favour from the Ministry. Lastly, that you may no more be distressed for Rent, I will never accept a Penny of it, till all your Children are decently and competently provided for.

O Sir, exclaimed *Homely*, I shall be too rich, quite overburdened; I shall not know where to lay my Treasures. Not so fast, my good Friend, replied Sir *William*, smiling; you have not heard of the Draw-back that I propose to have upon you. Whenever I reside in the Country, You are to have a hot Dish, ay and a cool Hogshead too, ready for me and my Company. Agreed, Sir, cried *Homely*, provided I may have the Liberty, during your Absence, to drink your Honour's Health out of that same Hogshead. — A just Reserve, said *Harry*, laughing. — And full as grateful as it is jovial, cried Mr. *Fenton*. — Why, Gentlemen, rejoined *Homely*, a Man of Spirit would scorn to accept such Benefits, without making Conditions.

After twelve o'Clock at Night, and an affectionate and tender Adieu, Sir *William* set out by Moon-light for *London*.

The

The two following Days, were employed in preparing for *Homely's* Departure; and a Coach and Four, with a Chaise, were provided for the Conveyance of him and his Family.

The Night before their parting, Mr. *Fenton* desired that *Homely* and his Wife should be sent to him to his Closet. As soon as they entered, he closed the Door. My dear Friends, said he, I may not be up in the Morning to take a timely Leave of you, it may do as well to go through that melancholy Office to Night. — Here, Mrs. *Homely*, here is some little Matter, apiece, toward beginning a Fortune for your three pretty Daughters. Pray, *Homely*, take Care to have it disposed of for them upon good Securities. Here he put three Orders, upon his Banker, into *Peggy's* Hand, Each consisting of the Value of five hundred Pieces. Then, turning to *Homely*, and taking him straitly in his Arms, God be with you and your dear *Peggy*, my *Homely*, he cried, and give us All a blessed Meeting where Friends shall part no more!

The distressed *Home'y* was past utterance; but disengaging, and flinging himself at the Feet of his Patron, while *Peggy* kept on her Knees weeping and sobbing beside him; O, he cried, at length, Next to my God, O, next to my Lord

and my God!—My Lord, and my Master, my Master and my Lord!

The next Morning, before Sun-rise, *Harry* was up, and, going to *Homely's* Apartment, embraced him and his Wife. He then kissed and caressed all the Girls and Boys, round, and gave to each of them a Gold Medal to keep him in their Remembrance.

They then adjourned to the Hall, where they found already gathered, Mr. and Mrs. *Clement* with their little *Dicky*, Mr. *James*, *Frank*, *Andrew* and *George*, with Mrs. *Hannab*, *Susan*, and *Sarab*, &c; all deploring the Departure of their beloved Guests. The Carriages were at the Door, and Time pressed, when *Homely* and his *Peggy*, with open Arms, trembling Lips, and swelling Eyes, began to take their Leave. Then *Homely* cried aloud, God be with you, God be with you; never, never, till I get to Heaven, shall I meet with such another dear Assembly! All then broke aloud into Tears, and Sobblings; while *Homely* took his weeping *Peggy* by the Hand; and breaking forth, with a heavy Heart, placed her and his Family in the Carriages: And away they went, though in opulent Circumstances, yet with much more oppressed Spirits, than when they arrived.

Mr.

Mr. *Fenton* now judged it time to forward his *Harry's* Education, especially with respect to his Knowledge of the World, of the Views, Pleasures, Manners, Bents, Employments, and Characters of Mankind.

For this Purpose he proposed to leave *Arabella* sole Regent of his Family. And, for a few Weeks, to stay with *Clement* and *Harry* in *London*, there to shew him whatever might gratify his Curiosity or merit his Inspection.

While the Coach was in waiting, and they All stood on the Hill, the great City being extended in ample View beneath them, Mr. *Fenton* exclaimed: "O! *London*, *London*, thou Mausoleum of dead Souls, how pleasant art thou to the Eye, how beautiful in outward Prospect! but within how full of Rottenness and reeking Abominations! Thy Dealers are all Students in the Mystery of Iniquity, of Fraud and Imposition on Ignorance and Credulity. Thy public Offices are hourly exercised in Exactions and Extortion. Thy Courts of Judicature are busied in the Sale, the Delay, or Perversion of Justice, they are shut to the Injured and Indigent, but open to the wealthy Pleas of the Invader and Oppressor. Thy Magistracy is often employed in secretly countenancing and abetting the Breach of those Laws it was instituted

to maintain. Thy Charities, subscribed for the Support of the Poor, are lavished by the Trustees in pampering the Rich, where Drunkenness swallows till it wallows, and Gluttony stuffs till it pants, and unbuttons and stuffs again. Even the Great Ones of thy Court have audaciously smiled away the Gloom and Horrors of Guilt, and refined, as it were, all the Grossness thereof, by new inverting Terms and palliating Phrases. While the Millions that crowd and hurry through thy Streets, are universally occupied in striving and struggling, to rise by the Fall, to fatten by the Leanness, and to thrive by the Ruin of their Fellows. Thy Offences are rank, they steam and cloud the Face of Heaven. The Gulph also is hollow beneath, that is one Day to receive thee. But the Measure of thy Abominations is not yet full; and the Number of thy Righteous hath hitherto exceeded the Proportion that was found in the first *Sodom*."

That Evening they went to the Opera, where *Harry* was so captivated by the sentimental Meltings and varied Harmony of the *Airs*, that he requested Mr. *Fenton* to permit him to be instructed on some Instrument. Not by my Advice, my Dear, answered Mr. *Fenton*, I would not wish you to attempt any thing in which you may not excel. Music is a Science, that requires
the

the Application of a Man's whole Life in order to arrive at any Eminence. As it is enchanting in the Hand of a Master, it is also discordant and grateing in its inferior Degrees. Your Labours have been employed to much more valuable Purposes; and I would not, as they say, give my Child's Time for a Song. *Harry* instantly acquiesced, with the best Temper imaginable; as the Will of his beloved Patron was, truely speaking, his own Will; and that he only wanted to know it, to be at all Times, and on all Occasions, conformable thereto.

A few following Days were employed in visiting the Tower, in surveying the Armory, Regalia, &c. in viewing the royal Beasts, the Monument, and Exchange; and lastly, in contemplating the Solemnity of *Westminster* Pile, with the marbled Effigies and monumental Deposits of the Renowned in Death; the Place, as *Mr. Fenton* affectingly observed, to which all the Living must finally adjourn.

The next Night they went to the Theatre, to see the Feats of Signor *Volanti*, the celebrated *Italian* Posturemaster, Ropedancer and Equilibrist. Such Wonders are now so common as to be scarce entertaining; but, at that Time, they were received with Bursts and Roars of Applause.

Our

Our Hero felt himself attached, by the similar Excellences of his own Activity in Another; and, going behind the Scenes, he accosted *Volanti* in *French*. Signor, said he, I have been highly entertained by your Performance this Night, and here are five Guineas in return of the Pleasure you have given me. The Foreigner looked at *Harry*, and then at the Money, with a kind of Astonishment. I thank you, noble Sir, he cried, my poor Endeavours are seldom so liberally rewarded. Pray, how long do you stay with us? In about a Fortnight, so please your Nobleness, I intend to leave *London*. But, before I go, I would do something to leave a Name behind me. A Day or two before my Departure, I will fly from the Spire of Saint *Clement's* Church, in the Sight of all the People; and this I will do *gratis*, or rather in Acknowledgment of the Favours I have received in this Kingdom. But is it possible to execute what you propose? With all Ease and Safety, Sir, I have done nearly as much, three Times in *Germany*, and once at *Madrid*.

Here an arch Thought struck *Harry*, and, musing a Moment, will you permit me, said he, to be the Conductor of this Affair? Allow me only to appoint the Day and draw up your Advertisement, and I will

will make you a Present of twenty Pieces. Agreed, Sir, cried *Volanti*, and twenty thousand Thanks to confirm the Bargain. Accept these five Guineas then, in Earnest of my Engagement; my Servant, here, will tell or shew you where I am to be found.

That Night, at Supper, Mr. *Fenton* remarked an unusual Pleasantry in the Muscles of his Darling's sweetly sober Countenance. My *Harry* I find, said he, does not always impart all his Secrets to his Friends; he has certainly some roguish Matter in Cogitation. *Magicum calles*, Sir, cried *Harry*, You are a Conjuror, that's certain. Why, the Public, as you know, Sir, have put the Fool on me from my Birth; *Homer* says that Revenge is sweet as Honey to the Taste; and so I am meditating in turn how to put the Fool upon the Public. And how do you contrive it, *Harry*? only by acting the old Proverb, that, *one Fool makes Many*. But pray ask me not about the Manner, till I bring the Business to some Bearing.

The next Day, being *Thursday*, they All went, in Mr. *Fenton's* Coach, to *Smithfield*, where Numbers of Tents were set up, and several Drolls and Pantomimes, &c. prepared, in Imitation of the Humours of *Bartbolemew Fair*. The Weather was
fair

fair and calm, and they let down all the Glasses, that they might see, without Interruption, whatever was to be seen.

Their Coach stopped just opposite to an itinerant Stage, where a Genius, who comprised, within his single Person, the two important Functions of a Tumbler and Merry-Andrew, by his successive Action and Oratory, extorted Plaudits and Huzzas from all the Spectators.

Among the rest, a Countryman, who rode upon a Mule, sat gaping and grinning, by Intervals, in all the extatic Rapture that can be ascribed to Enthusiasm. While his Attention was thus rivetted, two knavish Wags came, and, ungirthing his Saddle, supported it on either hand, till a Third of the Fraternity led his Mule away from under him, and a Fourth came with a three legged Horse, such as Housewives dry their Linnen on, and, having jamm'd it under the Saddle, they all retreated in Peace.

The Populace were so delighted at this humorous Act of Felony, that, instead of interrupting it, it only served to redouble their Joys and Clamours. *Harry*, too, greatly chuckled and laughed at the Joke. But, when he saw the Beast led off, and that

that the amazed Proprietor, on stooping to take the Bridle, had fallen precipitately to the Ground, his Heart twitched him with a Kind of Compunction, and, throwing himself out at the Coach Window, he made all the Speed that the Prefs would admit, and, recovering the Mule, brought it back to its Owner.

Here, Friend, said he, here is your Beast again, take Care the next time that they don't steal your Teeth. Thank you, Master, said the Clown, since you have been so honest as to give him to me back, I will never be the One to bring you to Sizes or Sessions. I am much obliged to your Clemency, answered *Harry*, but pray let me have the Pleasure of seeing you safe mounted. So saying he held the Stirrup, while the Booby got up and said, Well, my Lad, very well, if we happen to meet at *Croydon*, we may take a Pot together.

Mr. *Fenton* beheld and contemplated this whole Scene with all the cordial Gratifications that the Heart of Man could feel; and laughing, as his Favourite entered the Coach, my honest Friend, said he, your Officiousness might have brought us All into a Scrape; for, had you been given in Charge to the Constable, you would probably have applied to your Companions for Bail. I don't think, Sir, said *Clement*, that
the

the Action would have been bailable, neither could we deny that we saw the stolen Beast in his Custody. In Truth, Gentlemen, said *Harry*, I partly begin to be of Mr. *Veer's* Opinion, that the Peasantry of *England* are the most boorish and insensible of all the human Species.

In the Evening, they adjourn'd from Coffee to David's Harp in *Fleetstreet*, in order to hear *Marmulet* the famed *Genoesse* Musician, who performed on the Psaltery, the Viol d'Amor, and other Instruments not known till then in *England*.

They took Mr. *James* with them, to partake of the Entertainment, and were shewn to a large Room, where Each pay'd Half a Crown at the Door.

The Room was divided into a Number of Boxes, where each Company sat apart, while they were jointly gratified and charmed by the inimitable Execution of the Musician.

A Flask of Burgundy was set before Mr. *Fenton* and his Friends, while Mr. *Hardy* and Mr. *Hilton*, who sat in the next Box, were regaling themselves with a Flask of *Rosa Solis*.

All was Silence and Attention till there was a Pause in the Performance. Then, said Mr. *Hardy*, do you know, *Jack*, that the Earl of *Albemarle* is to have a Masque on *Monday Night*? I am sorry to hear it, said Mr. *Hilton*, as I am obliged to be out of Town. I may happen to save something by that, said *Hardy*, you must lend me your Domino. Indeed, I cannot, it was torn to Fritters in a Scuffle as I came out from the last Masquerade. Lend me your Masque then. That, too, was lost at the same time, but what occasion can you have for a Masque, *Hardy*? I am sure no One will take that for a natural Face. Mine is the Face of *Mars*, *Hilton*, yours that of *Adonis*, with which no Modern *Venus* will ever be smitten, I promise you. I will engage to outrival an Army of such Jackanapes in an Assault on the Fair. If Impudence may compensate for the Want of other Artillery, I believe you may do Wonders, *Hardy*. And it does compensate, my Friend. Women, take my Word and Experience for it, love nothing of their own Resemblance, except in the Glass. They detest any thing that looks like an Ambiguity in the Sex. While what you are pleased to call Impudence, *Jack*, spares their Modesty, saves them the Appearance of an Advance on their Part, and gives them

them the Pleasure of piquing themselves on their extraordinary Virtue, in Case they should happen to make a Defence. However, since you have complimented me, on my Assurance, I will put it to the Test on this Occasion; and go to his Excellency's Ball, without any other Vizard save this which Nature, in her great Bounty, hath bestowed.

When our Company were on the Return to their Lodgings, *Harry*, said Mr. *Fenton*, would you not like to go to this Masquerade? Why, Sir, as I have not yet seen One, perhaps it might not be amiss to satisfy my Curiosity for once in my Life. In Truth, said Mr. *Fenton*, I wish they never had been introduced into this Kingdom, as they are Inlets to Intrigue, and give Countenance to Licentiousness. However, for once in your Life, as you say, you shall be gratified, my *Harry*. Be pleased to tell me, Sir, are they very entertaining? They would be extremely diverting, my Dear, if People acted up to the Characters that they pretend to represent. But, on the contrary, they have Sailors who don't know a Point in the Compass or the Name of a Rope in the Ship. Shepherds and Shepherdesses who never eloped from the cockney Dialect of the City. Indian Queens who can say nothing as to their Subjects

Subjects or their Sovereignty. Gods and Goddesses totally ignorant of their own History in the Mythology. And *Italian* Cardinals who will swear you in the Phrase of a *Yorkshire* Foxhunter.

But, what shall we do for Tickets, *Harry*? I don't care to apply to my Friends, for Fear of discovering that we are in Town. O Sir, said Mr. *James*, I am acquainted with his Excellency's Major Domo, and can procure you as many Tickets as You please.

Mr. *Fenton* assumed to himself, for the present, the Appointment of *Harry's* Character and Dress. As the Plainness of your Garb has hitherto, said he, been a Masque and Disguise to your internal Ornaments; the Brilliancy of your Dress shall now, on the other Hand, disguise and conceal the Simplicity of your Manners.

About two Hours before the Opening of the Ball, *Harry* wrapped himself in a Cloak of black Bays, and stepped into a hackney Coach with Mr. *James*, who had promised to introduce him to his Friend Mr. *Dominic*, in order for him to reconnoitre the several Scenes of Operation before the Action began.

The

The Major Domo received *Harry* with the utmost Complacence; for he held his Masque in his Hand, and the Loveliness of his Aspect shone with peculiar Lustre through the Blackness of his Attire.

After surveying several Apartments, they passed through the long Room and entered, by an arched Gateway, into a Kind of Saloon, at the upper End of which was a Pedestal of about five Feet in height, whereon a celebrated Statue of the *Hercules Farnese* had formerly stood.

Harry eyed it attentively and, conceiving a sudden Frolic, he instantly cast away his Cloak, clapped on his Mask and winged Helmet, grasped his Caduceus with his Right, and, laying his Left on the Top of the Pedestal, sprang lightly up; and threw himself into that Attitude, to which the Statuaries have formed their *Mercury*, when just prepared for flight,

His Headpiece was of thinly plated but polished Gold, buckled together at the joining by four burning Carbuncles. His Jacket was of Genoa Silk, died in Ultra Marine, exceeding the Tint of an Egyptian Sky. It was braced close to his Body with Emerald Clasps, that shewed the Fineness of his Proportion to inimitable Advantage, and
over

over the Whole, in celestial Confusion,
were sown Stars, of different Magnitudes,
All powdered with Diamonds.

The Moment that *Harry* cast himself into his Posture, Mr. *Dominic* started back seven or eight Paces, and, raising his Hands, with staring Eyes, and a Mouth of open Amazement, at length he exclaimed; Stay a little, my dear sweet Master! do now, do but stay just as you are for a Minute, and you will oblige me past Expression, I will be your Own for ever.

So saying, he turned off, and running to an adjacent Apartment, where their Majesties, with the Princess of *Denmark*, the Princess of *Hesse*, and the Chief of the Court were gathered, he told his Master aloud, that he had the greatest Curiosity to shew him that human Eye ever beheld.

All rose with Precipitation, and crowded after the Earl and the royal Pair, as close as Decency would admit, till they came to the Saloon and beheld, with Astonishment, the Person, Shape, Attitude, and Attire of our Hero.

Some doubted, but Most believed that he was a real Statue, placed there by his Excellency on Purpose for a Surprise. Sir
Fielding,

Fielding, who was the acknowledged Connoisseur of the Age, and was, in Fact, what the People of taste call an *elegans Formarum Spectator*, exclaimed with some Vehemency, Never, never, did I behold such Beauty of Symmetry, such Roundings of Angles; where, where, my Lord, could you get this inestimable Acquisition? Others cryed, *Phidias*, *Phidias* never executed the like; all the Works of *Praxiteles* were nothing to it!

The Earl, however, was well apprised of the Deception, and knew that our *Mercury* was no Part of his Property. — Son of *Maia*, said he aloud, what Tidings from Heaven? — A Message, answered *Harry*, from my Father *Jupiter* to their Majesties — And pray, what may your Errand intend? — Matters of highest Importance; that they are the favourite Representatives of my Father upon Earth. And that, while their Majesties continue the Monarch of a free and willing People, they are greater than if they were Regents of a Universe of Slaves. — All buzzed their Applause and Admiration. — It must be he, whispered the King — it can be no Other, cried the Queen — *Albemarle*, whispered his Majesty, we have marked this Youth for our Own; keep your Eye upon him, and do your best Endeavours to engage and bind him to us.

In

In the mean time, *Harry*, on delivering his celestial Message, flew like a Feather from his Post, and casting his Cloak about him, vanished into an adjoining Closet.

The Company now began to gather fast, and *Harry*, stealing from his Retreat, kept his Cloud about his Sky, and mingled in the Crowd. Mr. *Clement* had accompanied Mr. *Fenton* in Dominos. They soon discovered *Harry*, and were highly diverted by the Account which he gave them of his Metamorphosis into a Statue.

While the Assembly was dividing into Pairs and chatty Parties, a Phenomenon entered that drew all their Attention. The Honourable Major *Gromley*, the lustiest and fattest young Man in the Kingdom, advanced without a Masque, in Petticoats, a slobbering Bib and Apron. He carried a large Round of Bread and Butter in one Hand, while Lady *Betsy Mnit*, an elderly Miss of about three Feet high, held his Leading Strings with her Left and, in her Right, brandished a Birch Rod of lengthened Authority. His Governante pressed him forward and seemed to threaten Chastisement for his Delay; while the jolly, broad, foolish, humourous, half laughing, half crying, Baby Face of the Major extorted

torted Peals of Laughter from All who were present. And this is sufficient to convince us that the Performers of the ancient Drama could not possibly, in Masks, excite the Passions of Nature. No Excellence of Voice or Gesture, of Action or Emphasis, could compensate for the Exclusion of the immediate Interpreters of the Soul, the living Speech of the Eye, and varied Expression of the Countenance.

After the Major had leisurely traversed the full length of the Room, and inimitably executed the Whole of his Part, he retired to undress and assume a new Appearance.

Mean while, two Females entered in very unusual Habits. The First was dressed in a choice Collection of old *English* and *Scotch* Ballads, from Chevy Chase and the Fragment of Hardy *Canute*, down to *Barbara Allen* and the Babes in the Wood. The Other was all hung from Top to Bottom with Looking-glasses.

Immediately the Crowd gathered about them. All, who were fond of their own History, preferable to that of Others, pay'd their Homage, in a circling Throng, to the Queen of the Looking-glasses. While the Few who preferred Instruction were intent in perusing the Fair who was covered with Knowledge,

Knowledge. But, the Lady of the Mirrors did not long retain her Votaries; her Glasses were all Emblems of her own Disposition, they were the Glasses of Scandal and Calumny, and represented the human Species in the most distorted View; Some lengthened and Some widened their Objects beyond Measure, while Others wholly inverted and turned them topsy turvy. All slunk away in Disgust from such Prospects of their own Persons, and the reflecting Lady was justly left to glitter apart from Society.

The next who entered was a *Goliab*, all sheathed in compleat Steel. He advanced with slow and majestic Steps to the Sideboard, and asking for a Flask of Champain, turned it down without taking it once from his Head. He then demanded Another, and Another, and so on, till the Providore, who had looked and longed in vain to see him drop, ran pannic-struck to his Master, and, in a half Whisper, said, my Lord, your Cellars will scarcely suffice to quench the Thirst of one Man here, he has already turned down fifteen Flasks of Champain, and still is unsatisfied and calls for more. Then give him fifteen Hogsheads, replied the Earl laughing, and if that will not answer, send out for another Set.

In the mean time, the mailed Champion had withdrawn from the Sideboard, and, with a large drinking Glass in his Hand, advanced till he got into the midst of the Assembly. He then turned a little Instrument that was fixed in a certain Part of his double cased Armour, and, filling the Glass to the Brim, he unclasped the lower Part of his Bever, and accosting a *Peruvian* Princess who stood just opposite, permit me the Honour, Madam, says he, of drinking your Highness's Health. So saying, the Liquor was out of Sight in a Twinkling. Will your Royal Highness, continued he, be pleased to try how you relish our European Wines? I am obliged to you, Sir, said she, I am actually athirst; then, raising her Mask below, she pledged him to the Bottom. Her Companion, a shining *Arcadian*, advanced and requested the same Favour. Then Another, and another Lady, and several Others in Succession, All of whom he graciously gratified, till he was nearly exhausted. Some of the Men then pressed to him, and entreated for a Glass; no, no, Gentlemen, said he, go and be served elsewhere, I am a Merchant for Ladies alone, I import no Liquors for vile male Animals.

Our former Acquaintance, Mr. *Hardy*, had adventured according to Promise without

out a Masque. After looking about a while for some Object of his Gallantry, he fixed upon a Lady of a very elegant Shape and sprightly Appearance.

When they had bandied, between them, some occasional Chat, of more Smartness than Humour, and more Wit than Meaning, He called for a favourite Air and led the Fair One a Minuet, in which they Both performed *assez bien*.

He now began to grow more warm in his Addresses. If your Face, Madam, said he, should happen to be answerable to the Enchantments of your Form, and the Syren in your Voice, I beseech you to keep that Mask on for ever, the Safety of Mankind is interested in my Request. But suppose, said she, that my Face should happen to prove an Antidote to the Danger of my other Charms? then, Madam, let me see it by all Means, and make haste, I pray you before I am past Remedy: I see, said she, tittering, I see that you are already more than half a dying Man; poor Wretch, I pity you, and have taken it into my Head to slay you outright, in order to put you out of Pain.

So saying, she drew her Mask on one Side, and shewed him, indeed, a very lovely Countenance. But while his Flood of com-

plimentary Eloquence was just upon breaking forth, hush, Sir, cried the Lady, I will not hear a Syllable, till you first return the Compliment that I have pay'd you, and let me see what you have got under that Vizard of yours. Here *Hardy*, in spite of Impudence, stood mute with Astonishment. The Lady burst into a Laugh; the Joke was caught and spread like wild Fire; the Laugh grew universal; all Eyes were on poor *Hardy*, and a hundred Tongues cried, at once, your Masque, Sir, your Masque, take off your Masque for the Lady! This was something more than human Assurance could stand. *Hardy* retired with precipitate Confusion; and justly suffered for the Presumption of his boasted Facility of Conquests over the Fair.

Our Hero had hitherto kept himself concealed, being secretly ashamed of the Lustre of his Apparel; but, at Mr. *Fenton's* desire he laid his Cloak aside, and, instantly, all the Eyes of the Assembly were upon him. In order to avoid their Gaze, he advanced into the Throng, where a Parcel of circling Females asked him a Number of insignificant Questions, to which he returned, in Kind, Answers pretty nearly as insignificant.

At length a *Diana* approached, whose Diamond Crescent was of the Value of a princely

princely Ransom. She took him carelessly by the Hand, and said, come, Brother *Mercury*, let us give these Mortals a Sample of what we Coelestials can perform. Lead where you please, Madam, said *Harry*, I cannot miss my Way while I tread in the Light of so fair a Moon.

The Lady called to the Orchestre for a Saraband, and All made ample Room, attentive to the Motions of the shining Pair.

The Dance began, and the Spectators in a Manner suppressed their Breathing for fear of giving or receiving the smallest Interruption. The Performers stepped Music, their Action was Grace, and they seemed with Difficulty retained to the Floor over which they moved. They ended, and the Assembly was still mute with Astonishment, till they broke out into a general Murmur of Praise.

Mr. *Mercury*, said *Diana*, the Story of *Argus* tells us that you were formerly accustomed to set Folk to sleep; but, for the present, you have opened all Eyes to Observation. Ah, Madam, answered *Harry*, could I have guessed at the Moon that was to shine this Night, I should have assumed a very different Character. What Character,

ter, I pray you? that of *Endymion*, Madam. I wish, she whispered, that You were a Prince, or that I were a Peasant, and so saying, she turned from him and mixed in the Crowd.

Harry was next addressed by a Shepherdess, and again by a Nun. But, he declined, as honourably as he could, to tend the Flock of the One; or to be the Cause of any Breach of Vows in the Other, observing to her, that she had already taken the Veil. The Boy's a Fool, said she; I know, said *Harry*.

A Gipsy then accosted, and taking him by the Hand, will you be pleased, Sir, to be told your Fortune, said she? By no Means, my sweet voiced *Cassandra*, answered *Harry*, I would avoid, above all things, prying into Futurity. Knowledge, Sir, is surely desirable, and above all Foreknowledge. Not so, said *Harry*; Foreknowledge of Evil would but double the Misery; and Foreknowledge of Good would deprive me of Hope by Certainty, and Hope is a Blessing, perhaps, preferable to Possession. Tell me, Sir, and tell me truly, did you ever yet see the Girl that you could like? Yes, Madam, two or three, for whom I have conceived a very tender Friendship, but no One yet for whom I have conceived a Passion. Ah then, Mr. *Mercury*, said the gentle

the Prophetess, I have only to desire the last Cast of your Office; when I am dead, be so grateful as to waft my friendly Spirit to the Shades of *Elysium*, there to join *Dido* and other unfortunate Lovers.

So saying She turned and retired, with a Sigh, that entered, and sunk into the Heart of our Hero.

The Company now began to depart, when the Earl of *Albemarle*, coming up to *Harry*, took him a little apart, and, throwing his Arm over his Shoulder, pressed him to him and said, my dear Fellow, you have done me signal Honour this Night; pray double the Favour to me, by letting me see you again speedily and as often as you can. For the present, you must not go till their Majesties have spoke with You. Not to Night, so please your Excellency, answered *Harry*; at all other Times, I shall be ready to attend and serve their Majesties, without any Masque.

The next Morning, Mr. *Fenton* was much surpris'd by a Visit from the great Man; Mr. *Dominic* had apprised his Master where he was to be found. During Breakfast, the Earl press'd eagerly for *Harry's* Attendance at Court, and promised every Advantage and Honour that the Crown could bestow. You must pardon

me, my Lord, said Mr. *Fenton*. I am willing to advance to You two hundred thousand Pounds more, toward his Majesties present Expedition against the *French*, whom I look upon to be our natural and salutary Enemies. They are as *Carthage* was to *Rome*, they hold us in Exercise, and keep a quarrellsome People from falling out among themselves. Indeed, my Lord, I am desirous of gratifying my royal Master with any Thing except the Sacrifice of my Child. I cannot part with him till his Education is compleated; and then, if he answers my Expectations, I doubt I may be more unwilling to part with him than ever.

In the Afternoon our Company went again to the Tower, to see as well as to hear the recent Story of the great Lion and the little Dog.

They found the Place thronged, and All were obliged to pay treble Prices, on Account of the unprecedented Novelty of the Shew; so that the Keeper, in a short Space, acquired a little Fortune.

The great Cage in the Front was occupied by a Beast who, by Way of preeminence, was called the King's Lion; and, while he traversed the Limits of his straitened

ened Dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black Spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him, and, at Times, would pretend to snarl, and bite at him; and again the noble Animal, with an Air of fond Complacence, would hold down his Head, while the little Creature licked his formidable Chops. Their History, as the Keeper related, was this:

It was customary for All, who were unable or unwilling to pay their Sixpence, to bring a Dog or Cat as an Oblation to the Beasts in lieu of Money to the Keeper. Among Others, a Fellow had caught up this pretty black Spaniel in the Streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the Cage of the great Lion. Immediately the little Animal trembled and shivered, and crouched and threw itself on its Back, and put forth its Tongue, and held up its Paws, in supplicatory Attitudes, as an Acknowledgment of superior Power and praying for Mercy. In the mean Time the lordly Brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an Eye of philosophic Inspection. He turned it over with one Paw, and then turned it with the Other; and smelled to it, and seemed desirous of courting a further Acquaintance.

The Keeper, on seeing this, brought a large Mess of his own Family-Dinner, but the Lion kept aloof and refused to eat, keeping his Eye on the Dog, and inviting him as it were to be his Taster. At length, the little Animal's Fears being something abated, and his Appetite quickened by the Smell of the Victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The Lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their Meal very lovingly together.

From this Day the strictest Friendship commenced between them, a Friendship consisting of all possible Affection and Tenderness on the Part of the Lion, and of the utmost Confidence and Boldness on the Part of the Dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the Fangs and under the Jaws of his terrible Patron.

A Gentleman, who had lost the Spaniel, and had advertised a Reward of two Guineas to the Finder, at length heard of the Adventure, and went to reclaim his Dog. You see, Sir, said the Keeper, it would be a great Pity to part such loving Friends. However, if you insist upon your Property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a Task that I
would

would not engage in for five hundred Guineas. The Gentleman rose into great Wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce, rather than have a personal Dispute with the Lion.

As Mr. *Fenton* had a Curiosity to see the two Friends eat together, he sent for twenty Pounds of boiled Beef; which was accordingly cut in Pieces and given into the Cage; when, immediately, the little Brute, whose Appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a Monopoly of the whole, and putting his Paws upon the Meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the Face of the Lion. But the generous Creature, instead of being offended by his impotent Companion, started back and seemed terrified at the Fury of his Attack, neither attempted to eat a Bit, till his Favourite had tacitly given Permission.

When they were Both gorged, the Lion stretched and turned himself and lay down in an evident Posture for Repose, but this his sportive Companion would not admit. He frisked and gamboled about him, barked at him, would now scrape and tear at his Head with his Claws, and again seize him by the Ear, and bite and pull away; while the noble Beast appeared affected by no other

other Sentiment save that of Pleasure and Complacence.

But, let us proceed to the tragic Catastrophe of this extraordinary Story; a Story still known to Many, as delivered down by Tradition from Father to Son.

In about twelve Months, the little Spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving Patron the most desolate of Creatures. For a time, the Lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his Favourite was asleep. He would continue to smell to him, and then would stir him with his Nose, and turn him over with his Paw; but, finding that all his Efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his Cage from End to End at a swift and uneasy Pace, then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping Regard; and again lift his Head on high, and open his horrible Throat, and prolong a Roar, as of distant Thunder, for several Minutes together.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the Carcase from him, he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The Keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with a Variety of Victuals, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living
I Dogs

Dogs into his Cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their Members on the Floor. His Passions being thus inflamed, he would dart his Fangs into the Boards and pluck away large Splinters, and again grapple at the Bars of his Cage, and seem enraged at his Restraint from tearing the World to Pieces.

Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the Remains of his beloved Associate, and gather him in with his Paws, and put him to his Bosom; and then utter under Roars of such a terrible Melancholy, as seemed to threaten All around, for the Loss of his little Playfellow, the only Friend, the only Companion that he had upon Earth.

For five Days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any Sustenance, or admitting any Comfort; till one Morning, he was found dead, with his Head lovingly reclined on the Carcase of his little Friend. They were Both interred together, and their Grave plentifully watered by the Tears of the Keeper and his loudly lamenting Family. — But, to return.

When our Company were on their Way from the Tower to their Lodgings, Sir, said *Harry*, what we have just seen reminds

minds me of the Opinion of my Friend *Peter Patience*, that One who is fearless cannot be provoked. You saw how that little teasing, petulant Wretch had the Insolence to fly in the Face of his Benefactor, without offending or exciting in him any Kind of Resentment. True, *Harry*, for the Lion was sensible that his testy Companion was little, and impotent, and depended upon him, and had Confidence in his Clemency, and therefore he loved him with all his Faults. Anger, however, in some Cases, is not only allowable but becomes a Duty. The Scripture says, *be angry but sin not*. We ought to feel and fear for Others; and Lust, Violence, and Oppression of every Sort, will excite the Indignation of a generous and benevolent Person, though he may not fear for himself.

After Supper, *Harry* appeared to ruminate, and said, How comes it, Sir, that Creatures, not indued with Reason or Conscience, shall yet, in the Affections that are peculiarly called humane, exceed even most of the human Species? You have seen that it was the Case between the Lion and little Dog.

It was the Opinion, my *Harry*, of an ancient Philosopher, that God was the Soul and Spirit of Brutes; and this he judged from

from observing that what we call Instinct, was incomparably wiser, more sagacious, and more accomplished for attaining its Ends, throughout its Sphere of Action, than the most perfect human Reason. Now, had this Philosopher, instead of saying that God was the Soul of Brutes, barely alledged that he ruled and dictated within them, he would not have gone a Tittle wide of the Truth.

God indeed is, himself, the Beauty and the Benefit of all his Works. As they cannot exist but in him and by him, so his Impression is upon them, and his Impregnation is through them.

Though the Elements, and all that we know of Nature and Creature, have a Mixture of natural and physical Evil; God is, however, throughout, an internal, though often, a hidden Principal of Good, and never wholly departs from his Right of Dominion and Operation in his Creatures: But is, and is alone, the Beauty and Beneficence, the whole Glory and Graciousness that can possibly be in them.

As the Apostle says, *the invisible Things of God are made manifest and visible by the Things that are seen.* He is the secret and central Light that kindles up the Sun, his dazzling Representative, and he lives, enlightens,

lightens, and comforts in the Diffusion of his Beams.

His Spirit inspires and actuates the Air; and is, in it, a Breath of Life to all his Creatures. He blooms in the Blossom, and unfolds in the Rose. He is Fragrance in Flowers, and Flavour in Fruits. He holds Infinitude within a Speck, and opens his World of Wonders in the Minims of Nature. He is the Virtue of every Heart that is softened by a Sense of Pity or Touch of Benevolence. He coos in the Turtle, and bleats in the Lamb; and, through the Paps of the stern Bear and implacable Tygress, he yields forth the Milk of loving Kindness to their little Ones. Even, my *Harry*, when we hear the delicious Enchantment of Music; it is but an external Sketch, a distant and faint Echo of those sentimental and rapturous Tuneings that rise up, throughout the Immensity of our God, from Eternity to Eternity.

Thus all Things are secretly pregnant with their God. And the Lover of Sinners, the universal Redeemer, is a Principle of Good within them, that contends with the Malignity of their lapsed State. And thus, as the Apostle speaks, *all Nature is in Travail and groaneth to be delivered from the Evil.* 'Till the Breath of the Love of God shall kindle up the final Fire, out
of

of which the new Heavens and new Earth shall come forth, as Gold seven times refined, to shine for ever and ever!

HARRY, agreeable to his Covenant with Signor *Volanti*, had penned the following Advertisement, and inserted it in all the public Papers, to wit. — “ On *Saturday* “ next, between the Hours of Ten and “ Twelve in the Forenoon, the celebrated “ *Dominico Jacobino Tonino Volanti* will “ take his Flight from the Spire of *Clement’s* Steeple, and alight, at the Distance of two Bows shot, on the *Strand*, “ and this he will perform before the Eyes “ of all People.”

On the impatiently expected Morning, *Harry* took Mr. *Clement* with him in a hack Chaise, and found an innumerable Concourse, as well of the Gentry in their Coaches, as of the Populace on Foot. *London* had poured forth its Numbers to behold this astonishing Flight. The Windows were all Eyes on every Side, and the House Tops were hung with Clusters of People as of Bees.

After *Harry* had surveyed the Crowd, with inward Titillation, he whispered to *Clement* and said, You shall see now, what a sudden Discomfiture I will make of this huge Army.

He

He then put forth his Head, and said to All around, Don't Ye yet perceive, my Friends, what Fools we are all made, don't ye remember that this is the *First of April?*

He had scarce spoke the Words, when they spread from Man to Man, and soon were muttered throughout the Assembly. And then louder, and more loud, the *First of April, the First of April*, was repeated all about.

The Company now began to be in Motion. All Heads were instantly withdrawn from the late thronged Windows, and the House Tops began to be cleared with a shameful Caution.

Immediately was hear'd the rolling of many Wheels, and the Lashing of many Whips, while every Coachman pressed through the Crowd, impatient to deliver his honourable Freight from the public Shame. But the Populace, now, began to relish a Joke that was so much against their Betters; and, in Peals of Laughter, and united Shouts of Triumph, they echoed and reechoed after them, *April Fools! April Fools!*

Among

Among Others, Lord *Bottom*, had come with his Friend *Rakely*, in an elevated Phaeton, of which his Lordship was Charrioteer. As they happened to brush close by *Harry's* Carriage, swearing, and puffing, and lashing, and cursing at the Crowd, *Harry* cried to his old Enemy, you need not be in so violent a Hurry, my Lord, perhaps you are not so great a Fool as you imagine.

The Fools of Fashion were scarce withdrawn, when a long and strong Rope was let down from the Top of the Steeple, to which it was fastened at the upper End. A Man then, laying hold on it below, dragged it along through the Crowd, and braced it, at a great Distance, to an Iron Ring that was stapled into a Post, purposely sunk on a level with the Pavement. They then brought a large and well stuffed Feather Bed, and fixed it under the Cord where it joined the Ring.

In the mean time, *Volanti* appeared on the Top of the Steeple, and bending cautiously forward, and getting the Cord within an Iron Groove that was braced to his Bosom, he pushed himself onward, and, with a kindling Rapidity, flew over the Heads of the shouting Multitude, poising himself with expanded Legs and Arms, as he

he passed, till he was landed, without Damage, on his yielding Receiver. And, in the very next Papers, *Harry* published the following Advertisement, to wit.

“ Before the First of *April* next, Signor *Dominico Jacobino Tonino Volanti*, by the Help of Canvas Wings, contrived for the Purpose, proposes to fly over Sea, from *Dover* to *Calais*, and invites all his *London* Friends to come and see him set out.”

On the Evening of the following *Monday*, our Company went to the King's Theatre, and Mr. *Clement* told Mr. *Fenton*, by the Way, how *Harry* had made double Fools of the Citizens, first in bringing them together, and then in sending them away.

The Moor of *Venice* was the appointed Entertainment for the Night. Mr. *Montfort* was to perform the Part of *Othello*, Mrs. *Montfort* that of *Emilia*, and Miss *Bracegirdle*, their young Ward, the Part of *Desdemona*.

All was carried on to the Satisfaction of the Audience, till they were somewhat advanced in the Fourth Act, when Lord *Mobun* (as *Milton* has it) flown with Intemperance and Wine, entered and seated himself in one of the Stage-Boxes.

He

He gave his whole Attention and Applause to the fair *Desdemona*, and, as soon as the Act was over, he slipped behind the Scenes, and began to address her in a Strain of licentious Gallantry. But, as Miss *Bracegirdle* answered him with a cold Kind of Disdain, his Nobility was piqued, and, catching her about the Neck, he thrust his Hand into her Bosom.

The Girl instantly shrieked, and *Montfort* coming up, forbear, my Lord, said he, the young Gentlewoman is virtuous and of good Education, and such Treatment is unbecoming a Man of Honour. Virtue and Education among Actors and Actresses! exclaimed his Lordship, hence, vile Plebeian, and know your Distance better. And, so saying, he proceeded to an Action of still greater Indecency.

The unhappy *Montfort* then cried, I will not suffer such Usage from any Man under the Crown; I am her Guardian, it is my Duty to protect her, and, at the same Time, he pushed away his Lordship with some Violence. A Blow, a Blow, cried *Mobun*, and from a Vagabond too, Wretch, take the instant Chastisement of your Insolence. Then springing back, he suddenly plucked out his Sword, and ran the worthy
Montfort

Montfort through the Body, who immediately dropped and expired on the Spot.

The Women instantly uttered Shriek after Shriek, and, falling on the Body, sent forth repeated Cries of the bitterest Lamentation. The Audience were then in an Uproar, and called aloud to know the Meaning of the Disturbance: when an Actor hastily advanced to the Front of the Stage, and, with wringing Hands, informed them of what had happened.

Our Hero, thereupon, started up, and putting one Hand between the Spikes, he vaulted high over them into the Stage, and, drawing out his Sword, he ran about, searching for and enquiring after the Murderer; as did some other Gentlemen who hastened round for the Purpose. But Lord *Mobun*, for the present, had made his Escape. And, though he was afterward indicted, the Great Ones contrived Means for quashing the Affair, and he was never brought to Trial.

The Blood of the Good *Montfort*, however, was not long unattoned. Lord *Mobun*, shortly after, fell by the Hand of the Duke of *Hamilton*, in a Duel behind *Montague House*.

Harry

Harry had now seen whatever *London* could exhibit of elegant, curious, or pleasing; and Mr. *Fenton* judged it Time to hold up to him the melancholy Reverse of this Picture, to shew him the *House of Mourning* the *End of all Men*; to shew him the dreary Shades and frightful Passages of Mortality, which Humanity shudders to think of, but through which human Nature, of Necessity, must go.

For this Purpose, he took him to the GENERAL HOSPITAL, where Death opened all his Gates, and shewed himself in all his Forms. But, the great Poet, on this Occasion, hath anticipated all Description.

————— Immediately a Place

Before his Eyes appear'd — sad, noisome, dark.

A Lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid

Numbers of all Diseas'd, all Maladies

Of ghastly Spasm, of racking Torture, Qualms,

Of heart-sick Agony — all sev'rous Kinds,

Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,

Intestine Stone and Ulcer; Cholic Pangs,

Dæmoniac Phrenzy, moping Melancholy.

And Moon-struck Madness; pining Atrophy,

Dropsies, and Asthmas, and joint-racking Rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans — Despair

Tended the Sick, busiest from Couch to Couch,

And

And over them triumphant, Death his Dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
 With Vows, as their chief Good. MILTON.

While Mr. *Fenton* led his Pupil, through groaning Galleries and the Chambers of Death and Disease, *Harry* let down the Leaf of his Hat, and drew it over his Eyes, to conceal his Emotions. All that Day he was silent, and his Countenance downcast; and, at Night, he hastened to Bed, where he wept a large Tribute to the mournfully inevitable Condition of Man's miserable State upon Earth.

The next Day, Mr. *Fenton* took him to the Bethlehem Hospital for Idiots and Lunatics. But when *Harry* beheld and contemplated Objects, so shocking to Thought, so terrible to Sight; when he had contemplated, I say, the Ruin above all Ruins, human Intelligence and human Reason so fearfully overthrown; where the Ideas of the Soul, though distorted and misplaced, are quick and all alive to Horror and Agony; he grew sick and turned pale, and, suddenly catching his Uncle by the Arm, come, Sir, let us go, said he, I can stand this no longer.

When they had reached Home, and that *Harry* was more composed; Are all the Miseries, Sir, said he, that we have witnessed

nessed these two Days, the Consequences of Sin? Even so, indeed, my *Harry*, all these and Thousands more, equally pitiable and disgusting, are the natural Progeny of that Woe-begetting Parent. Nor are those Miseries confined to Hospitals alone; every House, nay every Bosom is a certain though secret Lazar-house, where the sick Couch is preparing, with all the dismal Apparatus, for Tears and Lamentations, for Agonies and Death.

Since that is the Case, Sir, who would laugh any more; is it not like Feasting in the Midst of Famine, and Dancing amid the Tombs?

All Things in their Season, my Dear, provided that those who laugh be as though they laughed not, rememb'ring that they must weep. And provided that those who weep be as though they wept not, having Joy in their Knowledge that the Fashion of this World quickly passeth away.

On the following Day, Mr. *Fenton* returned to *Hamstead*, but left three thousand Pounds with *Harry* and Mr. *Clement*, to be disposed of, at their Discretion, among the Poor of the several Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*.

For this beneficent Purpose, they applied to the Clergy and Churchwardens of the respective Parishes, but did not wholly trust to their Recommendation. They witnessed in Person the Merits of the several Objects. After the Example of their divine Master, *they went about doing Good*; changing the Face of Affliction into Cheer; turning the Voice of Mourning into Songs of Thanksgiving; lightening every Burden, supplying every Want, and binding up the broken of Heart.

One Evening, as our Companions were drinking Tea in the Temple-Exchange Coffee-House, a Man, advanced in Years, but of a very respectable Appearance, got up and addressed the Assembly.

Gentlemen, said he, among the several Hospitals and other charitable Foundations that have done Honour to the Humanity of the Inhabitants of this City, there is one still wanting, which, as I conceive, above all others, would give Distinction to the Beneficence of its Founders; it is a House for repenting Prostitutes, an Asylum for unhappy Wretches who have no other Home, to whom all Doors are shut, to whom no Haven is open, no Habitation, or Hole for Rest upon the Face of the Earth.

Most

Most of them have been seduced from native Innocence and Modesty by the Arts of cruel Men. Many have been deceived under Promise and Vows of Marriage; some, under the Appearance of the actual Ceremony, and afterward abandoned, or turned forth to Infamy by their barbarous and base Undoers. Shall no Place then be left for Repentance even to those who do repent? forbid it Charity, forbid it Manhood. Man is born the natural Protector of the Weakness of Woman, and if he has not been able to guard her Innocence from Invasion, he ought at least to provide a Reception for her Return to Virtue.

I have the Plan of this charitable Foundation in my Pocket; and, if any of you, Gentlemen, approve my Proposal, and are willing to subscribe, or to solicit your Friends to so beneficent a Purpose, I request your Company to the Leg Tavern over the Way.

Here, the Speaker walked toward the Door, and was followed by *Harry* and *Clement*, and thirteen or fourteen more of the Assembly.

When a Flask of Port was brought, and the Company seated round a large Table; the Gentleman produced his Plan, with a

Summary of the Rules and Institutes for the Conduct of the House, which he proposed to call the *Magdalen-House*. A Plan which hath since been espoused, and happily executed by others, without ascribing any of the Merit to the first Projector.

As all present applauded the Manner of the Scheme, and Intention of the Charity, each of them subscribed from a hundred to twenty Pounds, till it came to *Harry's Turn*, who subscribed a thousand Pounds in *Mr. Fenton's Name*.

I suppose, Sir, said one of the Company, that your largest Contributions will arise from the Ladies, as the Whole is intended for the Benefit of the Sex. I shall not, answered the Gentleman, apply to a single Lady on this Occasion. Not one of them will dare to contribute a Penny, lest it should be thought that they partly allow, in themselves, the Vices that they can pardon or patronize in others. It is this that makes the Case of the Wretches, whom we are about to befriend, deplorable beyond Measure. They are first betrayed by our Sex, and then driven out to irretrievable Infamy and Misery by their own. For Women to Women, are as Turkeys to Turkeys, do but cast a little Dirt upon the Head of any one of them, and the rest of
the

the Flock combine, in an Instant, to pick out her Eyes and to tear her to Pieces.

Mr. *Mole*, a learned Philosopher, and a Man of principal Figure in the present Company, then addressed the Projector and said, if you will admit me, Sir, into Partnership in the Conduct of your Scheme, I will engage to levy Contributions to the amount of some Thousands, over and above the Hundred I have already subscribed. You are heartily welcome, Sir, replied the Gentleman, either to join or take the Conduct of the Whole upon yourself. Provided the Good is done, I care not by what Means, all my Ends will be answered; I wish to be nameless. That is not fair neither, said another of the Company; you, Mr. *Goodville*, had the Trouble of contriving this Business, and you ought, at least, to have the Honour, if not the Conduct of your own Plan.

Mr. *Goodville*, Mr. *Goodville*! exclaimed *Clement* in a Surprise, eagerly staring at him, and recollecting, as from a Dream, the altered Features of his quondam Friend and Benefactor. Pray, Sir, do you remember any thing of one *Clement*, a worthless young Fellow, whom once in your Goodness you condescended to patronize? *Clement*, *Clement*! cried Mr. *Goodville*, getting up and hastening to him, and catching

him in his Arms, my dear, my dear *Clement*, my Man of Merit and Misfortunes, how rejoiced am I to find you! God be praised, God be praised, it is at length in my Power to do something material for You. But, come with me to another Room, I have something to say to You. We will leave these Gentlemen, the while, to think further of the Plan that lies before them.

When Mr. *Goodville* and *Clement* had withdrawn, Mr. *Mole*, said one of the Company, you are concerned in a Number of these public Benefactions. Yes, Gentlemen, answered *Mole*, I believe there is no charitable Institution of any Note in *London*, in which I am not a Trustee, and to which I am not a Contributor. For, though I do not set up for Sanctification by Faith, yet, I think, I may pretend to some Justification by Charity. Let the vulgar Herd pay their Priesthood for cheating them out of their Senses, I give nothing to the fat Impostors, or their lucrative Fable; my Substance is little enough for myself and the Poor. Why, pray Sir, said *Harry*, are you not a Christian? No indeed, Master, answered *Mole*, nor any Man who has Sense enough to think for himself. Be pleased then, cried *Harry*, to hand me that Paper a Moment; here, Sir, I dash

I dash my Name and Contribution from the List of the Subscribers. He, who denies *Glory to God in the highest*, can never have *Peace or good Will toward Men*, and so, Sir, you shall never be the Almoner of a Penny of my Money.

You talk as you look, my Dear, cried *Mole*, like One just eloped from the Nursery, where you were affrighted by Tales of Ghosts and Hobgoblins. I acknowledge, Gentlemen, the Benefit and Beauty of Morality in its fullest Extent; and, had *Jesus*, the Christian Prophet, confined himself to his System of moral Precepts, I think he would justly have been esteemed the greatest Philosopher and Legislator that ever breathed. But, when he, or rather his Disciples, in his Name, in order to enhance the Authority of their Mission, pretended to Divinity in their Master, the low bred and ignorant Wretches pulled together, against the Grain, and compounded such a strange Medley of fighting Inconsistencies, and self-evident Absurdities, as are wholly everfive of every Principle of right Reason and common Sense. They taught that God was made a Man; that, in order to expiate the Sins of the World, the Innocent was appointed to suffer for the Guilty. That the Sins of all Offenders were to be imputed to One who had never offended; and that the Righteousness of

him, who had never offended, was to be imputed to Criminals of the deepest Dye. That the Creator submitted himself to the Malignity of his Creatures, and that God himself died a shameful Death on the Cross. And this, Gentlemen, makes such a Heap of ridiculous Incoherencies, such Contradictions in Sense and Terms, as exceeds even the Worship of Apes and Serpents, Leeks and Onions, and the other Garbage of *Egypt*.

You are a Villain, and a Thief, and a Liar, cried *Harry*, altogether enflamed with Choler. *Mole*, on hearing these Terms of highest Affront and Reproach, instantly caught up a Bottle and threw it at our Hero's Head, but it happily missed him, and only bruised the fleshy Part of the Shoulder of the Gentleman who sat next. *Harry* instantly sprung up and made at *Mole*, while the Company rose also and attempted to interfere; but some he cast on one Hand, and some on the Other, and overturning such as directly opposed him, he reached *Mole*, and, with one Blow of his Fist on the Temple, laid him motionless along the Floor. Then looking down on his Adversary, I should be sorry, said he, that the Wretch would die in his present State of Reprobacy; here, Drawer, run quickly and bring me a Surgeon. Then returning

returning to his Place, he sat down with great Composure.

After a Pause he looked around. I hope, Gentlemen, said he, that none of You are hurt. Indeed I am much concerned for having, in any Degree, contributed to your Disturbance. But, had any of You a dear Benefactor and Patron, to whom you were bound beyond Measure, whom you loved and honoured above all Things, could ye bear to hear him defamed and vilified to your Face? No certainly, answered One; no Man could bear it, cried Another; but pray, asked a Third, how came you to call the Gentleman a Thief? — Because, replied our Hero, he attempted to rob me of my whole Estate. He endeavoured to thieve from me the only Friend I had in the Universe, the Friend of my Heart, the Peace and Rest of my Bosom; my infinite Treasure, my never ending Delight! the Friend without whom I would not choose to be; without whom, Existence would become a Curse and an Abhorrence unto me. Happy young Creature! exclaimed an elderly Gentleman, I understand you, you mean your Christ and my Christ, the Friend who has already opened his early Heaven within You.

By this, Mr. Mole began to move, whereupon Harry rose and, putting his Hand in

his Pocket, here, Gentlemen, said he, is one Guinea for the Surgeon and another for the Reckoning. When my Companion returns, be pleased to tell him I am gone to our Lodgings. For I will not stay to hold further Converse or Altercation with that Bane of Society, that Pest, which the Rulers in Darkness have commissioned to spread Contagion, Distemper and Death among Men.

Harry went early to Bed, but lay restless and much disturbed in his Spirit all Night. *Mr. Clement* had heard the Particulars of our Hero's Behaviour, which he partly disapproved; but, as he saw him already dejected, he did not choose to expostulate with him for the present.

The next Day they returned to *Hamstead*, where *Mr. Fenton*, notwithstanding the constrained Smiles of his *Harry*, observed an unusual Cloud and Uneasiness in his Countenance. I want to speak with You, my Love, said he; and beckoning him into his Closet, he took him affectionately by the Hand and made him sit beside him. What is the Matter, my Dear, said he, looking concernedly in his Face, what is it that has disturbed the Peace of the Bosom of my Beloved?

Ah!

Ah! Sir, cried *Harry*, I am, indeed, very unhappy. I doubt that I am partly losing my Faith, and the Fear of that has given me inexpressible Horror. It is like tearing me from a Fort, out of which there is no Home or Rest for me in the Universe.

Here *Harry* made a Recital of the late Affair to his Patron, and having closed his Narrative, is not this very wonderful, Sir, said he, how or where in the World could this *Mole* have mustered together such Arguments against Reason, such Appearances against Truth? How must the Vulgar and Illiterate be staggered by such Objections; when, even I, who have been bred, as I may say, at the Feet of such a *Gamaliel*, have not been able to answer them, otherwise than by the Chastisement which the Blasphemer received at my Hand.

Here Mr. *Fenton* smiled and said, don't be alarmed, my Love. We shall quickly dispel the thin Mists of Infidelity that were collected to shut the Sun of Righteousness from your Eye. I confess, indeed, that this Spawn of Antichrist has compiled a Summary of All that has ever been uttered, against the *Lamb who was slain from the Foundation of the Word*; yet he is but a *Mole* in Nature as well as Name; and he, with his Brother-Moles, know no more
and

and see no further than the little Heap of Dirt and Rubbish, that the working of their own purblind and floundering Reason hath cast about them.

Sacred Depths and stupendous Mysteries belong to this Matter, and when you are able to bear them, they shall be clearly and fully unfolded to you, my *Harry*: In the mean Space, a few simple Observations will suffice to re-establish the Peace of your sweet and pious Heart.

As Christianity was instituted for the Salvation of the Vulgar, the principal Truths thereof are very obvious and plain, and want no Learning, no Letters, to inculcate or teach them. They speak the Language of Nature, and all Nature is expressive of the Sense and the Sound thereof. Whatever is within you, whatever is without you, cries aloud for a Saviour. For Sin hath been as the *Mezentius*, of whom you read in *Virgil*, who bound the Bodies of the Dead to the Persons of the Living. Thus it is that the Sin of fallen Angels, and of fallen Man, hath bound Change and Corruption, Distemperature and Death, to the Elements, to the Vegetables, to Animals, and even to the immortal Image of God himself in the Humanity; so that all Things cry out, with the Apostle Saint *Paul*, *who shall deliver me from*

from the Body of this Death? So that all Things cry out, with the Apostle Saint Peter, *save Lord, or I perish!*

These are inevitable Truths, my *Harry*, which all Men, at some time, must feel throughout their Existence, whether they read them or not. And he alone who never experienced nor ever shall experience Frailty, Error, or Sicknefs, Pain, Anguish, or Dissolution, is exempt from our Solar System of Salvation from Sin.

But, what Sort of a Saviour is it, for whom all Things cry so loudly? Is it a dry Moralift, a Legislator of bare and external Precepts, such as your Mole-Philosopher required our *Christ* to be? No, my Darling, no. The Influence and Existence of the Redeemer of Nature must, at least, be as extensive as Nature herself.

Things are defiled and corrupted throughout, they are distempered and devoted to Death from the inmost Essence of their Being; and nothing, under him, in whom they live and move and have their Being, can redeem, can restore them.

O Sir, exclaimed *Harry*, his Countenance brightening up, why could I not think of this? I should then have been able to foil
my

my malignant Adversary, even at his own Weapons.

Our *Jesus* himself, continued Mr. *Fenton*, appeals to the Truth I have told you, where he says to the Sick of the Palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy Sins are forgiven thee. But, when the Pharisees, thereupon, concluded that he blasphemed; he demonstrated his Influence in and over the Soul; by the sensible Evidence of his Operation and Influence in and over the Body. What reason ye in your Hearts? said *Jesus*; whether is it easier to say thy Sins be forgiven thee, or to say, rise up and walk? Then said he to the Sick of the Palsy, arise and take up thy Couch, and go to thine House. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he had been carried, and departed to his own House, glorifying God.

Here it was necessary, for the performance of this wonderful and instantaneous Cure, that *Jesus* should instantly operate in and through every Member, Nerve, and Fibre of the Sick of the Palsy. And it was equally necessary, for that Purpose, that the Sick of the Palsy should have lived, and have had his Being in *Jesus*. In like Manner, also, his Sins, must have been pardoned, by an inward Salvation, by imparting to the Will of the Sinner a new
and

and rectified Will; and by informing his Spirit with a Detestation of Evil and a Love of Goodness and Virtue.

But, pray Sir, if it is not too profound a Mystery for me, be pleased to inform me, how God could be made Man? for this was one of the principal Objections of *Mole*.

God was never made Man, my *Harry*. God cannot be debased. He could not degrade himself by any Change into Manhood, though he could exalt and assume Humanity into God. Neither could God die or suffer. To this, Christ himself, who was God and Man, bears Testimony; where he cries out, in the Agonies of his suffering Humanity, *my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* And again, where, crying with a loud Voice, he said, *Father, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit*. — But, you are leading me something deeper than I chose to go, for the present.

From Eternity, God saw that, should he produce any Creatures in his own Image, to be glorious by his Likeness and happy by his Communication, he must of Necessity create them intelligent and free; and that consequently, as Creatures, they must be finite; and that, as Creatures who were free, they should also be fallible.

He

He, therefore, saw that all might fall, and he also foresaw that some would fall. But his Graciousness had provided *two infallible Remedies* for this Evil of Fallibility. He had provided a *Saviour*, and he had also provided *Suffering*. The *Saviour* was to restore them by an inward Redemption, by a Reinfusion and new Birth of his own Nature in their Essence. And *Suffering* was to prepare and open his Way, by humbling their Pride, by mortifying their Lust, and thus compelling them to unfold their Hearts to their own Happiness.

Indeed, had no Creature ever fallen, God could not have been duely glorified to all Eternity. Millions of his infinitely amiable Qualities must have lain an inscrutable Secret to Worlds upon Worlds. While all his Creatures were happy in him, and participated of him, no Distinction could be duely made between them and their Creator. Had Evil never been, Goodness would have sunk unspeakably in the Sense of its Value, which is now infinitely heightened and glorified by the Contrast. Free Grace and free Mercy on the Part of our God, and Penitence and Thanksgiving on the Part of humbled Sinners, would have been prevented of their thousand endearing Connections. And all the Amities and Charities, throughout the Brotherhood
off

of Man ; all the melting and fond Relations, which the Vine-Christ infuses throughout his ingrafted Branches, bearing Blossoms and Fruits of divine Fragrance and Flavour, must ever have remained, unblest and as dead, from Eternity to Eternity.

But, our God, my Child, is as powerful, as he is gracious and wise, to bring Light out of Darkness, and Life out of Death, and infinite and ever enduring Good out of the limited and short State of transitory Evil.

To prove that no Being, beneath himself, could stand of their own Sufficiency, God permitted his two principal Creatures, the most immediate and most glorious Representatives of his divine Perfections, to fall off from their Allegiance, and consequently from their Happiness, with all their Progeny. The first was the Angel *Lucifer* who fell through *Pride*, and the second was the Man *Adam* who fell through *Lust*. These two capital Sins of *Pride* and of *Lust* are the genuine Parents of all moral and natural Evil, of all the Guilt and Misery that ever did or ever can arise throughout Duration; and our heavenly Father, in his Love, hath appointed intense Suffering, to abate and abase the *one*, and to mortify and slay the *other*, that Transgressors may finally be capable of his Mercy, through the Salvation and Grace of his Christ.

The

The first of these Arch-felons deemed himself worthy of Deity, and, being unexperienced in the Power with whom he had to contend, he attempted to arrogate all Worship to himself, and to rob his divine Benefactor of Glory and Godhead.

The second of these Felons was tempted, by the first, to aspire, through his own Merits, at a godlike Independence; to cast off his Allegiance to the Author of his Being; and to expect Intelligence and Knowledge from the sensual Fruits of this World, after which he lusted. He accordingly took and eat of the Tree that was pregnant with all the Goods and all the Evils of this external, elementary, and transient System, *according to his Faith it was done unto him*; according to his Lust his Desire was accomplished; his Nature became a Partaker of temporary Nature; and he fell, with his Progeny, into all the Depravity and Evils, that the Sin of fallen *Lucifer* had introduced into these vast Regions; now made more exceedingly corrupt and sinful by the Sin of fallen *Adam*.

Why, pray Sir, demanded *Harry*, had *Lucifer* any Concern in this World, before the Fall of our first Parents?

Yes,

Yes, my Dear, all the Space, that is now occupied by this Earth, and these Elements with the Sun, Moon and Stars, to an inconceivable Extent, was once the Heaven and Dominion of *Lucifer* and his Angels. But when, by their Apostacy from the Light and Love and Goodness of God, they had caused Darkneſs and Malignity, Envy, Rage, and Uproar, and every Species of Evil and Horror, to be predominant throughout their Kingdom, God determined, by a new Creation, to take it out of their Hands. Accordingly, he compacted it into the preſent System of temporary Nature, whoſe Duration is to be meaſured by the Revolution of our Luminaries, until the appointed Period of the great Conſummation, when all the Malignity that remains, and is compacted therein, ſhall be finally done away.

To this Truth *Mofes* bears Teſtimony, where he tells you that, at the Commencement of Creation, Darkneſs was upon the Face of the great Deep. And again, where he tells you, that the Tree of the Knowledge of the Goods and Evils of this World ſprung up, even in the Miſt of the Para-diſe of God. But it is altogether impious and blaſphemous to ſuppoſe, that God would create Evil, or infuſe a Tendency thereto

thereto into any of his Works. Again, the same Truth is attested by many Passages of the sacred Writings; where *Lucifer*, or Satan, tells Christ, to his Face, that this World, with all its Glories, are his Portion and Property, that they were delivered unto him, and that he giveth them to whomsoever he will. And again, where Christ calls him the Prince of the Air; and again, where he says *the Prince of this World cometh and hath no Part in me.*

Now, when God, by his new Creation, had delivered this System of Things from the Influence and Dominion of evil Spirits, they became altogether Prisoners in their own Darkness. But when *Adam*, the second Lord of this vast Domain, by a second Apostacy, had brought additional Sin and Evil into temporary Nature, the Paradise of God, that was over all, vanished; and the new Guilt of *Adam* opened a new and wide Gate, for the Re-admission of *Lucifer* into his ancient Possessions. And he remains a Prince and a Ruler in the Elements and Hearts of Men unto this evil Day.

These two capital Apostates, *Lucifer* and *Adam*, who had thus robbed their kind God of their Affections and Allegiance, were thereafter represented by the two Thieves who suffered in Company with Christ,

Christ who reached out to them a bleeding Arm of his Mercy on either Hand. The One accepted his Grace and, on that Day, entered Paradise along with his Lord. The Other rejected the Christ with Contempt and Reproach, and therefore, if ever reclaimable, must be constrained by Suffering to open his Heart to Redemption; when after a Process of many many agonizing Ages, blaspheming and indignantly spurning at the Power of his Punisher, he may be compelled to cry out, O Seed of the Woman! heal, heal the Head thou hast crushed, and admit me also, tho' last, to some Part, the least Portion of thy pardoning Salvation!

These Two, my *Harry*, even *Lucifer* and *Adam*, were also the Thieves among whom the Traveller fell, going from *Jerusalem* to *Jericho*, from the City and Place of Peace to the Place of Destruction. He represented the wretched Race of fallen Man, whom *Lucifer* and their first Father had robbed of all their Substance, and stripped of their Robe of Righteousness, and wounded, and left half dead in Trespasses and Sins. Neither did the Law or the Priesthood avail any Thing for their Cure till Jesus the GOOD SAMARITAN had Compassion upon them, and bound up their Wounds, pouring therein the Oil of his Grace and the Wine of his Gladness; and expended two Pence,

Pence, even the two precious Pence of his own Body and Blood for perfecting their Recovery.

But, my dearest Sir, said *Harry*, if my Question does not intrude, pray how was it consistent with Justice that the Sufferings of the Innocent should atone both for, and instead of, the Guilty? For this also was one of *Mole's* cardinal Objections.

Your Question, said Mr. *Penton*, falls aptly in its Place. When *Adam*, as I have told you, apostatised from his God, and lusted after the gross and sensual Fruits of this World, and fed upon them, and thereupon, became a Partaker of their Nature and Malignity; he fell from his Paradise and Sovereignty together, and he became a poor Subject and miserable Slave to all the Evils and Inclemencies of that temporary Nature, over which he had been constituted a throned Lord and Controulor.

Here was a deep and a woful Fall, my *Harry*, from Sovereignty to Slavery, from Eternity into Time, from Immortality into Corruption, from Bliss into Misery, and from Life into Death. The very State, in which the wretched Heirs of his fallen Nature find themselves at this Day. How then was he to rise, if ever to rise again? could

could this be effected by any Powers of his own? if he did not stand in the State of his Strength, how shall he recover and be able to reascend in the State of his Weakness? how think you, my *Harry*? A self evident Impossibility, answered *Harry*.

Here then, continued Mr. *Fenton*, we find the Universe of Man depraved, fallen, and sunk into the Darkness of Sin and Error, into the Dungeon of gross and corruptible Flesh, and circled about and closed in by the Barriers and Gates of Death. And these Prisons were to be broken through, these Gates were to be burst open, before he could re-enter upon Light and Immortality. All the Enemies who had conquered Man, *Sin*, *Satan*, and *Temptation* were also to be conquered. But, how was this to be done? A World lay at Stake, and the great Question was, whether the whole Race of Man should continue in endless Guilt and Misery, or be restored to ever-during Purity and Blessedness? Wherefore, what all the Powers of Creation were not able to attempt, *Jesus*, in the Humanity, undertook to accomplish.

Here you see, my Child, that Justice had little to do in the Case. It was not the *Justice of Punishment*, but the *Mercy of Deliverance*

Deliverance that the Love of our heavenly Father required. Justice indeed affirmed that Suffering was due to Sin, and was the necessary Attendant and Consequence thereof; but this also the Love of our Christ willingly took upon himself. He conquered Suffering, through Sufferings, and was thereby made the perfect and accomplished Captain of our Salvation. He entered into our Flesh, he went through all the Passages of this Vale of Tears and Region of Misery, into which we were fallen; through Poverty, Contempt, Rejection, Reproach; through all that the Rage and Rancour of Men and Devils could inflict, his bloody Sweat and anguishing Horrors of Hell, Bonds, Buffetings, Spittings, Scourgings, the bloody Mockery of a thorny Crown, and all the Soul-rending Tortures of an agonizing Crucifixion, till at last, he triumphantly cried *it is finished!* and gave up the Ghost. From the Cross he descended into the Grave; from the Grave again, he rose in Glory and ascended into Heaven, where he led Captivity Captive, and shewed the Powers of Darkness bound; that he might lead all the Followers of his beatific Cross, in his own divine Process, to Conquest through Sufferings, to Glory through Abasement, to Exaltation through Humiliation, through Death unto Life, and through the Calamities of Time to a never ending, ever blessing, ever joyful Eternity!

But,

But, Sir, said *Harry*, was the Humanity of our blessed Saviour the same as ours is? for so the Scripture seems to intimate; where it says, he was made Man, like unto us in all Things, Sin only excepted.

This was only spoken, answered Mr. *Fenton*, with respect to his outward Humanity. His creaturely Soul indeed, and the Flesh which he derived from his mortal Mother, were even as ours are, Sin only excepted. But, these were only as the Husk or Case of his internal and divine Humanity, which was conceived from the Essence of the FATHER, by the Operation of the HOLY SPIRIT in the Womb of a pure Virgin. It was this Humanity to which JESUS was intimately united, and that became one with the ever blessed TRINITY. And it was of the Ubiquity of this Humanity that Christ speaketh, when he says to *Nicodemus*, *no Man hath ascended up to Heaven, but he that came down from Heaven, even the Son of Man which is in Heaven*. But, when the external Humanity of *Jesus* was, by Suffering and Death, prepared to be swallowed up of Glory, the whole CHRIST was then assumed up into Godhead. He saw all Things in *Jesus*, as they were and shall be from Eternity to Eternity. And, though the Glory of his personal Appearance may be visible in certain Places, yet he is invisibly present in

all Places and in all Hearts, begetting in them a new Birth of his own divine Humanity; that their Bodies may also be fashioned like unto his glorious Body; and that, when our Corruptible shall have put on Incorruption, and when that our Mortal shall have put on Immortality, *We All may be made One, as He is in the Father and the Father in him, that we also may be One in them.* An Elevation, sure, well worth the hardest Striving, the highest Ambition!

Thus I have shewn you, my *Harry*, the inevitable Necessity of the Suffering of our innocent Christ for the Salvation of guilty Sinners. And this also shews you the equal Necessity of his taking upon himself the external Imputation of the Sins for which he suffered; that he might, thereby, be inwardly imputed to us, and become to us and in us the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS; and be to us a better *Adam*, a second and divine Father, regenerating us to a Birth of his own heavenly Nature. And thus, as the first *Adam* died unto God, and lived to fallen Nature; there was a Necessity that Christ, as well in his own Person, as his redeemed Progeny, should die to the fallen Nature, that through him they might live again unto God.

O thank you, thank you, Sir, cried *Harry*, I shall henceforth be enabled to give an Account,

Account, to all who ask, of the Faith that is in me. But pray, did the divine Humanity of our Christ suffer in the Crucifixion?

I believe it did, *Harry*, even as our Souls are found to suffer in our Bodies, though of a Nature so very different from them. It was the Suffering of this divine Humanity that caused such violent Repugnance and Convulsions in Nature; that shut up the World from Light even at mid Day; that rent the Rocks, that opened the Graves, and gave up the Dead to attend their Lord and revive in the Life of his Resurrection.

Will you be pleased, Sir, to indulge me in one Question more? Could not God, in his Omnipotence, have affected the Salvation of Man by some other Means than the Suffering of our dear Christ? I think, were it to be done again, I would rather forfeit my Salvation, than that He should endure such Agony on my Account.

I will not pretend, my *Harry*, to give Limits or Directions to the Measures of my God, neither to say what he might or might not do within his own World, and with regard to his own Creatures. But, it is certain that he chose the most effectual Method, for compassing his great and eter-

nal Purpose, that infinite Love could dictate, infinite Wisdom contrive, and infinite Power execute. O my *Harry*, how unutterably endeared must this Measure make our God to the Universe of his Creatures, and that to all Eternity! It is herein that the Nature of our God is revealed, it is hereby alone that he could ever have been duely known; known to be the God of Love, to be nothing but Love, in this his wonderful Work of Mercy transcending Mercy, and of Grace transcending Grace, that he might bring us to Glory transcending Glory!

In this stupendous Work of Redemption, I say, *Jesus* makes himself as it were little, that we may become great; He stoops into Manhood that he may exalt us into God. He came not arrayed in the Fool's Coat of the Lustre of this despicable World, nor in the Weakness of its Power, nor in the Meanness of its Dignity; but over his Immensity he threw the Appearance of Limitation, and with Time he invested his Eternity; and his Omnipotence put on Frailty, and his Supremacy put on Subjection; and with the Veil of Mortality, he shrouded his Beauty, that he might become familiar to us, that we might behold and converse with him Face to Face, as Man converses with Man and grows fond of his Fellow.

Before

Before the Incarnation, God was feared in his Thunders, and adored in the Majesty and Magnificence of his Works. But, it is in the meek and lowly *Jesus* that he becomes the Object of Affection, in the bleeding, the suffering, the dying *Jesus*, we behold him with weeping Gratitude, we love him with a Love of Passion and Burning, a Love that languishes for him, that cannot bear to exist without him.

How could that perverse People shut their Eyes to the Divinity of their gracious *Messiah*, while he gave such hourly and ocular Proofs of the Power and Extent of his Godhead, in and over all Things? while he went about doing Good, carrying Healing in his Breath, in his Touch, in his Garments; while the Lame sprung up as a bounding Roe at his Bidding; while the Tempest heard his Voice and was still, and the Sea spread itself as a Carpet beneath the Foot of its Creator. While the deaf Ear was opened, and the dumb Tongue loosed to Utterance; while he poured the Beams of his Light upon the new-opening Eyes of the blind-born Gazer; and while in Death and amidst the Tombs his Word was Life and Resurrection.

Thus, my *Harry*, you find yourself united to your Saviour by many endearing and intimate Connections; by Creation, by Re-

demption, by Brotherhood, by Fatherhood, in the Flesh, in the Spirit; by his being Bone of your Bone; and Spirit of your Spirit, by being the *First-Born of many Brethren*, and by being the divine Father of a new and celestial Progeny.

But, what need we further? the World, from the Beginning, is fraught with him and speaks of him. The World is, in itself, no other than a History of the two capital and eternally important Truths, **THE GREATNESS OF THE FALL in Lucifer and Adam**, and **THE GREATNESS OF THE REDEMPTION in Jesus Christ**. These Truths are engraven in the Rocks as deep as the Centre; they are written on both Sides of every Leaf in Nature. All that is within us, All that is without us utters forth the same Language, proclaims the same Tidings aloud. All Ceremonials, all Institutions of divine Authority, all ancient Predictions and Prophecies were pregnant with and in Travail of the **GREAT DELIVERANCE** to be atchieved by the *Shiloh* who was to come. They give us a previous History of his whole Process upon Earth, from his Birth to his Resurrection, as circumstantially, as minutely, as though it were a bare Transcript of what had recently passed before their Eyes. But I shall only dwell a Minute on three principal Articles,

ticles, first, that Messiah was to be God—secondly, that he was however to be a suffering Messiah—and thirdly, that he was to give himself to Death for the Salvation of Sinners.

FIRST, with Respect to his Divinity, *Daniel* says: “ I saw in the Night Visions, “ and behold, One like unto the SON OF “ MAN came with the Clouds of Heaven, “ and came to the ANCIENT OF DAYS, “ and they brought him near before him. “ And there was given him DOMINION and “ GLORY, and a KINGDOM, that all People, Nations, and Languages should serve him; his DOMINION is an EVERLASTING DOMINION which shall not pass away.” Again *Isaiah*: “ Behold a Virgin “ shall conceive and bear a Son. For unto “ us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, “ and the Government shall be upon his “ Shoulder; and his Name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the “ MIGHTY GOD, the EVERLASTING FATHER, the PRINCE OF PEACE. Of the “ Increase of his GOVERNMENT and “ PEACE there shall be NO END, upon the “ Thrope of *David*, and upon his Kingdom, to order it, and to establish it, “ with JUDGMENT and with JUSTICE, “ from henceforth even FOR EVER.”

SECONDLY, with Respect to his Character of Rejection and Suffering: "Who hath believed our Report and to whom is the Arm of the Lord revealed? He is despised and rejected of Men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief, and we hid as it were our Faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not. He was oppressed and he was afflicted; he is brought as a Lamb to the Slaughter, and as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, so openeth he not his Mouth. He was taken from Prison and from Judgment; and who shall declare his Generation? for he was cut off out of the Land of the Living, for the Transgression of my People was he stricken. And he made his Grave with the Wicked, and with the Rich in his Death. *Isaiab.*"—*David* too says, "Dogs have compassed me, the Assembly of the Wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my Hands and my Feet. They part my Garments among them, and cast Lots for my Vesture.—But, a Bone of him shall not be broken.—They shall look on him whom they pierced."

THIRDLY, with Respect to his being a willing Offering for Sin. *Isaiab* says, in the same Chapter: "Surely he hath born our Grievs and carried our Sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of
" God,

" God, and afflicted. But, he was wound-
 " ed for our Transgressions, he was bruif-
 " ed for our Iniquities; the Chastisement
 " of our Peace was upon him, and with
 " his Stripes we are healed. All we like
 " Sheep have gone astray; we have turn-
 " ed every one to his own Way, and the
 " Lord hath laid on him the Iniquity of
 " us All." *Jeremiah* too ———

Here, Mr. *Fenton* was interrupted. His
 Man *Frank* entered, booted, and all be-
 spattered with Dirt, and having whispered
 Something in his Master's Ear, Mr. *Fenton*
 turned aside his Head, to hide his Concern
 from *Harry*; and stepping to his Closet,
 locked himself in.

But, it may be thought full Time to
 return to the Head-Branch of this noble
 Family.

Nearly nine Years had now elapsed,
 since the Earl and his Lady had seen or
 heard of their *Harry*, except by two or
 three anonymous Notes, in a Year, giving
 a short Account of his Health and Accom-
 plishments; insomuch that Time and long
 Absence had, in a Measure, worn him
 from the Regrets of the Family; except-
 ing his Brother *Richard*, on whom *Harry's*
 Generosity, in taking his Quarrel upon
 N 5 himself,

himself, had left an affecting, and indelible Impression.

Lord *Richard* was, indeed, sweetly dispositioned by Nature, and of an Aspect and Person extremely elegant; and as he had Tutors in all Branches, in which he chose to be instructed, he learned sufficient, by Way of Amusement, to render him One of the most accomplished Youths in the Nation. He was also, naturally, unassuming and modestly disposed; but the unremitted Adulation of Domestics and Dependents, with the complimentary Artillery of all the Neighbours and Visitants, could not fail of some Impression, at least so far as to make it evident that he was conscious of his Condescension when he became familiar with you.

He was, however, easy to All who applied to him for any Favour, exceeding charitable to the Poor; and particularly fond of our *Harry's* Foster-mother, and kind to her for *Harry's* Sake.

With such amiable Qualities, he was esteemed and beloved of All, and became the little Idol of the adjacent Country, in-somuch that, when he was seized with the Small Pox, the Apprehension and Anxiety for him was universal, and the great Mansion-House was hourly circled by People who

who came crowding, to enquire concerning his Danger.

The Eruption was but slight, only a few Spots on his Face and other Parts, so that my Lady was in high Triumph, on observing, that the Beauty of her Darling should not be defaced. But ah, how frail is the Foundation on which Mortality builds for Happiness! who can ensure it, who can arrest it for an Hour, for a Moment? On the eleventh Day, when the Physicians pronounced that All was promising and full of Hope, Lord *Richard* was suddenly taken with Convulsions, and, in less than an Hour, expired.

Lady *Enna*, Countess of *Moreland*, from whom the Seat had been newly denominated *Enna's Field* or *Enfield*, was present at the Death of All that she held most precious upon Earth. She had never left his Chamber since he had taken to his Bed; and was now carried off in a deep and death-like Swoon. She never after recovered her Senses, except by deplorable Starts, to lament that she was the most wretched of All that ever were created; and, on the second Day, She also expired, and was interred in the same Tomb with the Offspring of her Body and the Idol of her Heart.

Never

Never was seen such a Concourse at any Funeral, since the Funeral of *Jacob* on which all *Egypt* attended. They crowded from a Distance of thirty Miles round. But, when they saw the old and revered Patron of the Country, all covered with sad and solemn Weeds; when they beheld his Countenance exceeding all Pomp of Sorrow, and conceived the Weight and Wringing that was then at his Heart; Envy was quite blunted and robbed of its Sting. They now lamented the Living more than they mourned the Dead; and the poorest among the Poor looked down, with an Eye of Compassion upon the great Man, now rendered, as they deemed, more pitiable and desolate even than themselves; without Child or Kindred; without Any to continue his Name or his Honours; without Any who could claim a Share in his Wealth or his Woe; without any Cause of further Comfort or further Care upon Earth.

During the following Week the Earl kept his Chamber, and would admit of no Visitor, till Mr. *Meekly* arrived.

Mr. *Meekly* had long estranged himself to *Enfield*; he had gone elsewhere, seeking the Houses of Mourning, and breathing Peace and Consolation wherever he went; but as soon as he heard of the Affliction of his noble Friend, he hastened to help him to
bear.

bear up under the Weight of his Calamity. He entered, and seating himself in Silence beside the Earl, he there wept near an Hour without uttering a Syllable.

My Lord was the first who spoke; Mr. *Meekly*, said he, my Heart gratefully feels this melting Proof of your Love. You weep for me, my Friend, because You see, and kindly feel, that there is no other Comfort for me on this Side the Grave.

God forbid, God forbid, said Mr. *Meekly*, the best and greatest of all Comforts is coming to you, my Lord. Eternal Truth has promised it, and he will make it good to you; *blessed, blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

Ah, Mr. *Meekly*, replied the Earl, the Comfort that you mention is promised only to the deeply contrite and broken of Heart; to those who duely lament the Baseness of their Offences against so great and good a God. Neither do I despair, my Friend, but that I also may finally share some Portion of that same Comfort; for, as I feelingly acknowledge myself the greatest of all Sinners, so I wish for Grace to make me the greatest of Penitents.

God be praised, cried *Meekly*, for the Grace already given! There was a Time,
my

my Lord, when, as you told me, you had nothing of these divine Dispositions; when the World, as you said, seemed to hold out Happiness to you in either Hand; when Fortune, Title, Precedence, circling Honours about you, and within you Youth and Health, and a revelling Flow of Blood and Spirits wholly disguised and concealed the State of your Nature from you; when they hid from you your own Body of Frailty, Distemper, Sin and Death, and left you no Occasion to call out for a Saviour, as you felt nothing from which you desired to be saved. But God has now been graciously pleased to send you his Monitors, and to call upon you by Affliction, that you, in your Turn, may call upon him who alone can give you Consolation.

It is not, my Lord, to the Mourners for Sin, alone, to whom Comfort is promised. The State of Suffering and Mourning is in its Nature extremely salutary and of happy Tendency to Man, and it is, therefore, that the suffering *Jesus* hath pronounced it blessed.

The God of ALL LOVE takes no Delight in the Sufferings of his poor and pitiable Creatures; neither would he have made this State of our Mortality a Vale of Tears and a State of Misery, had it not been in order to conduct us, through transitory Evils to
ever

ever enduring Bliss, where he himself will wipe all Tears from our Eyes.

When *Adam*, by his Apostasy and falling off from his Maker, had converted all the Goods of this temporary State into evil Incitements to Lust, Covetousness, and Sensuality; God determined, by a gracious Reverse, to turn all the Evils of corrupt and fallen Nature into Means of enduring Good to his fallen and frail Creatures; he therefore appointed Pain, Affliction, Distress and Disease to be his Ministers, his Monitors, and Preachers within us, to convince us of all the Evil of our depraved and mortal Nature; to wean us from a World that is full of false Promises but empty of true Enjoyment; to remind us that we are Strangers and Pilgrims upon Earth, to turn our Eye to the Star that hath visited us from on high; and finally, through our Sufferings, to accomplish the great Work of his own Salvation in us.

Thank you, thank you, Mr. *Meekly*, these are comforting Things indeed. They pluck Comfort from the very Depth and Abyss of Affliction. I love that my God should be lovely to my Heart. You have now rent the dark Veil that long hung before my Eyes; and the Sun of Righteousness breaks upon me through the Clouds of my Mortality.—But, what of Death, Mr. *Meekly*,

Meekly, what of Death, my Friend? I am interested in the Question; my Time is approaching. When this Body shall fall to Dust, and all these Organs of Sensation be utterly cut off; what remains, what then shall follow? by what Means shall my Spirit attain the Powers of new Perception; or am I to lye in the Grave, in a State of total Insensibility, till the last Trumpet shall sound? my Nature shrinks, I confess, from a total Deprivation of the Sense of Existence.

It is no Way evident to me, my Lord, that Body, or at least such gross Bodies as we now have, are necessary to the Perceptions and Sensibilities of our Spirit. God himself is a Spirit, an all-seeing, all-hearing, all-tasting, all-smelling, all-feeling, all-knowing, and all-governing Spirit. He who made the Eye, shall he not see? He who made the Ear, shall he not hear? Wherefore, as our Spirits are the Offsprings of his divine Spirit, we may justly presume them endowed with like Capacities. But, if Body is necessary to the Perception of Spirit, as *Zoroaster*, the illuminated Philosopher, seems to intimate, where, speaking of God, he says, " whose Body is Light " and whose Soul is Truth," in this Case, I say, we may reasonably suppose that when our Spirits shall be parted from these gross and frail Bodies, they shall be instantly
cloathed

cloathed upon with more pure and permanent Bodies. Or, as I rather think, that those pure and permanent Bodies are already forming and pregnant within our gross and corruptible Bodies; and that when the Midwife Death shall deliver us from the dark Womb of our woeful Travail and Mortality; we shall immediately spring forth into Incorruption and Glory.

Of this, my Lord, I am confident as I am of my Being, that He who, by Faith, hath already put on Christ, shall break through Death in the Brightness of the Body of his new Birth, incorruptible, immortal and blessed to all Eternity.

Tell me then, my dearest *Meekly*, what mean you by the Body of this new Birth? For alas, I am but too apt to cry out with *Nicodemus*, *How can these things be?*

I mean, my Lord, the forming of Christ within us. Our being formed anew of a divine Seed of our second *Adam*, even as our gross Bodies were formed in the Womb from a corruptible Seed of the old *Adam*. I mean the clothing of our Spirits with the heavenly Substantiality of the spiritual Body and Blood of the heavenly *Jesus* himself; for, as the Apostle says, there is a spiritual Body as there is a carnal Body. I mean

mean a Body the same as that, in which the believing Thief entered Paradise with his Lord on the Day of the Crucifixion. *I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith Jesus, whoso believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall be live, and he who liveth and believeth in me shall never die.* Death shall become a new and divine Birth unto him. And the great Apostle says, *there are celestial Bodies and Bodies terrestrial; but the Glory of the Celestial is one, and the Glory of the Terrestrial is another.* And again he says, *for we know that if our earthly House of this Tabernacle were dissolved, we have a Building of God, an House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens.*

These are great Things, indeed, Mr. Meekly, and full of Hope as well as Incitements to divine Ambition.

But why, my Lord, should a new Birth from *Jesus Christ* be thought wonderful? is there any thing more wonderful in it than in the forming and unfolding of the whole stupendous Mechanism of the Body of our old Man, from a scarce visible Speck of Entity? Is there any thing more wonderful in it than in the Growth and unfolding of any common Vegetable from some latent Principle or invisible Speck in the Seed, which not all the Optics and Glasses of a *Galileo* should be able to discover? Were not:

not these the known Facts of every Day and Hour, Incredulity would have laughed the Supposition to nought. But, I think, I have got, about me, Something most surprizingly analagous and apposite to the Nature and Manner of our new Birth in *Jesus*.

Mr. *Meekly* then put his Hand to his Pocket, and took out a Lump of Matter, in Form like a long and huge Maggot, evidently without Motion, apparently without Life, and hard and incruusted all about to the Feeling.

What have you got there, my Friend, said the Earl? An old Worm, my Lord, that, at this Instant, is pregnant with the Birth of a new Creature. Impossible, cried the Earl, the Thing is absolutely dead. The Body of the old Worm is dead, indeed, my Lord; but there is certainly a Principle of a new Life within it, that will soon manifest itself in the Birth of a very beautiful and wonderfully glorious Creature. And this you will find, if you leave it for a few Days where it may get the fostering Warmth of the Sun through one of your Windows. Have you ever seen the Fly they call the Dragon-Fly, my Lord?

Yes,

Yes, and have admired the Elegance of its Shape, the Mechanism of its double Wings, and the Lustre of its Irradiations.

This Mass, my Lord, of apparently insensible Matter, is now actually pregnant with One of the same Species. The Parent, through whose Death it is to attain Life, was no Other, as you see, than a vile and groveling Maggot, who once fed and took its Delight in the Stench and Ordure of a Jakes. But the new Creature that is to be born from it will be quite of a different Nature and Tendency. It will loath the Food and Occupation of its foul Progenitor. It will soar sublime over carnal and earthly Things. It will drink the Dews of Heaven, and feed on the consummate Nectar and Fragrance of Flowers.

This, indeed, Mr. *Meekly*, rejoined the Earl, is to make the invisible Things of God visible, even to the naked Eye, by the Things that are seen.

While my Lord and his Friend were thus deeply in Discourse, Mr. *John*, the House-Steward, came in and told his Master that One waited in the Hall with a Letter for him.

A Letter,

A Letter, cried the Earl, what can I have to say, *John*, to any Letters, or any of the Writers thereof? — But, something is due to Humanity, and it shall be paid; desire him to step in.

Hereupon a Stranger entered, whose Figure instantly caught the Eyes and Attention of the Earl and his Companion in an astonished Captivity. The Youth was dressed in simple Fustian; and his dark brown Locks, tied behind with a black Riband, flowed carelessly between his Shoulders; while some of the front straying Curls, as in Sport, alternately shaded and discovered a Part of his lovely Countenance. He bowed, he moved Attraction; and gracefully advancing toward my Lord, he again bowed, laid a Letter before him, on the Table, and then silently retired backward a few Steps.

They viewed him, they gazed upon him, as it had been the sudden Vision of an Angel of Light. Mr. *Meekly* was not able to utter a Word; neither had my Lord the Power to lay a Finger on the Paper that was directed to him; till Mr. *Meekly*, at last, giving a great Stroke on the Table, cried suddenly out, I would lay a thousand Pounds of it! It is He! it is he!

— My

— My Heart tells me he can be no Other
but your *Harry Clinton*!

Here *Harry* sprung forward and, casting himself precipitately at the Feet of the Earl, he clasped his Knees with an eager Reverence, crying, My Father, my honoured, my dear, my dear Father! and broke into Tears.

My Lord, all in a Tremor, attempted to raise him to his Arms; and *Harry*, perceiving this, rose and threw himself into the Bosom of his Father. But the Earl gently and fondly put him off a little, and gazing intently at a Countenance that appeared to him lovely, above All that was lovely in the Circle of Creation, he gathered new Strength, and catching *Harry* to his Breast, he exclaimed in a Transport, *Let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy Face, my Son!*

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.



Advertisement.

AS the Author found it impracticable to condense all his Matter within the Compass of the Four Volumes first proposed. He intends to add a Supplement for the Satisfaction of his Readers.

NEW BOOKS of ENTERTAINMENT,

Just published by D. CHAMBERLAINE, at Faulkner's Head in Dame Street.

TWO NOVELS, viz. The DELICATE-DISTRESS; and, The GORDIAN KNOT By the Authors of Henry and Frances. In Two Volumes. (Price 5s. 5d.)

The LIFE of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq. Compiled from original Manuscripts; with a critical Essay on his Writings and Genius. By OWEN RUFFHEAD, Esq. To which are added, Mr Pope's LETTERS to a LADY, (never before published.) In Two Volumes. (Price 5s. 5d.)

The ADVENTURES of TELEMACHUS, the Son of Ulysses. Translated from the French by JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D. (Price bound, in Sheep. 3s. 6d. in Calf tooled and filleted 3s. 9½d.)

The COTTAGE; a Novel. By Miss MINIFIE, Author of Barford Abbey. (Price 2s. 8½d.)

The HISTORY of EMILY MONTAGUE. By the Author of Julia Mandeville. In Two Volumes. (Price 5s. 5d.)

LETTERS concerning the PRESENT STATE of the FRENCH NATION. (Price 5s. 5d.)

The HISTORY of the REIGN of the Emperor CHARLES V. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D. In Three Volumes. (Price 16s. 3d.)

The HISTORY and ADVENTURES of an ATOM. By the Author of Roderick Random (Price 2s. 8½d.)

AGREEABLE UGLINESS: or the Triumph of the GRACES. (Price 2s. 2d.)